

A PAEAN IN THE SPRINGTIDE

Now is the triumph of Love, now is the day of his guerdon,
Now when the blossoms are full on the bountiful delicate spray;
Now has the year sprung aloft and shaken the frost and its

burden,

April is come with his showers, sun laughs and promises May.
Newly the bird sings of Love, newly he wooeth a maiden,
Newly the heart of a boy leaps, and his eyes catch its fire.
Light is his laugh as the sea, with no sad remembrances laden;
Light as the sea, and as fierce and fickle is grown his desire.
Here in the spring we are free, as the winds that look love at

the ocean;

Change we and weary too soon of delight that is hardly begun;
Pleasure and pain are made one, a delirious noble emotion;
Love dies before he grows manly, dawn never yields to the sun.

Love in a night shall live and die,
Love in a day shall wing and fly;
Love in the Spring shall last an hour,
Easily fades a spring-tide flower.

Where are the blooms of frost, hoary and bright and vestal;
Virginal lips not kissed, flowers unbidden to bud?
Ah! we have slain their beams, as our low heads lazily nestle,
Where the dark home of Love is, where the impatient blood

Pain is our joy and our spirits' power,
Never shall fade its fiery flower.

Now is the triumph of Love, gazing far to an infinite pleasure,
Pleasure that mocks Heaven's hopes, that our hands are im-
patient to hold.

Love and delight pouring out, in a fearless insatiate measure,
Out of the chalice of lust, scarlet o'errunning its gold.

This is the song of the Spring, that the nightingales carol by
starlight,

This the delight of our eyes, as they shine with strange fire in
the night,

This is our trust and our joy—beyond death we look on to the
far light

Flaming from hell our last home, this is the key of our might.
Come, fiery birds of a clime we know not, and sing us your
paean;

Triumph of gods that are known secretly, not by a name,
Gods whose implacable feet have trampled the god Galilean,
Cast though they be into hell, given to death and to shame.

Heaven and hell has striven in war,
Sappho and Hylas, with Christ and Jah;
We are of those, though they lose their power,
Never shall fade their fiery flower.