

SEASONAL SPRING POEM

Celia Thaxter, an author and artist, grew up on the Isles of Shoals and often wrote poetry about her experiences on Appledore Island, where she lived for most of her life. She had a little cottage on the island and a beautiful garden where she grew many different kinds of flowers.

“April”

By Celia Thaxter (1895)

Birds on the boughs before the buds
Begin to burst in the Spring,
Bending their heads to the April floods,
Too much out of breath to sing!

They chirp, “Hey-day! How the rain comes down!
Comrades, cuddle together!
Cling to the bark so rough and brown,
For this is April weather.

“Oh, the warm, beautiful, drenching rain!
I don’t mind it, do you?
Soon will the sky be clear again,
Smiling, and fresh, and blue.

“Sweet and sparkling is every drop
That slides from the soft, gray clouds;
Blossoms will blush to the very top
Of the bare old tree in crowds.

“Oh, the warm, delicious, hopeful rain!
Let us be glad together.
Summer comes flying in beauty again,
Through the fitful April weather.”



Notice & Wonder

- Circle any words you don't know and look them up in a dictionary.
- What sounds, sights, or feelings does Celia mention in her poem to spring?
- Which line reminds you most of the month of April in New Hampshire?