

THE AWAKENING

Think not 'tis death because so cold earth lies,
Wrapped in her snowy shroud of billowed white,
For when the tears of springtime kiss her brow
Her violet eyes will open wide and sweet,
And unseen hands will robe her wondrously,
Weaving with garlands all her tresses fair.
Again her cheek with blushing rose will glow,
And sighs sweet-scented will her bosom stir,
And radiant in her sunny maidenhood,
With ripples of sweet laughter she will roam,
Scattering auroral gifts of flow'ry bloom,
Till all mankind shall worship at her feet.