

APRIL

IN deepest woods there is a vernal stir
While earth is quickened with the tender
 green,
Blue waters rend their crystal sepulchre,
And there is life where death like sleep hath
 been.

Bird voices haunt the golden-lighted days,
And snowdrops glimmer whitely in the grass,
While in the twilight of the hidden ways
All greenly veiled Persephone doth pass.