

## VOICES OF SPRING

Wind of the woods and streams,  
Wind of the seas that are sweet,  
All day long you come with dreams,  
Bold through the city street.

Oh, I would be beneath the pines where small hepaticas are born,  
Under my mocassins the spines, before my face a trail forlorn.  
Yet never lonely, never lost, by tiny silent feet recrossed,  
And through the haunted vistas far by night the pale, fair northern star,  
By night the couch blue Cobalt roofed upon the breast my fathers loved.

Wave of the breaking blue  
Spilt on a sounding shore,  
Spring hath lifted a thrall from you  
And the sirens call once more.

To us who from men's ways would break, from busy cares and barren  
ends,  
To watch the long, smooth-heaving wake, to skim the islets' hidden  
bends;  
The silver veil o'er beauty drawn, the massy shadows of the dawn  
That lift to show the shore, the sky, in rainbow-hued translucency.

Sigh of the shifting pine  
Through the silent shuttles of rain,  
And a voice arouses, a hope is mine,  
That the world is born again!

Abroad the breath of life is blown, and far, far up the phalanx flies,  
I hear the calling of mine own, a thousand murmuring voices rise  
As they would flood the city street, with gusty winds and waters sweet;  
I hear a tripping in the gloom of every April-haunted room;  
The black wing takes the northern sky—to-morrow outward-bound  
am I.