



Classic Spring Poems Collection

CLASSIC SPRING POEMS FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, MIDDLE SCHOOL,
AND HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

Provided by

Pattern Based Writing: Quick & Easy Essay

- ❖ THE FASTEST, MOST EFFECTIVE WAY TO TEACH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL STUDENTS HOW TO WRITE MULTI-PARAGRAPH ESSAYS AND REPORTS!
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THE BIRDS' BATH by Evaleen Stein

In our garden we have made
Such a pretty little pool,
Lined with pebbles neatly laid,
Filled with water clean and cool.

When the sun shines warm and high
Robins cluster round its brink,
Never one comes flying by
But will flutter down to drink.

Then they splash and splash and splash,
Spattering little showers bright
All around, till off they flash
Singing sweetly their delight.



THE RED-BIRD by Evaleen Stein

Swept lightly by the south wind
The elm-leaves softly stirred,
And in their pale green clusters
There straightway bloomed a bird!

His glossy feathers glistened
With dyes as richly red
As any tulip flaming
From out the garden bed.

But ah, unlike the tulips,
In joyous strain, ere long,
This red-bird flower unfolded
A heart of golden song!

MAY BASKETS by Evaleen Stein

Let us take our baskets early
To the meadows green,
While the wild-flowers still are pearly
With the dewdrops' sheen.

Fill them full of blossoms rosy,
Violets and gay
Cowslips, every pretty posy
Welcoming the May.

Then our lovely loads we'll carry
Down the village street,
On each door, with laughter merry,
Hang a basket sweet.

Hey-a-day-day! It is spring now,
Lazy folks, awake!
See the pretty things we bring now
For the May-day's sake!



THE ROBIN'S BATH by Evaleen Stein

A flash and flicker of dripping wings,
A wet red breast that glows
Bright as the newly opened bud
The first red poppy shows,
A sparkle of flying rainbow drops,
A glint of golden sun
On ruffled feathers, a snatch of song,
And the robin's bath is done.

SHOWERY TIME by Evaleen Stein

The April rain-drops sprinkle
In cuckoo-cups of gold,
And warm south winds un wrinkle
The buds the peach-boughs hold.

In countless fluted creases
The little elm-leaves show,
While white as carded fleeces
The dogwood blossoms blow.

A rosy robe is wrapping
The early red-bud trees;
But still the haws are napping,
Nor heed the honey-bees.

And still in lazy sleeping
The apple-buds are bound,
But tulip-tips are peeping
From out the garden ground.

And yonder, gayly swinging
Upon the turning vane,
A robin redbreast singing
Makes merry at the rain!



EASTER EGGS
by Evaleen Stein



Seven little nests of hay
We have made, for Easter day
Is to-morrow, and you know
We must have them ready, so
When the Rabbit comes she'll see
We expected her, that we
Children tried our very best
Each to make the nicest nest.

One is in the lilac-bush,
Near the ground--last year a thrush
Built a nest there--let me see,
Two are by the apple-tree,
In the clover--that makes three--
One beside the playhouse door,
--Three plus one, that must be four--
Two are in the tulip-bed--
Was it seven that I said?
Oh, yes! six I've counted, and
One is in our pile of sand.

Come and see! Oh, hurry, hurry!
For the Rabbit, kind and furry,
Has been here again and laid
Eggs in every nest we made!
Purple, orange, red, and blue,
Pink and green and yellow, too,
Like a bunch of finest flowers
Ever seen, and all are ours!
And oh, _look!_ What _do_ you think!
Here our names are in white ink,
All spelled nicely so we know
Just where every egg should go!
Is it not surprising, quite,
How well Easter Rabbits write?



UP, LITTLE ONES! by Evaleen Stein

A robin redbreast, fluting there
Upon the apple-bough,
Is telling all the world how fair
Are apple-blossoms now;
The honey-dew its sweetness spills
From cuckoo-cups, and all
The crocuses and daffodils
Are drest for festival!

Such pretty things are to be seen,
Such pleasant things to do,
The April earth it is so green,
The April sky so blue,
The path from dawn to even-song
So joyous is to-day,
Up, little ones! and dance along
The lilac-scented way!

THE DAISIES by Bliss Carman

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their saying was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

A SURE SIGN by Evaleen Stein

When you see upon the walk
Circles newly made of chalk,
And around them all the day
Little boys in eager play
Rolling marbles, agates fine,
Banded, polished, red as wine,
Marbles crystal as the dew,
Each with rainbows twisted through,
Marbles gay in painted clay,
Flashing, twinkling in your way,
When the walk has blossomed so,
Surely every one must know
None need wonder who has heard
Robin, wren, or Peter-bird;
Sure the sign as song or wing,
It is spring!

ANOTHER SURE SIGN by Evaleen Stein

When pink-cheeked on every hand
Little girls are seen to stand
Turning skipping ropes,-- swish-swash!
While their laughing playmates run
Jumping over, oh, what fun!
Swish-swash! Swish-swash!
Two and two now, see them dash!
One, two, one, two,
Round they scamper, safely through,
Swish-swash! such merry skipping,
One, two,--some one is tripping!
Ah, she's out now and must pay
Turning rope while others play!
See the bobbing golden curls,
Little skirts in rhythmic swirls
Rising, falling, to the beat
Of the little skipping feet!
When these pretty sights appear,
It is surely very clear
April's here!



GUESS WHAT I HAVE HEARD by Eliza Lee Follen

Dear mother, guess what I have heard!
O, it will soon be spring!
I'm sure it was a little bird,--
Mother, I heard him sing.

Look at this little piece of green
That peeps out from the snow,
As if it wanted to be seen,--
'Twill soon be spring, I know.

And O, come here, come here and look!
How fast it runs along!--
Here is a cunning little brook;
O, hear its pretty song!

I know 'tis glad the winter's gone
That kept it all so still,
For now it merrily runs on,
And goes just where it will.

I feel just like the brook, I know;
It says, it seems to me,--
"Good by, cold weather, ice, and snow;
Now girls and brooks are free."

I love to think of what you said,
Mother, to me last night,
Of this great world that God has made,
So beautiful and bright.

And now it is the happy spring
No naughty thing I'll do;
I would not be the only thing
That is not happy, too.

SPRING by Eliza Lee Follen

Hark! the little birds are singing,--
Winter's gone and summer's near;
See, the tender grass is springing,
And the flowers will soon be here.

Who made the winter and the spring?
Who painted all the flowers?
Who taught the little birds to sing,
And made these hearts of ours?

O, 'tis God! how good he is!
He does every blessing give;
All this happy world is his,--
Let us love him while we live.



LITTLE MARY by Eliza Lee Follen

Little Mary was good;
The weather was fair;
She went with her mother
To taste the fresh air.

The birds they were singing;
Mary chatted away;
And she was as happy
And merry as they.

TO SPRING by Eliza Lee Follen

Hail! reviving, joyous Spring,
Smiling through thy veil of showers;
Birds and brooks thy welcome sing,--
Haste, and waken all thy flowers.

Hark! a sweet pervading sound!
From the breathing, moving earth
Life is starting all around,
Sending joy and fragrance forth.

O'er the oak's gigantic form
Blossoms hang their drapery;
Branches that defied the storm
Now are full of melody.

There is not a silent thing
In this joyous company;
Woods, and hills, and valleys ring
With a shout of jubilee.

Wake, my spirit! art thou still?
Senseless things have found a voice;
Shall this throbbing heart be still,
When all nature cries, "Rejoice"?

Wake, come forth, my bounding soul!
Join the universal glee,
Yield to nature's kind control,
Catch her heavenly harmony.

Join the grateful, happy throng,
Cast each selfish care away;
Birds and brooks shall tune your song;
This is nature's holiday.



WAITING TO GROW by Frank French

Little white snowdrop just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup,
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

And think what a number of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds,
Are under the leaves and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

No seed is so small, or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it; and soon he will tell
His sun where to shine, and His rain where to go,
Making it grow!





THE BLUEBIRD by Emily Huntington Miller

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging:
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary:
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat--
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree, swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer--
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!

"Little white snowdrop! I pray you, arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold:
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?--
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!"

DANDELION CURLS by Evaleen Stein

Ah, ha, ha, now! who comes here
Wreathed in flowers of gold and queer
Tiny tangled curls of green
Gayly bobbing in between?

Pretty token of the spring!
Hark! we hear the bluebirds sing
When we thus see little girls
Decked in dandelion curls.

THE DANDELIONS by Helen Gray Cone

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.

We were not waked by bugle notes
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans, talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray,
With pride and noiseless laughter,
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after.

**SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES."
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.

AN APRIL DAY by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

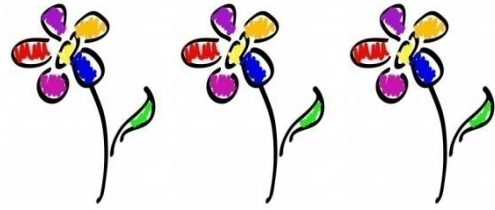
The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!--many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.



A BUSY DAY by Anonymous

The bluff March wind set out from home
Before the peep of day,
But nobody seemed to be glad he had come,
And nobody asked him to stay.

Yet he dried up the snow-banks far and near,
And made the snow-clouds roll,
Huddled up in a heap, like driven sheep,
Way off to the cold North Pole.

He broke the ice on the river's back
And floated it down the tide,
And the wild ducks came with a loud "Quack,
quack,"
To play in the waters wide.

He snatched the hat off Johnny's head
And rolled it on and on,
And oh, what a merry chase it led
Little laughing and scampering John!

He swung the tree where the squirrel lay
Too late in its winter bed,
And he seemed to say in his jolly way,
"Wake up, little sleepy head!"

He dried the yard so that Rob and Ted
Could play at marbles there,
And he painted their cheeks a carmine red
With the greatest skill and care.

He shook all the clothes-lines, one by one,
What a busy time he had!
But nobody thanked him for all he had done;
Now wasn't that just too bad?

THE FLOWERS by Robert Louis Stevenson

All the names I know from nurse:
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames--
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

THE FOUR WINDS by Frank Dempster Sherman

In winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear;
For 'tis the wind who sweeps the sky
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 'tis the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer, when it softly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose;
For 'tis the wind to her who speaks,
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn's out its cup;
For 'tis the wind who takes it out,
And plants an oak somewhere about.



THE WIND by Robert Louis Stevenson

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass--
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all--
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!





THE VOICE OF SPRING by Mary Howitt

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over!
And on the banks of mossy green
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms,--a noisy crowd;
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee, look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound;
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white;
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven:
God for thee the spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food:
Pour thy soul in gratitude.

WISHING by William Allingham

Ring ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping bough above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay,--stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
And birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh--no! I wish I were a Robin,--
A Robin, or a little Wren, everywhere to go,
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well,--tell! where should I fly to,
Where go sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before the day was over,
Home must come the rover,
For mother's kiss,--sweeter this
Than any other thing.



THE SPRING WALK by Thomas Miller

We had a pleasant walk to-day
Over the meadows and far away,
Across the bridge by the water-mill,
By the woodside and up the hill;
And if you listen to what I say,
I'll tell you what we saw to-day.

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves
Were peeping from their sheathes so sly,
We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as a summer sky.

An elder branch dipped in the brook;
We wondered why it moved, and found
A silken-haired smooth water-rat
Nibbling, and swimming round and round.

Where daisies open'd to the sun,
In a broad meadow, green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly--
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups
The star-shaped yellow celandine.

Anemones and primroses,
And the blue violets of spring,
We found, while listening by a hedge
To hear a merry plowman sing.

And from the earth the plow turned up
There came a sweet, refreshing smell,
Such as the lily of the vale
Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

And leaning from the old stone bridge,
Below, we saw our shadows lie;
And through the gloomy arches watched
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

continued

We heard the speckle-breasted lark
As it sang somewhere out of sight,
And tried to find it, but the sky
Was filled with clouds of dazzling light.

We saw young rabbits near the woods
And heard the pheasant's wings go "whir";
And then we saw a squirrel leap
From an old oak tree to a fir.

We came back by the village fields,
A pleasant walk it was across 'em,
For all behind the houses lay
The orchards red and white with blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,
I'm sure that it would take me hours;
For the whole landscape was alive
With bees, and birds, and buds, and flowers.



THE BABY'S RIDE by Evaleen Stein

continued

Chee! Chee! Chickadee!
Sing-time and sun!
Aye, aye, baby-bye,
Springtime has begun!

In the little willow cart,
On a downy bed,
Pretty parasol of silk
Swinging overhead,

Let us go along the lane
Where a baby sees
Mighty tufts of grass, and weeds
Tall as forest trees!

Bluebird on the apple-bough,
Sing and sing and sing!
Sing your very sweetest now
For babyhood and spring!

"Bah! Bah!" from the pasture,
And "Caw! Caw!" from the crow,
And bleating from the little calf
That has not learned to low.

Apple-buds, apple-buds breaking apart,
The baby looks upward with love-laden gaze;
Oh, shower some petals down here in his cart,
One honey-sweet cluster of pretty pink sprays!

Apple-buds, apple-buds, scornful and too
Vain of your loveliness, stay where you are!
The cheeks of the baby are pinker than you,
And finer and softer and sweeter by far!

See the pretty little lambs,
How they frisk and play!
See their silky fleeces shine
White as buds in May!

White as are the fleecy clouds
Softly blowing by--
What if they were little lambs
Playing in the sky?

Robin on the peach-bough,
Swinging overhead,
Sing a little song and say
Why is your breast so red?

Why is your voice so sweet, and
Your song so merry, say?
And wherefore do you spread your wings
And quickly fly away?

Ho, ho! see the queer little prints there
That cover the road, baby, look!
At the web-footed tangle that hints where
The ducks have gone down to the brook!

The Muscovy mammas that waddled
Zigzag, you can trace in their tracks,
And the dear little ducklings that toddled
And tumbled sometimes on their backs!

Buttercup, buttercup, buttercup gold,
O give us a handful of riches to hold!

Ho, ho! laughs the baby, and grasps in his glee
His wealth, but soon shows what a spend-thrift is he!
Nay, nay, he is king, though he never was crowned,
And royally scatters his gold on the ground!

Bough of the willow-tree
Over the brook,
Down darts a kingfisher,
Look, baby, look!

Back on the willow-bough,
Fishing is done;
Happy and nappy now
There in the sun.

Happy and nappy the baby is, too,
Softly his eyelids droop over the blue,
Golden his curls on the white pillow lie,
Sleep, baby, sleep, baby, hush-a-by-bye.

NEST EGGS by Robert Louis Stevenson

Birds all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel,
Here in the arbour-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be,
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.

TIME TO RISE by Robert Louis Stevenson

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"



A Child of Spring by Ellen Robena Field

I know a little maiden,
She is very fair and sweet,
As she trips among the grasses
That kiss her dainty feet;
Her arms are full of flowers,
The snow-drops, pure and white,
Timid blue-eyed violets,
And daffodillies bright.

She loves dear Mother Nature,
And wanders by her side;
She beckons to the birdlings
That flock from far and wide.
She wakes the baby brooklets,
Soft breezes hear her call;
She tells the little children
The sweetest tales of all.

Her brow is sometimes clouded,
And she sighs with gentle grace,
Till the sunbeams, daring lovers,
Kiss the teardrops from her face.
Well we know this dainty maiden,
For April is her name;
And we welcome her with gladness,
As the springtime comes again.



Easter Carol by Ellen Robena Field

The world is filled with gladness;
The bells of Easter ring;
Each pure white lily's waking,
To welcome infant spring.

Oh, dear little children, listen,
And hear what the glad bells say!
The sweetest chime they ever rang--
"Our Lord is risen to-day!"

Birds are flying across the sky;
Their songs ring through the air;
They carol of the Father's love
He shows us everywhere.

Oh, dear little children, listen,
And hear what the birdlings say!
The sweetest song they ever sang--
"Our Lord is risen to-day!"



THE SWING by Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING by George Cooper

"I was here first," said the snowdrop: "look!"
"Not before me!" sang the silver brook.
"Why," cried the grass, "I've been here a week!"
"So have I, dear," sighed a violet meek.

"Well," piped a bluebird, "don't leave me out!
I saw the snow that lay round about."
"Yes," chirped a snowbird, "that may be true;
But I've seen it all the bleak winter through."

"I came betimes," sang the southwind, "I!"
"After me, love!" spake the deep blue sky.
"Who is it cares?" chimed the crickets gay:
"Now you are here, let us hope you'll stay."

Whispered the sun, "Lo! the winter's past:
What does it matter who's first or last?
Sky, brooks, and flowers, and birdies that sing,
All help to make up the beautiful spring."

DAISY NURSES by Anonymous

The daisies white are nursery maids with frills upon their caps;
And daisy buds are little babes they tend upon their laps.
Sing "Heigh-ho!" while the winds sweep low,
Both nurses and babies are nodding JUST SO.

The daisy babies never cry, the nurses never scold;
They never crush the dainty frills about their cheeks of gold;
But pure and white, in gay sunlight
They're nid-nodding--pretty sight.

The daisies love the golden sun, upon the clear blue sky,
He gazes kindly down on them and winks his jolly eye;
While soft and low, all in a row,
Both nurses and babies are nodding JUST SO.



DANDELIONS by Anonymous

There surely is a gold mine somewhere underneath the grass,
For dandelions are popping out in every place you pass.
But if you want to gather some you'd better not delay,
For the gold will turn to silver soon and all will blow away.



Spring by Celia Thaxter

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

AN APRIL DAY by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!--many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

DANDELIONS by Frances E. W. Harper

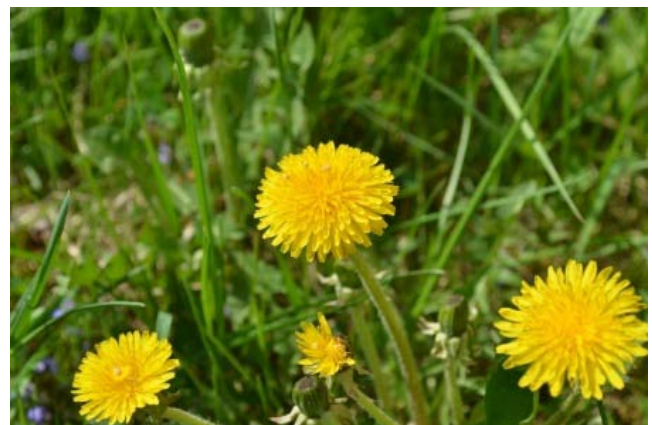
Welcome children of the Spring,
In your garbs of green and gold,
Lifting up your sun-crowned heads
On the verdant plain and wold.

As a bright and joyous troop
From the breast of earth ye came
Fair and lovely are your cheeks,
With sun-kisses all aflame.

In the dusty streets and lanes,
Where the lowly children play,
There as gentle friends ye smile,
Making brighter life's highway

Dewdrops and the morning sun,
Weave your garments fair and bright,
And we welcome you to-day
As the children of the light.

Children of the earth and sun.
We are slow to understand
All the richness of the gifts
Flowing from our Father's hand.





EARLY SPRING by Alfred Tennyson

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

Opens a door in Heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,
And bursts the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods.

continued

The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure.
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

Past, Future, glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell.

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.