

*First
Croak*

Still though fail
Singing, keep
Croaking deep
Strong and hale!

Flying straight,
Soon we go
Where the snow
Tarries late.

Yet the spring
Is—how sweet
Hark that beat;
Goldenwing!

Good for all
Faint of heart,
What a start
In his call!

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly,
Though the sky
Thunder No!

*Spring
Song*

MAKE me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart-beats one by one,
Send them where the winters perish;
Then some golden noon recherish
And restore them in the sun,
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart-beats every one!