

XII

NOW to please my little friend
I must make these songs of spring,
With the soft southwest wind in them
And the marsh-notes of the frogs.

I must take a gold-bound pipe,
And outmatch the bubbling call
From the beechwoods in the twilight,
From the meadows in the rain.

XIII

OVER the wheat field, over the hill-crest,
Swoops and is gone the beat of a wild wing,
Brushing the pine-tops, bending the poppies,
Hurrying Northward with golden summer.

What premonition, O purple swallow,
Told thee the happy hour of migration?
Hark! On the threshold, (Hush, flurried heart in me!)
Was there a footfall? Did no one enter?

Soon will a shepherd in rugged Dacia,
Folding his gentle ewes in the twilight,
Lifting a level gaze from the sheepfold,
Say to his fellow, "Lo, it is springtime."

This very hour in Mitylene,
Will not a young girl say to her lover,
Lifting her moonwhite arms to enlace him.
Ere the glad sigh comes, "Lo, it is lovetime!"

XIV

HEART of mine, if all the altars
Of the ages stood before me,
Not one pure enough nor sacred
Could I find to lay this white white
Rose of love upon.

I who am not great enough to
Love thee with this mortal body
So impassionate with ardor,
But, oh, not too small to worship
While the sun shall shine,—