

But she robbed the trees of their foliage,
The leaves she scattered wide,
Chill rains and haughty whirlwinds
Made one long for the fireside.

Down in his snowy chariot,
King winter came riding fast,
And rivers flowing peacefully
He caught in his icy clasp.

A jolly old king this winter,
But he carried his pranks too far,
For his subjects rose in rebellion,
And from power fell his star.

Who is it that comes riding,
Along in such queenly state,
Flouting her beautiful banner
At the Palace of Seasons' gate.

The birds sing loud in their carols,
Warm breezes as they pass by,
Whisper to tiny budlets
That Princess Spring is nigh.

The sentinel sun in the heavens
Awakens the sleeping throng,
And valleys and hills and meadow
Place their richest garments on.

Welcome a thousand welcomes,
We shout from our hearts to-day,
Long may you reign in triumph,
Thou lady Queen of May.

May your path be strewn with roses,
May the heavens forever smile,
May the birds sing sweet melody
Upon you, all the while.

W. J. R