

Spring Poems

FOR YOUR HOMESCHOOL



Rain Music

BY JOSEPH S. COTTER, JR.
(SEPTEMBER 2, 1895 - FEBRUARY 3, 1919)

On the dusty earth-drum
Beats the falling rain;
Now a whispered murmur,
Now a louder strain.

Slender, silvery drumsticks,
On an ancient drum,
Beat the mellow music
Bidding life to come.

Chords of earth awakened,
Notes of greening spring,
Rise and fall triumphant
Over every thing.

Slender, silvery drumsticks
Beat the long tattoo--
God, the Great Musician,
Calling life anew.

I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(APRIL 7, 1770 - APRIL 23, 1850)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Afternoon on a Hill

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
(FEBRUARY 22, 1892 - OCTOBER 19, 1950)

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!



The Swing

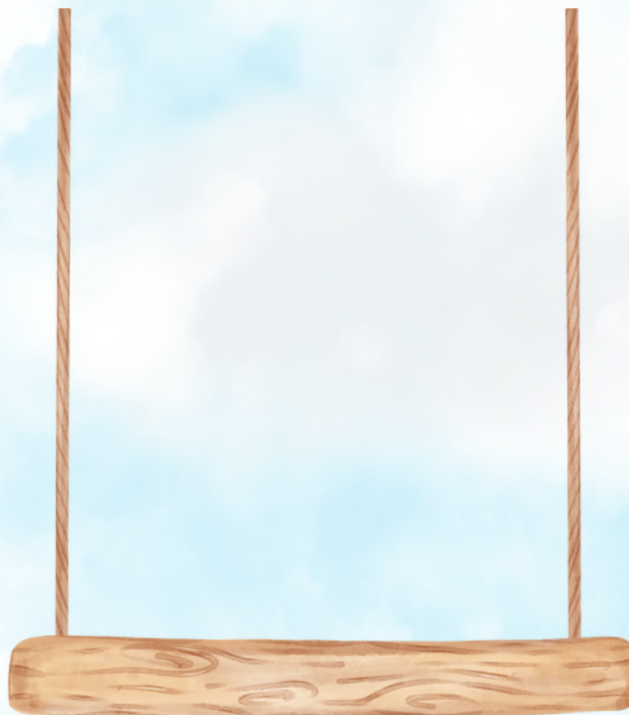
BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(NOVEMBER 13, 1850 - DECEMBER 3, 1894)

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
River and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!



Spring in War-Time

BY SARA TEASDALE

(AUGUST 8, 1884 - JANUARY 29, 1933)

I feel the spring far off, far off,
The faint, far scent of bud and leaf—
Oh, how can spring take heart to come
To a world in grief,
Deep grief?

The sun turns north, the days grow long,
Later the evening star grows bright—
How can the daylight linger on
For men to fight,
Still fight?

The grass is waking in the ground,
Soon it will rise and blow in waves—
How can it have the heart to sway
Over the graves,
New graves?

Under the boughs where lovers walked
The apple-blooms will shed their breath—
But what of all the lovers now
Parted by Death,
Grey Death?



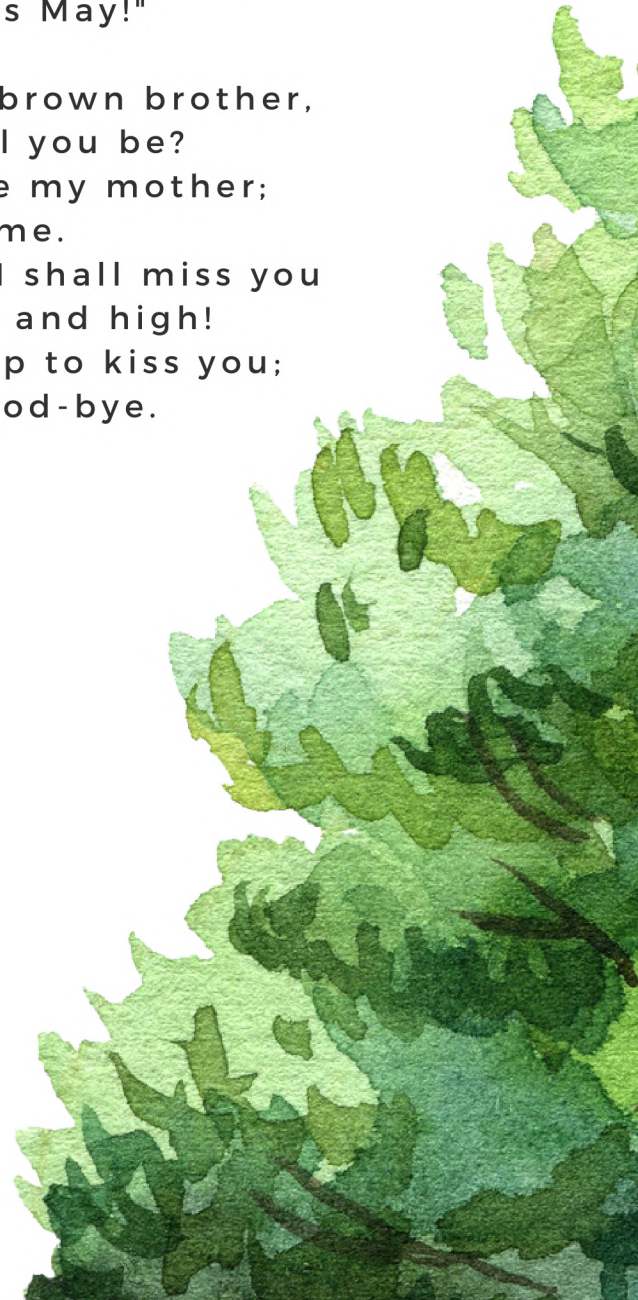
Baby Seed Song

BY EDITH NESBIT

(AUGUST 15, 1858 - MAY 4, 1924)

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark--
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you--
Waken! 'tis morning--'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of a flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy--all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! You're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-bye.



Rondeau

BY JESSIE REDMON FAUSET

(APRIL 27, 1882 - APRIL 30, 1961)

When April's here and meadows wide
Once more with spring's sweet growths are pied
I close each book, drop each pursuit,
And past the brook, no longer mute,
I joyous roam the countryside.

Look, here the violets shy abide
And there the mating robins hide-
How keen my sense, how acute,
When April's here!

And list! down where the shimmering tide
Hard by that farthest hill doth glide,
Rise faint strains from shepherd's flute,
Pan's pipes and Berecyntian lute.
Each sight, each sound fresh joys provide
When April's here.



Daffodowndilly

BY A.A. MILNE

(JANUARY 18, 1882 - JANUARY 31, 1956)

She wore her yellow sun-bonnet,
She wore her greenest gown;
She turned to the south wind
And curtsied up and down.
She turned to the sunlight
And shook her yellow head,
And whispered to her neighbour:
"Winter is dead."



My Shadow

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(NOVEMBER 13, 1850 - DECEMBER 3, 1894)

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow--
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at
all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close behind me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to
me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.



Spring in New Hampshire

BY CLAUDE MCKAY

(SEPTEMBER 15, 1889 - MAY 22, 1948)

Too green the springing April grass,
Too blue the silver-speckled sky,
For me to linger here, alas,
While happy winds go laughing by,
Wasting the golden hours indoors,
Washing windows and scrubbing floors.

Too wonderful the April night,
Too faintly sweet the first May flowers,
The stars too gloriously bright,
For me to spend the evening hours,
When fields are fresh and streams are leaping,
Wearied, exhausted, dully sleeping.



An Adieu

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

(JULY 1, 1850 - APRIL 6, 1927)

Sorrow, quit me for a while!
Wintry days are over;
Hope again, with April smile,
Violet sows and clover.

Pleasure follows in her path,
Love itself flies after,
And the brook a music hath
Sweet as childhood's laughter.

Not a bird upon the bough
Can repress its rapture,
Not a bud that blossoms now
But doth beauty capture.

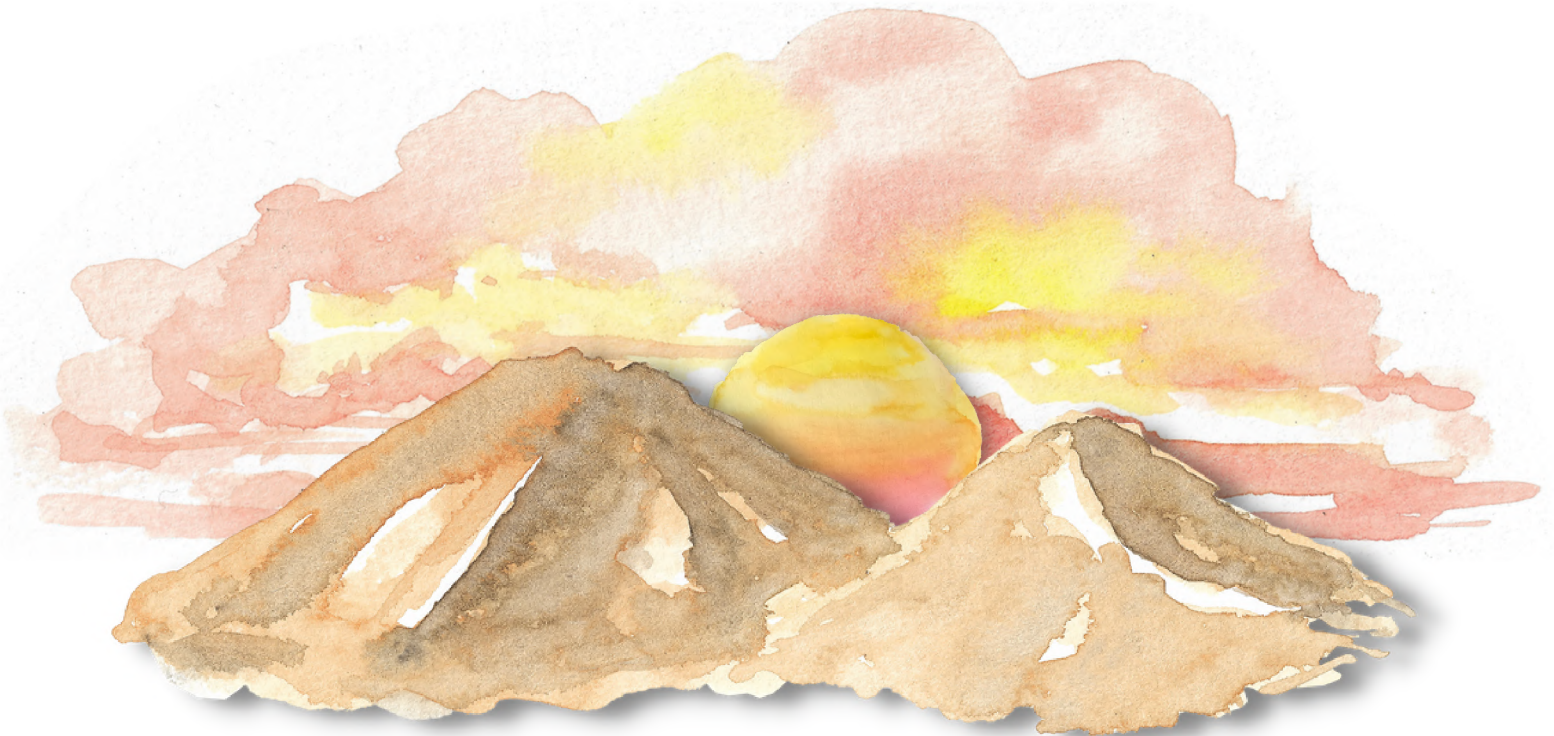
Sorrow, thou art Winter's mate,
Spring cannot regret thee;
Yet, ah, yet—my friend of late—
I shall not forget thee!

April

BY EMILY DICKINSON

(DECEMBER 10, 1830 - MAY 15, 1886)

An altered look about the hills;
A Tyrian light the village fills;
A wider sunrise in the dawn;
A deeper twilight on the lawn;
A print of a vermilion foot;
A purple finger on the slope;
A flippant fly upon the pane;
A spider at his trade again;
An added strut in chanticleer;
A flower expected everywhere;
An axe shrill singing in the woods;
Fern-odors on untravelled roads, —
All this, and more I cannot tell,
A furtive look you know as well,
And Nicodemus' mystery
Receives its annual reply.



What the Thrush Said

BY JOHN KEATS

(OCTOBER 31, 1795 - FEBRUARY 23, 1821)

O Thou whose face hath felt the Winter's wind,
Whose eye has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist,
And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars,
To thee the spring will be a harvest-time.
O thou, whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on
Night after night when Phœbus was away,
To thee the Spring shall be a triple morn.
O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
And yet the Evening listens. He who saddens
At thought of idleness cannot be idle,
And he's awake who thinks himself asleep.



Song on May Morning

BY JOHN MILTON

(DECEMBER 9, 1608 - NOVEMBER 8, 1674)

Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flowry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and Groves, are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcom thee, and wish thee long.



To the First Robin

BY LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

(NOVEMBER 29, 1832 - MARCH 6, 1888)

Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Fear no harm, and fear no danger;
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing, "Sweet Spring is near."

Now the white snow melts away;
Now the flowers blossom gay:
Come, dear bird, and build your nest,
For we love our robin best.



The First Spring Day

BY CHRISTINA ROSETTI

(DECEMBER 5, 1830 - DECEMBER 29, 1894)

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun
And crocus fires are kindling one by one:
Sing, robin, sing;
I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.

I wonder if the springtide of this year
Will bring another Spring both lost and dear;
If heart and spirit will find out their Spring,
Or if the world alone will bud and sing:
Sing, hope, to me;
Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for memory.

The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate;
So Spring must dawn again with warmth and bloom,
Or in this world, or in the world to come:
Sing, voice of Spring,
Till I too blossom and rejoice and sing.



April Showers

BY MARY ELEANOR WILKINS FREEMAN

(OCTOBER 31, 1852 - MARCH 13, 1930)

There fell an April shower, one night:
Next morning, in the garden-bed,
The crocuses stood straight and gold:
“And they have come,” the children said.

There fell an April shower, one night:
Next morning, thro’ the woodland spread
The Mayflowers, pink and sweet as youth:
“And they are come,” the children said.

There fell an April shower, one night:
Next morning, sweetly, overhead,
The blue-birds sung, the blue-birds sung:
“And they have come,” the children said.





Calling the Violet

BY LUCY LARCOM

(MARCH 5, 1824 - APRIL 17, 1893)

Dear Little Violet,
Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
From the rock's mossy shade!
All the birds call for you
Out of the sky;
May is here, waiting,
And here, too, am I.

Come, pretty Violet,
Winter's away:
Come, for without you
May isn't May.
Down through the sunshine
Wings flutter and fly;—
Quick, little Violet,
Open your eye!

Hear the rain whisper,
"Dear Violet, come!"
How can you stay
In your underground home?
Up in the pine-boughs
For you the winds sigh.
Homesick to see you,
Are we—May and I.

Spring

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

(NOVEMBER 28, 1757 - AUGUST 12, 1827)

Sound the Flute!
Now it's mute.
Birds delight
Day and Night.
Nightingale
In the dale
Lark in Sky
Merrily

Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year.

Little Boy
Full of joy.
Little Girl
Sweet and small,
Cock does crow
So do you.
Merry voice
Infant noise

Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year.

Little Lamb
Here I am,
Come and lick
My white neck.
Let me pull
Your soft Wool.
Let me kiss
Your soft face.

Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year.



Spring

BY GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

(JULY 28, 1844 - JUNE 8, 1889)

Nothing is so beautiful as Spring -
When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;
The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?
A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning
In Eden garden. - Have, get, before it cloy,
Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,
Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.



All Things Bright and Beautiful

BY CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

(APRIL 1818 - OCTOBER 12, 1895)

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high and lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;-

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,-
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;-

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.



Lines Written in Early Spring

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(APRIL 7, 1770 - APRIL 23, 1850)

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?