

SPRING.
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'Tis Spring again, fair, glorious Spring,
In all her budding, blushing charms,
She is smiling over hill and vale,
And stretching out her blooming arms.

Gone are the howling wintry blasts,
That long have swept the landscape o'er,
Sweet Spring with balmy breeze invites
The opening bud and blushing flower.

Through Canada's fair and fertile plains,
Ooze gently on the murmuring rills,
And basking 'neath the sunbeam's smile,
Behold the green and verdant hills.

The feathery songsters, that afar
Have lingered long 'mid southern bowers,
Return, with gay and blithsome notes,
To cheer the coming summer hours.

The flowers, bright children of the soil,
In variegated beauty bloom,
And waft on every passing breeze
The odour of their rich perfume.

All nature radiant is with joy,
The green-robed earth, the azure sky,
Proclaim in accents loud and long,
The praise of Him who reigns on high.