

Springtime and Love.

The affinities of Spring and love
Are felt by the human heart,
A glance from her I love so well
Smites like a Cupid's dart ;
And, whispering in a willing ear,
Love says, " We cannot part."

The affinities of Spring and love,
Like wedding bells do ring ;
A hope that makes the bosom swell
Returns with every Spring ;
We long to put our arms around
Some lovely, charming thing.

The affinities of Spring and love
Bring joy to the poet's soul ;
His pencil may portray a thought,
But fails to tell the whole.
The rapture of the opening flower
Chants from the mystic roll.

The bloom upon the early rose,
The blush upon her cheek ;
The meek, retiring violet bed
Where we played hide-and-seek,
To tell the joys that in them lie
My words are all too weak.

WM. STRONG.

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