

*Spring  
Song*

Set me in the urge and tide-drift  
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!  
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,  
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow—  
Every migrant is my fellow,  
Making northward with the spring.  
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift  
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,  
In the valleys come again;  
Fife of frog and call of tree-toad,  
All my brothers, five or three-toed,  
With their revel no more vetoed,  
Making music in the rain;  
Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,  
In the valleys come again.

Make me of thy seed to-morrow,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
Tawny light-foot, sleepy bruin,  
Bright-eyes in the orchard ruin,  
Gnarl the good life goes askew in,  
Whiskey-jack, or tanager,—  
Make me anything to-morrow,  
When the sap begins to stir!

Make me even (How do I know?)  
Like my friend the gargoye there;  
It may be the heart within him  
Swell that doltish hands should pin him  
Fixed forever in mid-air.  
Make me even sport for swallows,  
Like the soaring gargoye there!

Give me the old clue to follow,  
Through the labyrinth of night!  
Clod of clay with heart of fire,  
Things that burrow and aspire,  
With the vanishing desire,  
For the perishing delight,—  
Only the old clue to follow,  
Through the labyrinth of night!