



IN THE SPRING.

Loosened in each icy chain
By the genial sun and rain,
Overflowed with joy the wayside brooks all sing,
No more needing then at night
Hills exchange their blankets white
For a more becoming cover, in the Spring.

When the sap is flowing free
In the sugar maple tree
And the pussy-willows cuddle where they cling,
Then the mayflowers appear,
First and sweetest of the year,
Harbingers of coming beauty in the Spring.

Now the trees begin to bud,
And the sun dries up the mud,
In the orchard in the flash of dainty wing,
All the birds will soon be here
With their minstrelsy of cheer,
And we'll bless their merry music in the Spring.

Days are gliding swiftly by,
Nesting time is drawing nigh,
And true-lovers soon will choose the wedding
ring,
Underneath the mystic moon
Will be wisperings of June,
And the things that fancy turns to in the Spring.

Nature's preference is seen
In her lavish use of green,
Multitudes of cherry trees are blossoming,
Honey bees are all about,
And at last it's time to trout,
Best of all our glad diversions in the Spring.

Doors and windows open wide
To the air on every side,
Golden sunlight is the universal King,
Nature now is teaching men
This sweet lesson, once again,
Human hearts must not be frost-bound in the
Spring.