

Spring in New Hampshire

Claude McKay

(To J. L. J. F. E.)

Too green the springing April grass,
Too blue the silver-speckled sky,
For me to linger here, alas,
While happy winds go laughing by,
5 Wasting the golden hours indoors,
Washing windows and scrubbing floors.

Too wonderful the April night,
Too faintly sweet the first May flowers,
The stars too gloriously bright,
10 For me to spend the evening hours,
When fields are fresh and streams are leaping,
Wearied, exhausted, dully sleeping.

Textual Note

This poem also appeared in:

- *Spring in New Hampshire* (1920)
- *Cambridge Magazine* (Summer, 1920)
- *The Liberator* (August, 1919)

3 (To J. L. J. F. E.)] *om. Cam., Lib.*