

XIV.

O April, mother of desire and June,
Great Angel of the sunshine and the rain,
Thou, only thou canst evermore redeem
The world from bitter death, or quite retune
The morning with low sound wherein all pain
Bears part with incommunicable dream
And lispings undersong,
Above thy woodbanks of anemone.
A spirit goes before thee, and we long
In tears to follow where thy windways roam—
Depart and traverse back the toiling sea,
Nor weary any more in alien home.

XV.

With what high favor hast thou rarely given
A springtime death as thy bestowal of bliss:
On Avon once thy tending hands laid by
The puppet robes, the curtained scenes were riven,
And the great prompter smiled at thy long kiss;
And Corydon's own master sleeps a-nigh
The stream of Rotha's well,
Where thou didst bury him thy dearest child;
In one sweet year the Blessed Damozel
Beholds thee bring her lover, loved by thee,
Outworn for rest, whom no bright shore beguiled,
To voyage out across the gray North Sea,—