

## Spring Poetry

### A Prayer in Spring

by Robert Frost

OH, give us pleasure in the flowers today;  
And give us not to think so far away  
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here  
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,  
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;  
And make us happy in the happy bees,  
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird  
That suddenly above the bees is heard,  
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,  
And off a blossom in midair stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,  
To which it is reserved for God above  
To sanctify to what far ends he will,  
But which it only needs that we fulfill.



## Spring Pools

by Robert Frost

These pools that, though in forests, still reflect  
The total sky almost without defect,  
And like the flowers beside them, chill and shiver,  
Will like the flowers beside them soon be gone,  
And yet not out by any brook or river,  
But up by roots to bring dark foliage on.  
The trees that have it in their pent-up buds  
To darken nature and be summer woods --  
Let them think twice before they use their powers  
To blot out and drink up and sweep away  
These flowery waters and these watery flowers  
From snow that melted only yesterday.



## To Spring

by William Blake

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down  
Thro' the clear windows of the morning, turn  
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,  
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the listening  
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned  
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth,  
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds  
Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste  
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls  
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour  
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put  
Thy golden crown upon her languished head,  
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee.



## Spring in New Hampshire

by Claude McKay

Too green the springing April grass,  
Too blue the silver-speckled sky,  
For me to linger here, alas,  
While happy winds go laughing by,  
Wasting the golden hours indoors,  
Washing windows and scrubbing floors.

Too wonderful the April night,  
Too faintly sweet the first May flowers,  
The stars too gloriously bright,  
For me to spend the evening hours,  
When fields are fresh and streams are leaping,  
Wearied, exhausted, dully sleeping.



## Spring Song

by Robert Louis Stevenson

THE air was full of sun and birds,  
The fresh air sparkled clearly.  
Remembrance wakened in my heart  
And I knew I loved her dearly.



The fallows and the leafless trees  
And all my spirit tingled.  
My earliest thought of love, and Spring's  
First puff of perfume mingled.

In my still heart the thoughts awoke,  
Came lone by lone together -  
Say, birds and Sun and Spring, is Love  
A mere affair of weather?

## Very Early Spring

by Katherine Mansfield

The fields are snowbound no longer;  
There are little blue lakes and flags of tenderest green.  
The snow has been caught up into the sky--  
So many white clouds--and the blue of the sky is cold.  
Now the sun walks in the forest,  
He touches the bows and stems with his golden fingers;  
They shiver, and wake from slumber.  
Over the barren branches he shakes his yellow curls.  
Yet is the forest full of the sound of tears....  
A wind dances over the fields.  
Shrill and clear the sound of her waking laughter,  
Yet the little blue lakes tremble  
And the flags of tenderest green bend and quiver.



## Spring Thunder

by Mark van Doren

Listen, The wind is still,  
And far away in the night --  
See! The uplands fill  
With a running light.

Open the doors. It is warm;  
And where the sky was clear--  
Look! The head of a storm  
That marches here!

Come under the trembling hedge--  
Fast, although you fumble...  
There! Did you hear the edge  
of winter crumble.



## Spring Song

by Lucy Maud Montgomery



Hark, I hear a robin calling!  
List, the wind is from the south!  
And the orchard-bloom is falling  
Sweet as kisses on the mouth.

In the dreamy vale of beeches  
Fair and faint is woven mist,  
And the river's orient reaches  
Are the palest amethyst.

Every limpid brook is singing  
Of the lure of April days;  
Every piney glen is ringing  
With the maddest roundelays.



Come and let us seek together  
Springtime lore of daffodils,  
Giving to the golden weather  
Greeting on the sun-warm hills.

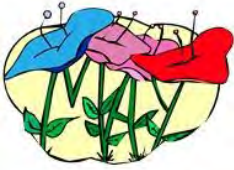
Ours shall be the moonrise stealing  
Through the birches ivory-white;  
Ours shall be the mystic healing  
Of the velvet-footed night.



Ours shall be the gypsy winding  
Of the path with violets blue,  
Ours at last the wizard finding  
Of the land where dreams come true.

## Spring

by William Morris



Spring am I, too soft of heart  
Much to speak ere I depart:  
Ask the Summer-tide to prove  
The abundance of my love.

### The Year's At The Spring by Robert Browning

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his Heaven—  
All's right with the world!

## Spring in the South

by Henry Van Dyke

Now in the oak the sap of life is welling,  
Tho' to the bough the rusty leafage clings;  
Now on the elm the misty buds are swelling,  
See how the pine-wood grows alive with wings;  
Blue-jays fluttering, yodeling and crying,  
Meadow-larks sailing low above the faded grass,  
Red-birds whistling clear, silent robins flying,—  
Who has waked the birds up? What has come to pass?



Last year's cotton-plants, desolately bowing,  
Tremble in the March-wind, ragged and forlorn;  
Red are the hill-sides of the early ploughing,

Gray are the lowlands, waiting for the corn.  
Earth seems asleep still, but she's only feigning;  
Deep in her bosom thrills a sweet unrest.  
Look where the jasmine lavishly is raining  
Jove's golden shower into Danae's breast!

Now on the plum the snowy bloom is sifted,



Now on the peach the glory of the rose,  
Over the hills a tender haze is drifted,  
Full to the brim the yellow river flows.  
Dark cypress boughs with vivid jewels glisten,  
Greener than emeralds shining in the sun.  
Who has wrought the magic? Listen, sweetheart, listen!

The mocking-bird is singing Spring has begun.

Hark, in his song no tremor of misgiving!  
All of his heart he pours into his lay,--  
"Love, love, love, and pure delight of living:  
Winter is forgotten: here's a happy day!"  
Fair in your face I read the flowery presage,  
Snowy on your brow and rosy on your mouth:  
Sweet in your voice I hear the season's message,--  
Love, love, love, and Spring in the South!

