

*Spring  
Magic*

I pass into the colour  
And fragrance of the flowers,  
And melt with every bird-cry  
To haunt the mist-blue showers.

I thrill in crimson quince-buds  
To raptures without name;  
And in the yellow tulips  
Burn with a pure still flame.

I blend with the soft shadows  
Of the young maple leaves,  
And mingle in the rain-drops  
That shine along the eaves.

I lapse among the grasses  
That green the river's brink;  
And with the shy wood creatures  
Go down at need to drink.

I fade in silver music,  
Whose fine unnumbered notes  
The frogs and rainy fifers  
Blow from their reedy throats.

No glory is too splendid  
To house this soul of mine,  
No tenement too lowly  
To serve it for a shrine.

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;