
SPRING MAGIC

How is it we inherit
This marvel of new birth,
Sharing the ancient wonder
And miracle of earth ?

What wisdom, what enchantment,
What magic of Green Fire,
Could make the dust and water
Obedient to desire ?

Keep thou, by some large instinct,
Unwasted, fair, and whole,
The innocence of nature,
The ardour of the soul ;

And through the house of being
Thou art at liberty
To pass, enjoy, and linger,
Inviolat and free.