

TO MY SISTER

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His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every man in arms should wish to be.

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TO MY SISTER¹

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward² will come with you;— and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:³

¹ Composed and published in 1798. In this poem Wordsworth shows that the sources of high and genuine pleasure lie all about us in nature; with her we may commune and, though we remain passive, yet she will induce a proper temper and frame of mind necessary for right thinking. She, too, moulds and elevates character.

² **Edward**—The son of Basil Montague. The lad was stopping with Wordsworth.

³ **Living calendar**—The course of events of nature will determine our calendar.