

The plowman, gay,  
Works the long day,  
Free from care or trouble.  
The busy bees  
Fill the trees  
With their drowsy humming ;  
The milk-maid's song  
Floats soft along,  
While the cows are coming.

With memories sweet thy echoing halls abound ;  
The garden plot, that women watch with care ;  
The yeeping chicks, that dart for worms just found  
By mother hen,—a bug is dainty fare.

At evening, when the sun's broad smiling face,  
Behind the western hills, drops slowly down,  
A calm sweet peace descends after the race  
Of the long day, to stay, or rest, unknown.

Now, too, the snowy blossoms,  
Of the dark plum trees,  
Fill, with subtle perfumes,  
The mild south-western breeze.  
Oh, Spring ! Thou blessed season !  
We hail Thee with delight.  
With promise, Thou art laden,  
Of joys to come, still bright.

Thus, may we all enjoy thy peerless worth ;  
And learn thy lesson, Type of the New Birth !