

SPRING.

Spring, balmy Spring, is here now,
With days that very soon
Will lengthen out their tenure,
And sultry be at noon.

The mavis and the linnet
Throughout the day doth sing
Their happy lays, which tell us
Of the return of Spring.

Now with the snow of daisies
The fields are almost white ;
The buttercups are near them
Clothed in their golden light.

'Tis now the pale laburnum
Sheds forth its perfume sweet.
The primroses and violets
Upon the hedges greet.

Playfully young lambs gambol
Upon the hills of green.
Spring is the best of seasons,
And brightest too, I ween.