

## SPRING.

I thought thou couldst not fail to wake,  
Sweet Spring, an answering chord in me ;  
I thought 'twas but my harp to take,  
And I could win a song from thee.

Alas ! unworthy of thy smile,  
Unworthy, must the minstrel be,  
Whom even thou canst not beguile,  
To whom thou bring'st no melody.

Yet I have loved thee—Can it be,  
Time's ruthless hand has robbed my heart  
Of all the warmth that welcomed thee ?  
Of all the joy thou couldst impart ?

No ! but my thoughts so long have dwelt  
On daily life's most sordid things,  
That half thine influence is unfelt,  
My harp is robbed of half its strings.

But bring, O music-breathing air !  
One strain I loved in days gone by,  
My sleeping muse shall wake more fair,  
Responsive to its hallowed sigh.