

# Spring Poetry

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 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.

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

## The Crocus

The golden crocus reaches up  
To catch a sunbeam in her cup.  
-Walter Crane-

## The Wind

I can get through a doorway without any key,  
And strip the leaves from the great oak tree.  
  
I can drive storm-clouds and shake tall towers,  
Or steal through a garden and not wake the flowers.  
  
Seas I can move and ships I can sink;  
I can carry a house-top or the scent of a pink.

When I am angry I can rave and riot;  
And when I am spent, I lie quiet as quiet.  
-James Reeves-

Who Has Seen the Wind?

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you:  
But when the leaves hang trembling,  
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you:  
But when the leaves bow down their heads,  
The wind is passing by.  
-Christina Rossetti-

Spring

The fields are rich with daffodils,  
A coat of clover cloaks the hills,  
And I must dance, and I must sing  
To see the beauty of the spring.  
-unknown-

March

A blue day,  
A blue jay  
And a good beginning.

One crow  
Melting snow -  
Spring's winning.  
-Elizabeth Coatsworth-

The March Wind

I come to work as well as play;  
I'll tell you what I do;  
I whistle all the live-long day,  
"Woo-oo-oo-oo! Woo-oo!"

I toss the branches up and down  
And shake them to and fro,  
I whirl the leaves in flocks of brown,

And send them high and low.

I strew the twigs upon the ground,  
The frozen earth I sweep;  
I blow the children round and round  
And wake the flowers from sleep.

-Unknown-

### Easter

The air is like a butterfly  
With frail blue wings.  
The happy earth looks at the sky  
And sings.

-Joyce Kilmer-

### Spring

I'm shouting  
I'm singing  
I'm swinging through trees  
I'm winging sky-high  
With the buzzing black bees.  
I'm the sun  
I'm the moon  
I'm the dew on the rose.  
I'm a rabbit  
Whose habit  
Is twitching his nose.  
I'm lively  
I'm lovely  
I'm kicking my heels.  
I'm crying "Come dance"  
To the freshwater eels.  
I'm racing through meadows  
Without any coat  
I'm a gamboling lamb  
I'm a light leaping goat  
I'm a bud  
I'm in bloom  
I'm a dove on the wing.  
I'm running on rooftops  
And welcoming spring.

-Karla Kuskin-

## Daffodils

I wander'd 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  
A long 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  
Outdid 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.

-William Wordsworth-