

HOW SPRING CAME

349

Would you know the wild vastness
Of the lakes in their fastness,
Their heaven's blue span;
Then come to this region,
From the dwellings of man.
Leave the life-care behind you,
That nature annuls,
And follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulla.

How Spring Came

(To the Lake Region)

No PASSIONATE cry came over the desolate places,
No answering call from iron-bound land to land;
But dawns and sunsets fell on mute, dead faces,
And noon and night death crept from strand to
strand.

Till love breathed out across the wasted reaches,
And dipped in rosy dawns from desolate deeps;
And woke with mystic songs the sullen beaches,
And flamed to life the pale, mute, death-like sleeps.

Then the warm south, with amorous breath inblowing,
Breathed soft o'er breast of wrinkled lake and mere;
And faces white from scorn of the north's snowing,
Now rosier grew to greet the kindling year.