

THE CANADIAN  
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1877.

---

SPRING.\*

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PLEASANT it was when woods were green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;  
It was a sound of joy !  
They were my playmates when a child  
And rocked me in their arms so wild !  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
"Come, be a child once more !"  
And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;  
Oh, I could not choose but go  
Into the woodlands hoar ;

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere !  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer !  
Like one in prayer I stood.

\*We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Belford Bros. for the engraving accompanying this poem, which is taken from their recently published volume, "The Prattler."—ED.