

Resource Sheet #6

EARLY SPRING

"The early spring's sweet blush,
Like a maiden's beauteous flush,
Mounts the cheek of earth and sky,
With radiance soft and shy.
She comes like a virgin queen,
From her couch of emerald green,
Enrobed in garments bright,
With sunny locks of light
And gladness in her smile,
Beguiling care the while,
With music from the thrush,
And the brook's low warbling rush.
She stoops and whispers low,
To the violets 'neath the snow,
On bended knee she peeps,
In the home where the clover sleeps;
Her warm and fragrant breath
Has chased the gloom of death,
That shrouded tree and sky,
When winter's tears were nigh.
She dotes on the light and shade,
Her curls and mantle made.
O, Ye who weep and sigh!
Bid tears a long good-bye;

Be not now overcast
With Scenes of the buried past;
Forget the pangs of yore,
That made thy bosom sore;
Know that the soul grows strong
In battles great and long,
Weep not, nor e'en be sad,
Rejoice, for the world is glad!

POEMS

ELOSE BIBB, 1895

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