

Spring's Love-Letter

DAINTY Spring has lovers many,
Beautiful and bright is she;
One more dear there is than any,
Oh! whoever can it be?

Open lies his loving letter,
Writ on Nature's page of green;
Hide it soon the maid had better,
If she would not have it seen.

Not like feeble words of ours
Do his ardent thoughts appear;
For an alphabet of flowers
Tells us that a God writes here.