

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

Oh, haste thee, Spring, dear gentle Spring,
Oh, tarry not so long;
Oh, come again, sweet little birds,
And cheer me with your song;
My heart is sad, I long to hear
The robin's full notes ring;
I'm weary, weary waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I long to see the trees again
Clad in their robes of green;
I long to wake at morn and view
Earth's transformation scene.
The Winter's drear, and to my heart
Does naught but sadness bring,
I'm weary, weary waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I'm longing for the fresh Spring flowers,
And for the gentle breeze;
I long to see the blossoms sweet
Adorn the apple trees.
Sweet Nature wake, oh, sleep no more,
Joy to my sad heart bring,
I'm weary, weary waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.