

The April days
With their shining hours,
The woodland ways
And the forest flowers;

The stir that wakes
In a swallow's wing
When slumber aches
At the heart of Spring;

The pulse that swells
In sapling and seed
When the frozen wells
Of the North are freed;

The sigh that passed
In a lull of the rain
To the outer vast,
On the long refrain;

The grievous plight
Of the whippoorwills,
Teasing the night
In the summer hills;

The hermit thrush
With his golden dream;
The murmuring hush
Of the arrowy stream;

The noonday rest
Of the drowsy hern;
The unknown quest
Of the wandering tern;

Splendor and scorn
And ruin and sleep;
The windy morn
And the blue deep;

The drift sea-fogs
That whiten the sun;
The piping frogs
In Spring begun;

The core of life
In a buried hope,
That sprang to strife
In the larger scope,

And warred on doom
To the bitter end,
In the outer gloom
With death for friend;

Through the open door,
The days untold