

## TO FEBRUARY.

O MASTER-BUILDER, blustering as you go  
About your giant work, transforming all  
The empty woods into a glittering hall,  
And making lilac lanes and footpaths grow  
As hard as iron under stubborn snow,  
Though every fence stand forth a marble wall,  
And windy hollows drift to arches tall,  
There comes a might that shall your might o'erthrow.

Build high your white and dazzling palaces,  
Strengthen your bridges, fortify your towers,  
Storm with a loud and a portentous lip;  
And April with a fragmentary breeze,  
And half a score of gentle golden hours,  
Shall leave no trace of your stern workmanship.