



Spring Fanfare

For, lo, the winter is past.
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come
And the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

— The Song of Songs

Song

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears,
April with mine ears
Like a lover greetest.
If I tell thee sweetest,
All my hopes and fears.
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

— William Watson

Hyacinth

I am in love with him to whom a hyacinth is dearer
Than I shall ever be dear.
On nights when the field mice are abroad he cannot sleep:
He hears their narrow teeth at the bulbs of his hyacinths.
But the gnawing at my heart he cannot hear.

— Edna St. Vincent Millay



Home Thoughts From Abroad

OH, to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!
And after April when May follows
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And, tho, the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

(from Pippa Passes)

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside'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.

— Robert Browning

The Goose-Girl

Spring rides no horses down the hill
But comes on foot, a goose-girl still.
And all the loveliest things there be
Come simply, so it seems to me.
If ever I said, in grief or pride,
I tired of honest things, I lied;
And should be cursed for evermore
With love in laces, like a whore,
And neighbours cold, and friends unsteady,
And Spring on horseback, like a lady!

Edna St. Vincent Millay



April

Here's April, bright and sunny faced,
His blue eyes full of laughter;
He sweeps the snow with eager haste—
For May is coming after.

He helps the robin build her nest
Among the ruddy willows,
And hunts the softest leaves and best
In winter's tattered pillows.

He whispered in the blue-bird's ear
The most entrancing ditties,
That winter-wearied men might hear
Of skies beyond the cities.

She came through fields of violets,
Sweet May, his dainty sister,
And April's eyes are warm and wet,
As joyously he kissed her.

Anthony E. Anderson
Wyoming Seminary Book of Verse



— Robert Browning

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
Tomorrow will be dying.

— Robert Herrick
Counsel To Girls

Loveliest of Trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.
And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

— A. E. Housman



Catkin

I have a little pussy,
And her coat is silver gray;
She lives in a great wide meadow
And she never runs away.

She always is a pussy,
She'll never be a cat
Because she's a pussy willow!
Now what do you think of that!

— Unknown



Pedigree

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.

— Emily Dickinson

April

The roofs are shining from the rain,
The sparrows twitter as they fly,
And with a windy April grace
The little clouds go by.

Yet back-yards are bare and brown
With only one unchanging tree--
I could not be so sure of spring
Save that it sings in me.

— Sara Teasdale
Rivers To The Sea

Wise Johnny

Little Johnny-jump-up said,
"It must be spring,
I just saw a lady-bug
And heard a robin sing."

— Edwina Fallis

Daffedowndilly

Has come to town,
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

— Mother Goose

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