

Daffodils by Charles A. Heath

And now here come the daffodils,
The trumpeters of spring,
All tooting joy, which thrills and thrills,
The while again they bring
Their happiest note attuned with cheer
To tell that spring is truly here.

I am always glad when daffodils
Lift up their golden horn,
To wake a day whose waking fills
With mellowness the morn,
And lures the southwinds thru the air
To bear away my winter's care.

I always thought the daffodils
Which rise from frigid earth
Were heroines with hearts and wills
To understand the worth
Of holding hope thru days severe,
And burst with joy when spring is here.

So blow your best, dear daffodils,
I will listen full and long,
To every note which ever thrills
With your returning song;
And when at night I rest my head,
I will dream sweet dreams thus comforted.

I didn't know this poem until this morning. The poetry websites describe Charles A Heath as 'the nature poet' and have other poems by him about nature (there's another I like called Music of the Trees) but nothing about his times or life. Is he the same Charles Andrew Heath who lived and worked in Chicago in the 19th century? Do any of our readers know

more about him and the area of the world he was describing?
Please tell.

Meanwhile here are some English daffodils, the ancient wild
variety, to be getting on with.

