

Early Spring.

Once more the Heavenly Power
 Makes all things new,
 And comes the red-plow'd tiller
 With loving blue.
 The blackbirds here their wills,
 The thrushes too-

II

Opens a door in Heaven.
 From skies of glads
 A thwart the mountain-walls
 Young angels pass.
 A Jacob's-ladder falls
 On greening grape

III

In woods, with living airs -
 How gently fan'd,
 Light airs from where the Deep
 All down the sand
 In breathing in the sleep,
 Heard by the land!

IV

D follow'd, leaping blood,

The season's cure!

G heart, look down & up,

Secure, secure,

Warm at the crucis cup,

Like snowdrops, fair!

V

Past, future, glimpse to fade

Thro' some slight spee;

Some gleam from yonder vale,

Some far blue fell,

And sympathies, how frail,

In sound & smell.

VI

Flock at thy chuckled rate,

The ^{fairy} thinking birds,

~~key to~~ taste thy fancie range,

And, lightly sturd,

Ring little bells of change

From word to word.

From your vale,
Some fair blue bells
And hyacinths, how frail,
In sonnet - H. St. John.

Till at thy checkled rate,
Thine shrinking birds
May ~~take~~ ^{fairy} tauntingly fancy range,
And, lightly stricken,
Ring like bells of change
From bower to bower.

VI

For now

~~Since~~ since the Heavenly Powers
Marked all things' news,
And fills the zone, & fire
The flower with elem.
The black birds have their wills,
The Poets too.