

SPRING MAGIC.

This morning soft and brooding
In the warm April rain,
The doors of sense are opened
To set me free again.

I pass into the colour
And fragrance of the flowers,
And melt with every bird-cry
To haunt the mist-blue showers.

I thrill in crimson quince-buds
To raptures without name;
And in the yellow tulips
Burn with a pure still flame.