

# FOM SPRING DAYS TO WINTER

*Oscar Wilde*

In the glad springtime when leaves were green,  
O merrily the throstle sings!  
I sought, amid the tangled sheen,  
Love whom mine eyes had never seen,  
O the glad dove has golden wings!

Between the blossoms red and white,  
O merrily the throstle sings!  
My love first came into my sight,  
O perfect vision of delight,  
O the glad dove has golden wings!

The yellow apples glowed like fire,  
O merrily the throstle sings!  
O Love too great for lip or lyre,  
Blown rose of love and of desire,  
O the glad dove has golden wings!

But now with snow the tree is grey,  
Ah, sadly now the throstle sings!  
My love is dead: ah! well-a-day,  
See at her silent feet I lay  
A dove with broken wings!  
Ah, Love! ah, Love! that thou wert slain—  
Fond Dove, fond Dove return again!