

The Waking of Spring

By Olive Custance

SPIRIT of Spring, thy coverlet of snow
Hath fallen from thee, with its fringe of frost,
And where the river late did overflow

Sway fragile white anemones, wind-tost,
And in the woods stand snowdrops, half asleep,
With drooping heads—sweet dreamers so long lost.

Spirit, arise ! for crimson flushes creep
Into the cold grey east, where clouds assemble
To meet the sun : and earth hath ceased to weep.

Her tears tip every blade of grass, and tremble,
Caught in the cup of every flower. O Spring !
I see thee spread thy pinions, they resemble

Large delicate leaves, all silver-veined, that fling
Frail floating shadows on the forest sward ;
And all the birds about thee build and sing !

Blithe

Blithe stranger from the gardens of our God,
We welcome thee, for one is at thy side
Whose voice is thrilling music, Love, thy Lord,

Whose tender glances stir thy soul, whose wide
Wings wave above thee, thou awakened bride !