

## To Winter

Claude McKay

Stay, season of calm love and soulful snows!  
 There is a subtle sweetness in the sun,  
 The ripples on the stream's breast gaily run,  
 The wind more boisterously by me blows,  
 5 And each succeeding day now longer grows.  
 The birds a gladder music have begun,  
 The squirrel, full of mischief and of fun,  
 From maples' topmost branch the brown twig throws.  
 I read these pregnant signs, know what they mean:  
 10 I know that thou art making ready to go.  
 Oh stay! I fled a land where fields are green  
 Always, and palms wave gently to and fro,  
 And winds are balmy, blue brooks ever sheen,  
 To ease my heart of its impassioned woe.

### Textual Note

This poem also appeared in *Spring in New Hampshire* (1920) and *Cambridge Magazine* (Summer, 1920).

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8 the brown twig] small brown twigs *Spr., Cam.*

11 stay!] . . . *add. Spr., Cam.,*