

Spring Will Come

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Not too fast (♩=120)

I have heard that the mother beaver, Feeling crowded within her den, Wants to know when her sons will leave her, For she soon is to bear again. Two long years they have shared her shelter: Mud and branches, a floor, a dome. When the ice dams begin to melt, her Sons will leave for another home. Tell the beaver the sun is returning. Tell her, too, that you heard it from One whose kind has been granted this learning: Spring will come. Spring will come.

I have heard that the mother beaver,
 Feeling crowded within her den,
 Wants to know when her sons will leave her,
 For she soon is to bear again.
 Two long years they have shared her shelter:
 Mud and branches, a floor, a dome.
 When the ice dams begin to melt, her
 Sons will leave for another home.
 Tell the beaver the sun is returning.
 Tell her, too, that you heard it from
 One whose kind has been granted this learning:
 Spring will come. Spring will come.

I imagine the turtle thinking
 Thoughts of spring and the flowing sap
 As he left us in autumn, sinking
 To the bottom for six months' nap.
 Cooler weather had left him feeling
 Tired and slow; he did not look well.
 Soon he'll lie upon rocks where healing,
 Warming sun will restore his shell.
 Tell the turtle the sun is returning.
 Tell him, too, that you heard it from
 One whose kind has been granted this learning:
 Spring will come. Spring will come.

I have heard of the bear complaining
 That the winter is far too short.
 Days of spring that are warming, raining
 Come too soon, by the bear's report.
 Light and dry, like a falling feather,
 Snowflakes pile; the drifts are deep.
 Melting rains and the warmer weather
 Flood his den to cut short his sleep.
 Warn the bear that the sun is returning.
 Tell him, too, that you heard it from
 One whose kind has been granted this learning:
 Spring will come. Spring will come.

I have heard that the two-legged creature,
 Dressed for warmth in another's fur,
 Thinks of me as a kind of teacher
 Who has knowledge to share with her.
 "Leave your burrow at early morning.
 Seek your shadow," I hear her say.
 "Is it welcome or is it warning?
 What is it you predict today?"
 Tell the woman the sun is returning.
 Tell her, too, that you heard it from
 One whose kind has been granted this learning:
 Spring will come. Spring will come.