

And, freed from their bondage, the grateful trees
 In their bare brown arms caressed the breeze,
 Caressed the wind that came from the south,
 From the orange grove that was faint from drouth;
 And they wept for joy, their thanks they wept,
 While the wind lay still in their arms and slept.

IN LYRIC SEASON.

BLISS CARMAN.

THE lyric April time is forth
 With lyric mornings, frost and sun;
 From leaguers vast of night undone
 Auroral mild new stars are born.

And ever at the year's return,
 Along the valleys grey with rime,
 Thou leadest as of old, where time
 Can nought but follow to thy sway.

The trail is far through leagues of Spring
 And long the quest to the white core
 Of harvest quiet, yet once more
 I gird me to the old unrest.

I know I shall not ever meet
 Thy calm regard across the year,
 And yet I know thou wilt draw near,
 Nor stir the hour asleep on guard.