



MARCH

Now swoops the wind from every coign and crest;
 Like filaments of silver, ripped and spun,
 The snow reels off the drift-ridge in the sun;
 And smoky clouds are torn across the west,
 Clouds that would snow if they had time to rest;
 The sparrows brangle and the icicles clash;
 The grosbeaks search for homes in the ash;
 The shore-lark tinkles while he plucks his nest.

Now in the steaming woods the maples drip,
 And plunging in with the last load of sap,
 Beyond the branches through a starry gap,
 The driver sees the frail aurora flow;
 And round the sinking pleiads bend and blow:
 A roy banner and a silver ship.