

Spring Poems

Spring is a season of new life and hope. The first signs of spring can be seen in budding trees, birdsong and daffodils which have the power to lift the spirits after a cold sleepy winter. The days beginning to get longer and warmer. This vibrant season of rejuvenation has inspired poets throughout the ages.

- 1. Spring Pools**
Robert Frost (1922)
- 2. From You Have I Been Absent in the Spring (Sonnet 98)**
William Shakespeare (1599)
- 3. Spring**
William Blake (1789)
- 4. Very Early Spring**
Katherine Mansfield (1912)
- 5. Spring Song**
Robert Louis Stevenson (1887)

1. Spring Pools

Robert Frost (1922)

These pools that, though in forests, still reflect
The total sky almost without defect,
And like the flowers beside them, chill and shiver,
Will like the flowers beside them soon be gone,
And yet not out by any brook or river,
But up by roots to bring dark foliage on.
The trees that have it in their pent-up buds
To darken nature and be summer woods --
Let them think twice before they use their powers
To blot out and drink up and sweep away
These flowery waters and these watery flowers
From snow that melted only yesterday.

2. From You Have I Been Absent in the Spring (Sonnet 98) William Shakespeare (1599)

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him,
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

3. Spring

William Blake (1789)

Sound the Flute!

Now it's mute.

Birds delight

Day and Night

Nightingale

In the dale

Lark in Sky

Merrily

Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year

Little Boy

Full of joy,

Little Girl

Sweet and small,

Cock does crow

So do you.

Merry voice

Infant noise

Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year

(continued on the next page)

Little Lamb
Here I am.
Come and lick
My white neck.
Let me pull
Your soft Wool.
Let me kiss
Your soft face
Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year.

4. Very Early Spring

Katherine Mansfield (1912)

The fields are snowbound no longer;
There are little blue lakes and flags of
tenderest green.

The snow has been caught up into the sky--
So many white clouds--and the blue of the sky
is cold.

Now the sun walks in the forest,
He touches the bows and stems with his
golden fingers;

They shiver, and wake from slumber.

Over the barren branches he shakes his yellow curls.
Yet is the forest full of the sound of tears....

A wind dances over the fields.

Shrill and clear the sound of her waking laughter,
Yet the little blue lakes tremble

And the flags of tenderest green bend and quiver.

5. Spring Song

Robert Louis Stevenson (1887)

The air was full of sun and birds,
The fresh air sparkled clearly.
Remembrance wakened in my heart
And I knew I loved her dearly.

The fallows and the leafless trees
And all my spirit tingled.
My earliest thought of love, and Spring's
First puff of perfume mingled.

In my still heart the thoughts awoke,
Came lone by lone together -
Say, birds and Sun and Spring, is Love
A mere affair of weather?