

The sun
Breaks out
And sears
The drifts
Of cloud
That float
Along.

The shroud
No longer
Low-lies.

The note
Of the song
Of the bird
Is heard.

The cloud
Is furled.

Earth cries
A shout
Of gladness.

O'er skies,
And trees,
And leaf,
And leas
Of bay
Breaks day.