

The Heir of Tropic Spring

By

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To be born in the sweet tropic spring-time
When honey-steeped breezes sing low;
When birds in the oranges mating
‘Midst their bridal-wreath swing to-and-fro;
When even the pine-boughs, each breathing low cheer,
Lover-like bow to the jessamine near,
And always—cool voicing from palm-choired ocean
Echo dreamings ‘tis gladness to know.

Oh! To be born in this sweet southern spring-time
Is to be heir of its joy; the child of its play;
Is to throb to the tune of the sweet-pulsing music
Unloosed from the harp of a South-loving Fay;
Is to feel the deep bond of this sensuous Beauty,
The sweet-yielding secrets of tropical May.

