

Spring.

BEAUTIFUL Spring ! we hail thee now,
With pale green robe and hope-wreathed brow ;
Coming o'er meadow, moorland and hill,
The hand of Dame Nature with plenty to fill :
Health in the breezes borne on thy wings,
Joy in the chords of thy musical strings,
Mirth in thy voice, and a smile in thine eye,
Ah ! myriads await thy descent from on high :
Beautiful goddess ! all nature will sing,
"Hail to thee ! hail to thee ! beautiful Spring !"

Swiftly, yet surely, thou'rt nearing our clime,
And the songsters of air ever greet thee with chime,
As in concert they warble, or trill their sweet lays,
So grateful to heaven for warm sunshiny days :
While the hedgerow, ashamed of twigs leafless and bare,
Decks herself in green buds with such delicate care ;
Then waits thy warm breath ere her full dress she weaves,
And nestles young birds 'mong her beautiful leaves.
Ah ! sweet are thy gifts, gentle child of the wing,
Hail to thee ! hail to thee ! beautiful Spring !

Lavishly scatt'ring thy bounties around,
Peerless in beauty thy gifts are e'er found ;
And where o'er the sward thy light footsteps have trod,
Crocus and daisy spring up from the sod :
But when through the woodlands thou wendest thy way,
All nature proclaims thee the bright Queen of May,
As in light verdant tints e'er so lovely to see,
Thou clothest with grace every high-arching tree.
Ah ! thy chaplet of flowers round our hearts fondly cling,
Hail to thee ! hail to thee ! beautiful Spring !

Thou cheereest the suffering daughters of pain,
And breathest in sick-room thy fragrance again ;
Through violet, primrose, or sweet sunny ray,
Thou gildest the gloom of a wearisome day,
And pointest with finger to beauty above,
Where all is enduring perfection and love ;
Where, stainless and free from this body of earth,
The soul shall inhabit the home of its birth.
Ah ! sweet is the rest of the ransomed, who sing—
"All hail to thee, Saviour, the Life-giving Spring !"

H. D. I.