

SPECIAL VERSE TOPIC—THE MONTH OF MARCH

The Coming of March—L. B.—Unity

With a blare of martial trumpets,
 Heard in wind and whirling sleet,
 While the white foam flies like snow-flakes
 From his charger strong and fleet,
 Comes great Mars, the heavenly warrior,
 From the courts of summer sweet,
 And the cruel hosts of winter,
 Who have held the land in thrall,
 Turn their sullen faces northward
 When they hear that bugle call.

March—Helen Hunt Jackson

Beneath the sheltering walls the thin snow clings—
 Dead winter's skeleton, left bleaching, white,
 Disjointed, crumbling, on unfriendly fields.
 The inky pools surrender tardily
 At noon, to patient herds, a frosty drink
 From jagged rims of ice; a subtle red
 Of life is kindling every twig and stalk
 Of lowly meadow growths; the willows wrap
 Their stems in furry white; the pines grow gray
 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!

English March Landscape—Fred. Tennyson

Through the gaunt woods the winds are skulking cold,
 Down from the rifted rack the sunbeam pours
 Over the cold gray slopes and stony moors;
 The glimmering water-course, the eastern wold
 And over it the whirling sail o' the mill.
 The lonely hamlet with its mossy spire,
 The piled city smoking like a pyre,
 Brought out of shadow-gleam with light as chill.
 Larks twitter, martens glance, and curs from far
 Rage down the wind, and straight are heard no more;
 Old wives peep out, and scold, and bang the door;
 And clanging clocks grow angry in the air;
 Sorrow and care, perplexity and pain,
 Frown darker shadows on the homeless one,
 And the gray beggar buffeting alone
 Pleads in the howling storm, and pleads in vain.

Early March—Christopher P. Cranch—Poems

The warring hosts of Winter and of Spring
 Are hurtling o'er the plains.
 All night I heard their battle-clarions ring,
 And jar the window-panes.
 The arrowy sleet is rattling on the glass;
 The sky a vault of stone;
 The untimely snows besiege the sprouting grass;
 The elm-trees toss and moan.

March Days—Charles Lotin Hildreth

A spirit from the south through drifted glens
 And o'er the naked woods and wilds has flown:
 Slipped from their leashes in the mountain dens,
 With deep and hollow voice the streams rush down,
 Searching the level fields and sunken fens,
 And round soft, sodden banks and hillocks bare
 Whirling in turbid circles everywhere,
 The spongy soil sinks weltering to the foot,
 And still thin, dusky streaks of crusted snow
 In cold shades linger on the hemlock's root;
 But all the open lawns and meadows glow
 With faint warm flame of many a tender shoot;
 The hazel stems are bright with burnished green,
 And russet-hooded buds spring up between.

The plains are full of mingled mist and light;
 Cloud-shadows cross the hills with sudden showers;
 The dawn in frosty calm breaks cold and white,
 Ripening to golden bloom at noonday hours;
 Shrill winds and winter flurries blur the night,
 And in the glimpses of the rifted skies
 The young moon's slender crescent gleams and dies.

In March—Constance Fenimore Woolson

In the gray dawning across the white lake,
 Where the ice-hummocks in frozen waves break,
 'Mid the glittering spears of the far Northern Lights,
 Like a cavalry escort of steel-coated knights,
 Spanning the winter's cold gulf with an arch,
 Over it, rampant, rides in the wild March.
 Galloping, galloping, galloping in,
 Into the world with a stir and a din,
 The north wind, the east wind, and west wind together,
 Inbringing, inbringing the March's wild weather.

Hear his rough chant as he dashes along:
 "Ho, ye March children, come list to my song!
 A bold outlaw am I both to do and dare,
 And I fear not old earth nor the powers of the air;
 Winter's a dotard, and Summer's a prude,
 But Spring loves me well, although I am rude.
 Faltering, lingering, listening Spring,—
 Blushing she waits for the clang and the ring
 Of my swift horse's hoofs; then forward she presses,
 Repelling, returning, my boisterous caresses."

March Midnight—Horace George Groser

Black night! Fierce war of clouds and shrieking wind:
 White stars with flame-flown cressets dimly seen,
 Pale glimpses where a hurrying moon has been
 And left a chaos of wild sights behind.
 From the thick darkness struggling to be free,
 The glimmering cliff-line of a rounded bay
 And, at its base, monotonous and gray,
 The sullen plunging of a breaking sea.
 Hoarse voices striving to be heard: the hiss
 Of shattered spray, and rush of streaming foam
 On pillared crags: and, round the gannet's home,
 Visions of gray wings o'er the black abyss.
 Behind the cliffs, far inland, all asleep!
 A wet wind blowing over acres bare:
 No strife, but a low whisper everywhere,
 Earth stirring dreamily in slumber deep.
 Rustle of last-year leaves in hedgerow lanes,
 Bird-twitterings of a sudden hushed, the start
 Of hare's feet in the bracken, where the hart
 Has made his couch, until the shadowy plains
 Receive the dawn-beams, and the violets wake.
 And floods and forests smile to see the morning break.

Late March—Emma Lazarus—Poems

Black boughs against a pale, clear sky,
 Slight mists of cloud-wreaths floating by;
 Soft sunlight, gray-blue smoky air,
 Wet thawing snows on hillsides bare;
 Loud streams, moist sodden earth; below
 Quick seedlings stir, rich juices flow
 Through frozen veins of rigid wood.

Spring's Awakening—James Benjamin Kenyon

A voice upon the hillsides wakes,
 A rill begins to laugh and leap,
 And Nature starts, and stirs, and breaks
 The silence of her long, white sleep.
 The soft white coverlet of snow
 That veils her lovely limbs and face
 She lightly flings aside, and so
 Arises in her vast, nude grace.