

A PROCESSION OF CAUSES



UN and wind and swaying trees—
List to the promise of Spring!
Under the bark the bud says, 'Hark!
I hear the Cry of the calling breeze.
And the sun is out—I would be
with these,
To help in their harbingering.'

Whispering, musical, pattering,
clear—
Earthward cometh the rain.
And the flower below breathes a little
'Hallo!—

They are breaking the gates of this prison
so drear.
I must burst my bonds and away from here,
Up to the world again!'

So the flowers come up, and the green leaves spread,
And the south winds warmer blow.
Says the bird on the spray, 'Upon such a day
'Twere no great folly, methinks, to wed:
For the charges are small of board and bed—
And my heart will have it so.'

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From the sunlit breeze and the blossoming land
And the bridal singing of birds,
To the soul of youth comes home a truth
That is older than any may understand ;
That is spoke in a look or the touch of a hand,
And sweeter than any words.

In the room of slumber and sorrow and snow
Reigns ardour and solace and song.
And the aged once more peep forth o' the door
To gaze on the sun with an answering glow.
And their thoughts course cheerily to and fro,
As it was when their hearts were young.

For the old god Pan hath taken a wife,
And the whole world shares their mirth.
And all things that be of their company
Are reft of rue and assoiled from strife
By the one great breath of the joy of life
That passes around the earth !

W. MACDONALD.

