

The Piper.

PAN is piping in the lanes,
Through the mossy byways,
Down the meadows, wet with rains,
In the city highways.
Calling, calling to the seeds,
To each leaf-bud folded,
Tuning up his flute of reeds
By Spring's magic moulded.

Snowdrop, primrose, answer him,
Soft winds hasten rushing,
And, along the mountain's rim,
Brimming brooks are gushing,
Grassy pennons fly unfurled,
Earth-clods tear asunder,
Shy Spring follows thro' the world,
Waking it to wonder.