

Mr. Larches,
Henry-on-Trym,
Mr. Bristol

What shall I call thee — Song-bird? Sweetheart
How shall I cross thee? — If, in truth I dare
To cast my shadow on that path of Thine;
To braid my silver with Thy golden hair.

How shall I woo thee? - Stretching out my hands
As elms in spring stretch forth their boughs, to greet
Wing'd wand'ers from sunny far-off lands?
Ah, seek some younger, fresher shade, my Sweet,

Thy nest should be a bow'r of blossoms rare;
 Thy shade should be all perfumes, & thy lay
 Poured forth upon the summer-scented air
 Of some soft clime, where it is always May!

Alas! my tongs are tempest-torn'd & shorn;
My roots have struck the rock - my leaves are shorn
Shall winter melt with spring, or ead with more?
Despair with hope? The living with the dead?

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Yet come, if come thou wilt! For well-nigh due
Is God's great miracle, when earth & sky,
Mountain & moor, & copse their youth renew—
And if the daisies, dearest, why not I?

I wak'd last night from dreams of spring, & lo!
The first dear crocus shows its head to-day;
And yonder hines are crimsoned with the glow
Of the imprison'd summer! Come away!

Away, dear love, to meet & greet the Spring!
Unfold, ye buds! Laugh out in leaf, ye trees!
(Come) perfum'd winds, your summer sweetness
From tropic isles beyond the Western seas!

Sing, sing, ye thrushes! To our Northern Shore
Dear swallows, from the purple East fly fast!
Darkness, & doubt, & winter are no more—
The eternal youth of Hope is mine at last!

A. B. S.

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