

Composed during 1913

THE QUEEN OF SPRING

Hold! cease your clamour, tempests of the north,
The mighty Queen of Spring is coming forth
 In beauty drest.
With loving hand she decks the naked trees,
Hark! hear them murmur in the gentle breeze
 From out the West.

Your day is o'er, back to your frozen home
Of wondrous palaces, of crystal dome,
 And glittering spire.
The icy North with joy will meet you there,
While here awaits the Queen of Spring so fair,
 A welcome higher.

All nature wakens as with lightning wings
She nearer draws; how sweet the robin sings,
 How sweet the air!
O'er all the land there hangs a wistful haze
All hail the bearer of these springtime days,
 The Spring Queen fair!