



## Helen Jackson s Poems

By H H

Rarebooksclub.com, United States, 2012. Paperback. Book Condition: New. 246 x 189 mm. Language: English . Brand New Book \*\*\*\*\* Print on Demand \*\*\*\*\*.This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated. 1887 edition. Excerpt: .A little in the biting wind; midday Brings tiny burrowed creatures, peeping out Alert for sun. Ah March! we know thou art Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats, And, out of sight, art nursing April s violets! APRIL. OBINS call robins in tops of trees; Doves follow doves, with scarlet feet; Frolicking babies, sweeter than these, Crowd green corners where highways meet. Violets stir and arbutus wakes, Claytonia s rosy bells unfold; Dandelion through the meadow makes A royal road, with seals of gold. Golden and snowy and red the flowers, Golden, snowy, and red in vain; Robins call robins through sad showers; The white dove s feet are wet with rain. MAY. For April sobs while these are so glad, April weeps while these are so gay, --Weeps like a tired child who had, Playing with flowers, lost its way. MAY. HE voice...



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