Spring is at the Door Song

Music by Roger Quilter

Op. 18, No. 4

Words by Nora Hopper

Spring is at the Door

The Spring is at the door: She bears a golden store, Her maund with yellow daffodils runneth o'er.

Her rosy feet are bare, The wind is in her hair, And O her eyes are April eyes, very fair.

After her footsteps follow The mullein and the mallow; She scatters golden powder on the sallow.

She brings the crocus white, And golden aconite; She brings desire and doubting and delight.

Nora Hopper

To Madame Kirkby Lunn Spring is at the Door

Words by Nora Hopper Roger Quilter Op. 18, no. 4



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