

# The Siege of Valencia.pdf/319



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## THE VOICE OF SPRING\*[\[1\]](#).

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long,  
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song!  
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
 By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
 By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chesnut flowers  
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,  
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
 Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains;  
 —But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,  
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,

1. [↑](#)\* Originally published in the New Monthly Magazine.



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