

LIGHT-HEARTED as a bird,
I will obey the word

That bade the earth take form, the sea subside,—

That bids the wild wings go

Each year from line to snow,

When Spring unfurls her old green flag for guide,—

THAT bids the fleeting hosts
Along the shelving coasts

Once more adventure far by sound and stream,—

Bids everything alive

Awaken and revive,—

Resume the unperished glory and the dream.