

Primavera

There is wonder on land and billow,
 And a strangeness in bough and vein,
For the brook or the budded willow
 Feel the Presence walking again.
It has come in the olden fashion, 5
 As the tritest of lutes have sung,
But it carries the olden passion
 That can never be aught but young.

There are whispers from groves auroral 10
 To blood half-afraid to hear,
While the evening star's faint choral
 Is an ecstasy touch'd with fear.
And at night where the hill-wraiths rally
 Glow the far Walpurgis flame,
Which the lonely swain in the valley 15
 Beholds, tho' he dare not name.

And in every wild breeze falling
 Out of spaces beyond the sky,
There are ancient voices calling 20
 To regions remote and high;
To the gardens of elfin glory
 That lie o'er the purple seas,
And mansions of dream and story
 From childhood memories.

I am call'd where the still dawns glitter 25
 On pastures and furrow'd crests,
And the thrush and the wood-lark twitter

THE ANCIENT TRACK

- Low over their brookside nests;
Where the smoke of the cottage hovers,
 And the elm-buds promise their shade, 30
And a carpet of new green covers
 The floor of the forest glade.
- I am call'd where the vales are dreaming
 In golden, celestial light,
With the gables of castles gleaming, 35
 And village roofs steep and bright;
With distant spires set slimly
 Over tangles of twining boughs,
And a ribbon of river seen dimly
 Thro' fields that the farmer ploughs. 40
- I am call'd where a twilight ocean
 Laps the piers of an ancient town,
And dream-ships in ghostly motion
 Ride at anchor up and down;
Where sea-lanes narrow and bending 45
 Climb steep thro' the fragrant gloom
Of chimneys and gambrels blending
 With orchard branches in bloom.
- And when o'er the waves enchanted
 The moon and the stars appear, 50
I am haunted—haunted—haunted
 By dreams of a mystic year;
Of a year long lost in the dawning,
 When the planets were vague and pale,
And the chasms of space were yawning 55
 To vistas that fade and fail.
- I am haunted by recollections
 Of lands that were not of earth,
Of places where mad perfections
 In horror were brought to birth; 60
Where pylons of onyx mounted
 To heavens with fire embower'd,
And turrets and domes uncounted
 O'er the terrac'd torrents tower'd.
- I am call'd to these reachless regions 65
 In tones that are old and known,

By a chorus of phantom legions
 That must have been once my own—
But the spell is a charm swift fleeting,
 And the earth has a potent thrall,
So I never have known the freeing,
 Or heeded the springtime's call.

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