

Passing up the old earth rapture
By a thousand streams and rills,
From the red Virginian valleys
To the blue Canadian hills.

*April
Weather*

Soon, ah, soon the splendid impulse,
Nomad longing, vagrant whim,
When a man's false angels vanish
And the truth comes back to him.

Soon the majesty, the vision,
And the old unfaltering dream,
Faith to follow, strength to stablish,
Will to venture and to seem;

All the radiance, the glamour,
The expectancy and poise,
Of this ancient life renewing
Its temerities and joys.

Soon the immemorial magic
Of the young Aprilian moon,
And the wonder of thy friendship
In the twilight—soon, ah, soon!

A CROSS the purple valleys,
Along the misty hills,
By murmur-haunted rivers
And silver-gurgling rills,
By woodland, swamp and barren,
By road and field and plain,
Arrives the Green Enchantress,
Our Lady of the Rain.

*Our Lady
of the Rain*

Her pure and mystic planet
Is lighted in the west;
In ashy-rose and lilac
Of melting evening dressed,
With golden threads of sunset
Inwoven in her gown,
With glamour of the springtime
She has bewitched the town.