

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Chatalain de Coucy**

**- poems -**

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## **The First Approach Of The Sweet Spring**

The first approach of the sweet spring  
Returning here once more,--  
The memory of the love that holds  
In my fond heart such power,--  
The thrush again his song assaying,--  
The little rills o'er pebbles playing,  
And sparkling as they fall,--  
The memory recall  
Of her on whom my heart's desire  
Is, shall be, fixed till I expire.

With every season fresh and new  
That love is more inspiring:  
Her eyes, her face, all bright with joy,--  
Her coming, her retiring,  
Her faithful words, her winning ways,--  
That sweet look, kindling up the blaze,  
Of love, so gently still,  
To wound, but not to kill,--  
So that when most I weep and sigh,  
So much the higher springs my joy.

Chatalain de Coucy