

TO THE FIRST HEPATICA

O blossom, born of frost and snow,
And nurtured by the savage blast,
Beneath a frowning sky and low
You bloom as though the storm had cast
A deeper trust upon your face
And given added strength and grace.

Did dreams of temperate April throng
And lend a cheer to wild March days,
Did snatches of the bluebird's song
Float down the winter-guarded ways
And tempt you from your chilly bed
To peer, and then to raise your head?

Do thoughts of timid willow leaves,
And milky fuzz of cherry buds,
The spell the twilight shower weaves,
And hope of noon-tide's sunny floods
Afford a solace in the gusts
Of vagrant snows and sharp sleet-thrusts?