

Top 12 Spring Poems for Nature Lover

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Welcome, Dear friends, to the grand entrance of Spring.

Spring is a time of revival and fresh beginnings. This sweet season blesses our world with hope and inspiration. Tree buds burst into blossoms, and daylight stretches its arms into the evenings. A renewed sense of optimism dances in the air. Throughout history, poets such as Shakespeare and Wordsworth found a muse in this season of rebirth. Here, we've curated precious verses that echo the spirit of spring. Spring celebrates the sensation of nature, the commitment of brighter tomorrows, and the endless magic of poetry.

I. Spring

Christina Rossetti (1830 - 1894)

Frost-locked all the winter, Seeds, and roots, and stones of fruits, What shall make their sap ascend That they may put forth shoots? Tips of tender green, Leaf, or blade, or sheath; Telling of the hidden life That breaks forth underneath, Life nursed in its grave by Death.

II. Spring

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844 - 1889)

Nothing is so beautiful as Spring - When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing; The glassy peartree leaves and blooms,
they brush The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

spring poems

III. Sonnet 98

[William Shakespeare \(1564-1616\)](#)

From you have I been absent in the spring, When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim, Hath put a spirit of youth in everything, That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.

IV. The Enkindled Spring

D.H. Lawrence (1885 - 1930)

This spring as it comes bursts up in bonfires green, Wild puffing of emerald trees, and flame-filled bushes, Thorn-blossom lifting in wreaths of smoke between Where the wood fumes up and the watery, flickering rushes.

V. Today

Billy Collins (1941 - Present)

If ever there were a spring day so perfect, so uplifted by a warm intermittent breeze that it made you want to throw open all the windows in the house and unlatch the door to the canary's cage, indeed, rip the little door from its jamb,

VI. Lines Written in Early Spring

[William Wordsworth \(1770-1850\)](#)

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower, The periwinkle trailed its wreaths; And 'tis my faith that every flower Enjoys the air it breathes.

VII. Spring

[William Blake \(1757 - 1827\)](#)

Sound the flute! Now it's mute! Bird's delight, Day and night, Nightingale, In the dale,

VIII. A Light Exists in Spring

[Emily Dickinson \(1830 - 1886\)](#)

A Light exists in Spring Not present on the Year At any other period - When March is scarcely here

IX. The General Prologue' to The Canterbury Tales

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400)

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote, The droghte of March hath perced to the roote, And bathed every veyne in swich licóur Of which vertú engendred is the flour;

X. When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd

[Walt Whitman \(1819-1892\)](#)

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd, And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night, I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

XI. The Spring

Thomas Carew (1595 – 1640)

"Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;

XII. Now fades the last long streak of snow

[Alfred Lord Tennyson \(1809-1892\)](#)

Now fades the last long streak of snow, Now burgeons every maze of quick About the flowering squares, and thick By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, The distance takes a lovelier hue, And drown'd in yonder living blue The lark becomes a sightless song.