

## *Spring Song*

### SPRING SONG

SHE is coming, the maiden fair,  
Whom we have wooed with such passionate pleading;  
Coming! Her beauty soft and rare,  
Has a tender brightness, all else exceeding.

Is it because we love her so,  
That somewhere, in hiding, she lurks and lingers?  
Love, the magnet, will draw, we know,  
In spite of resistance, with spirit fingers.

Draw, and draw, till the circle meet,  
Till the links of the chain be joined; and never  
Had we a dream more wildly sweet,  
Though we know, as we greet her, we soon must sever.

Hush! a voice through the woodland rings;  
The tall pines bend from the hillside yonder  
To look at her, while a gay bird sings,  
And we wake to a wonder, passing wonder!