

My Daffodils

by Arthur Goodenough

When April thrills the wakening hills,
The sunshine on their summits spills
The charm divine of amber wine—
Then come the darling daffodils,—
The darling, darling daffodils!

While winter chills yet rarely kills,
And slowly yet the Dream fulfills,
In mist and rain they come again,
The dainty, dancing daffodils—
The dream—decended daffodils.

When vapor crawls and mountain walls
Give back the cuckoo's ringing calls,
Old frinds and dear they reappear,
The dauntless, dainty, daffodils,
The hope-inspiring daffodils!

Before the swallow wings his flight,
Or frosts have ceased to blast and blight,
With rapture fine their faces shine;
The bliss-begotten daffodils,
The bliss-bestowing daffodils!