ALICE MEYNELL

SONG OF THE SPRING TO THE SUMMER

THE POET SINGS TO HER POET

O poet of the time to be,
My conqueror, I began for thee.
Enter into thy poet’s pain,
And take the riches of the rain,
And make the perfect year for me.
Thou unto whom my lyre shall fall,
Whene’er thou comest, hear my call.
O, keep the promise of my lays,
Take the sweet parable of my days;
I trust thee with the aim of all.
And if thy thoughts unfold from me,
Know that I too have hints of thee,
Dim hopes that come across my mind
In the rare days of warmer wind,
And tones of summer in the sea.
And I have set thy paths, I guide
Thy blossoms on the wild hillside.
And I, thy bygone poet, share
The flowers that throng thy feet where
I led thy feet before I died.