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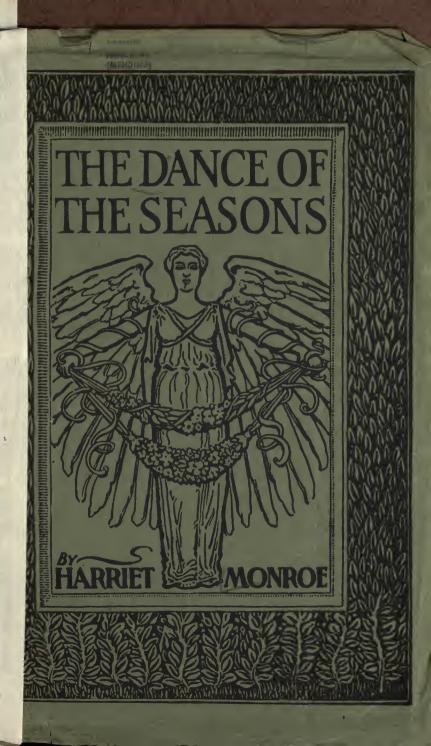


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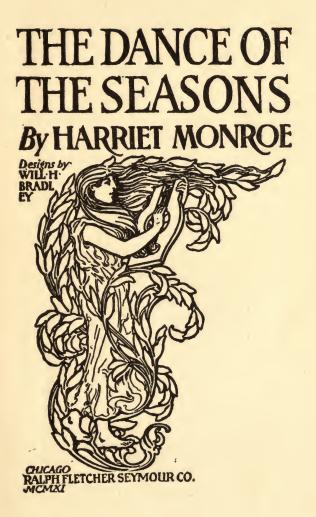
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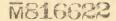
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GIFT Mrs. Marion Randall Parsons

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To K. McD. H.





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I-Spring

Allegro

Wake! wake! Out of the snow and the mist, In rain-wet, wind-blown gauze Of amber and amethyst Cometh Spring like a girl. Trembling and timorous She peers through the thin white thaws, Afraid of the winds that whirl Down paths all perilous Where her so tender feet are softly going, Where the rich earth awaiteth her lavish sowing Of green and purple and white In the gardens of day and night.

Hither she cometh— Behold her, the wraith so frail! The chill gray storm benumbeth Her delicate fingers pale, And looseth her hair from its fillet of pearl.

Her soft dew-frosted eyes— The virginal eyes of a girl— Gaze at the foam-veiled skies, Search for the sun who hideth His amorous glowing face, For the spirit of life that glideth Unseen through every place.

Blown! blown-

Hither and yon, Dashed by the winds that groan. Lashed by the frost-elves wan, Whipped by the envious ghosts of old years long gone, That chatter and sigh Of the ruin nigh, Of death and darkness and sorrow that come anon. Yet bold and brave She dares-the young Spring-to dance on that ancient grave, To dance with delicate feet On the world's despair and defeat, On the Winter that covereth all With an ashen pall.

Lo, she lifts the cover-A corner of that icy pall she lifts. Lo earth, great-hearted lover, Smiles upward through the dew-bespangled rifts. And shining sunbeams, pages of the day, Roll up the mantle, bear it far away. Then the earth laughs with pleasure, And tosses from her treasure Store of blue crocuses and snow-drops white, Glad trilliums that make the woodland bright, Rich arbutus and shadowy violets: Till, caught in webs of bloom, Light-footed Spring her stormy woe forgets, Forgets the cold, the gloom, Blesses with errant grace Each dim forgotten place. Casts on the oak its rosy velvet dress Of drooping leaves, muffles the maples bare In lilac veils, covers with tenderness The harsh brown world; and then, when all is won, Trails languorous dreams, dreams exquisite

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and rare.

And shrinking from the bold, too fervid sun, She giveth over Her royal lover Like one afraid of love, who will not stay Love's perfect day. She giveth over-Inconstant rover-Her glad green garlanded world, and like the dew Sleeps in the blue. She tosseth down Her flowery crown Into the lap of Summer-Glad newcomer!-Smiling adorns her with treasure of growing things And softly sings, The while she fades in light-A wraith, a mist Of amethyst; A spirit, a dream that goeth, But whither-who knoweth?

II-Summer

Andante

Hush! hush!

Wake not the drowsy Summer-she would dream. Heavy with growing things. Dance lightly where her beauty lies a-gleam 'Neath languidly folded wings. Over the delicate grasses A breath, a spirit passes, A song, and the odor of bloom-Give way! make room! The Summer hath met her lover By day, by night; He hath brought from the stars-bright rover!___ Heaven's fire, heaven's light! He hath filled her with life that sleepeth, That waits for birth, As a jewel its secret keepeth In the rock-bound earth.

Softly, slowly Dance and sway, While Summer dreameth The moons away. Full weary she seemeth Of love's deep bliss, But holy, holy Love's memories.

The idle day is rich with budding things

Whereon the bold sun glares.

Dance lightly, lest thou tread on folded wings,

Of flight still unawares.

Ah, delicate thy foot-fall be, while ever The seed grows in the corn,

The bird in the egg, the deed in the endeavor, The day in the morn.

Deep in the pool the spawning fishes play; High in the air the bees buzz out their way. Everywhere

The children of Summer come crowding in lustrous array—

The myriad children of Summer, beloved of the sun;

Through the long hot noons they are glad of the world they have won. Bright and fair They throng in the meadows and shake out the dew from their hair; They sing in the tree-tops, they dip in the slow-flowing stream; They nod from the hills, in the valleys their swift feet gleam; They kneel in the moon-light, the bright stars hear their prayer. Everywhere The high sun blesses them, The moon confesses them, Old Time with patient smile Harks to their hope awhile. They are born, they awake, their arise-yea, they dance in their bloom; For their revels of love and of wonder the earth makes room. Yea, she harketh their song for a season, she kisseth their feet; She give hher all for their hour-be its joy complete.

The fecund Summer then Veileth her eyes again-Dreameth, at rest. Young mother of life who feedeth The world at her breast; Rich bride of the year, who needeth But love and light To give, and give more, and give all In her great love's might. Tread softly, give heed to her call-Oh be still! be fleet! Hush—hush the sweet sound of thy singing; Pause-pause, ye feet! Sink down! she bids thee rest Close on her breast. Down! down! thy rapture flinging Where all her dreams are winging. Ah, cease thy quest! Peace !- be blest ! Be blest!

III—Autumn

Scherzo

Come with me-All that live! Dance with me-Love-and give! Give me your love, ye souls of the corn and the vine! Dance with me! laugh with me! crowd me! be mine-be mine! Up from the earth in your splendor of scarlet and gold-Haste, oh make haste ere the warm rich year grow old! Ye throngs that gaily rise Multitudinous As the red, red leaves that flutter All tremulous When the wind rides down from the skies; Ye spirits that shout and mutter In laughter, in pain, When the year of her sowing and reaping Would waste again,

Come, spend of your treasure, full heaping, Be lavish, be bold!

Cast your hope on the winds, from your feet shake the dark damp mold;

Come dancing, come shouting, come leaping, Ere the earth grow cold!

Come, ye wings of the air; come, ye

feet that trample the grasses!

Come, ye tree-top spirits that kindle the leaves to flame!

Come, sprites of the sea that shout when the gray storm passes!

Come, wraiths of the desert whom sorrow nor death may tame!

Come eat of the rich ripe fruit, come drink of the vine!

Come dance till your revels are drunken with joy, with wine.

For the labor is over and done, The spoil of the battle is won! Ah trample it, scatter it, Cast it afar! The tempests will batter it— On with the war!

Let your bright robes float, let them whirl with the rush of your feet-The gauzes of crimson and gold! Give your will to the winds-they are chasing, they haste, they are fleet; They are eager and ruthless and bold. On! on! till ye circle the earth with the rush of your dancing, With the shout and the song; Till your choral of crowds, like a river in flood-time advancing, Bears all things along! Dance! dance! for the end comes soon-Do ye feel the chill? White winds of the Winter croon From their cave in the hill. Yea, death and the end come soon-Spread your gaudy robes! Haste! haste! for the leaves are falling. Shout! shout! for the storms are calling. Give all, ere the year grow old. Ere the world grow cold.

IV-WINTER

Finale

Fly! fly!

Gather your white robes close— Scuttle away! Look! in the sky The bleak winds mutter morose To the swift dark day. They gather and threaten and scold, They gather and threaten and scold, They shiver and shriek in their rage. They are ashen and icy and old— Ah, bitter the passion of age! Flee from them! haste—haste Through the vengeful weather! Lest your red blood chill And your hearts stop still, Crowd close together And flee o'er the drear dead waste!

Down! down!

Out of a sky all brown The dark storm stoops to shrivel the world away.

With ribald winds he strips her, With stinging sleet he whips her, With envious frost he withers her green to gray. Because she was gay and glad, Beloved of many lovers, fruitful mother Of many children crowding and killing each other; Because she was wasteful mad, Scattering and trampling her riches for death to smother, Now shall she starve and freeze And pray on her stiffened knees. Now shall she helpless lie And the powers of the air will mock her; The spirits she dared defy Will rend her and blind her and shock her. With white, white snow they will bury her passion deep Till it's dumb, till it's cold. They will whistle and roar in their triumph, and orgies keep Till her heart grows old. They will put out her love-lit sun like the torch at a feast,

And with haughty carousals make wanton his court in the east.

They will brush down the stars like white feathers far blown on dark waves,

And the night will be black as they dance on the ghost-thronged graves.

Haste! haste!

Your garments are torn, they are sheeted with ice,

In your wind-loosed hair The sharp sleet rattles. Ye are hurled, chased To the Winter's lair— Ye have paid the price, Ye have bled in her battles. Now shelter your woe And be still, be still! Let the night-winds go To their cave in the hill! Let the dark clouds flee Through the gates of the west, Till the earth rides free Who was sore oppressed.

For weary of orgies that ravage Is Winter now. From the heel of a tyrant savage She lifts her brow. Lo, the wrath of the storm is over, And under a moon-white cover Lies the world asleep. So still, so pale-Dance bravely, lest thou quail And pause to weep. Over the flower-soft snow Still as the lost wind go To open the gates of day. Where watcheth yon lone pale star Crimson and golden are The curtains that shake and sway. Ah lift them! look, through the rift Comes the sun adrift! He kindles the snow to fire, He bids the dead earth aspire. Ah dance! from the year's white grave New blooms will blow. Dance lightly, wistfully-save The life below! Softly! the world is still-

Hush thine errant will! No longer the dream pursue! Rest—rest, till the dream come true! Wait! hope! be still!



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