

OH FOR THE SPRING.

How many times I've met my friends,
And kissed my darling May,
How often said "now parting ends,"
But still they are away.

And further still to womanhood
And motherhood I've flown,
I've taught my children to be good,
But still I'm quite alone.

The steady years come in and go,
Nor haste nor falter more,
Thick lie our lives with winter's snow,
But fancy flies before.

OH FOR THE SPRING.

Oh for the green, green grass,
And the happy days of spring,
Oh for the bright blue skies,
And the birds upon the wing.