

THE PRELUDE

*Across the waste of ice and snow
There sweetly comes to me
The prelude of a song, a low
Arresting harmony,—
The first spring bird is on the way
'Gainst wind of steel, 'neath sky of gray.*

*The crocus hearkens, lifts its head,
The daffodils all stir,
The trees recover of their dread,
The grasses feel the spur
Of April that is not yet here,
Of April's herald singing clear.*

*And beats in unison my heart,
And warmly glows my cheek,
My care-girt prison falls apart.
The world's no longer bleak,
For from a palpitating throat
There flows a song I cannot quote.*