

Spring

WINTER is old, and white and cold,
But Spring is blithe and bonnie;
'ith crook of gold to guide her fold
Of fleecy cloudlets sunny.

A teardrop lies within her eyes,
The rainbow in her smiling;
Whate'er her guise, or smiles, or sighs,
All nature still beguiling.

In green array she comes this way,
Dappling the field with daisies;
While loud and gay, in joyous 'lay
The birds chant out her praises.

But coming soon is gentle June,
Filled with celestial fires;
When brooks attune their rustic rune,
And sweet Springtime retires.