

Leaves from Rosedale

Trembles our being with sense of bliss,
As a harp's strings tremble beneath the finest
Lightest touch, so we thrill to this
Rapture of harmony, the divinest.

Leaps the brook from its long, cold sleep,
Up spring the flowers, to do her honor;
Shy snowdrops lift their heads to peep,
As she comes, with the sunlight shining on her

Grandly the resurrection song
Bursts from a thousand voices clear,
As borne through wind and rain along,
She comes, whom we pined for—the Spring is