

Early Spring

Once more the Heavenly Power
 Makes all things new,
 And dromes the red-plow'd hills
 With loving dew.
 The blackbirds have their wills,
 The Thrushes too

||

Opens a door in Heaven.
 From skies of glass
 Attendant the mountain-talls
 Young Angels pass.
 As Jacob's-ladder falls
 On greening grass

|||

O woods, with living airs
 How gently fan'd,
 Light air from where the Deep
 All down the sand
 Is breathing in his sleep,
 Heard by the land!

|||

IV

O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down & up,
Serene, secure,
Warm at the cruet's cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

V

Part, future, glimpse & fade
Thro' some slight spell,
Some gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fells
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound & smell.

VI

Fill at thy chuckled note,
Thine tinkling lark,
The ^{fairy} ~~trick~~ ~~trick~~ fancy range,
And, lightly staid,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

Some far blue fellows
and sympathies, home frail,
In sound & smell.

K1

Fill at thy chucked note,

The ^{thin} ~~fact~~ ^{fairy} ~~fantasy~~ ^{trinketing} ~~fantasy~~ ^{birds,} ~~fantasy~~ ^{range,}

and, lightly staid,

Play like bells of change

From word to word.

V10

For now

~~Take~~ more the Heavenly Powers

Marked all things new,

And made the time, & filled

The flower with dew.

The blackbirds have their will,

The Poets too.

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