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SPRING.

(*From the German.*)

Awak'd to new life's feeling,
Before me nature stands;
And balmy airs are stealing
Across the snow-clad lands.
Up from its sheath is springing
The flow'ret's tender blade;
Their psalms the birds are singing
Through every forest glade.

On hill and dale, O Father!
Thy gentle hand is seen;
The fields, dew-spangl'd, gather,
Each hour, a living green.
The flocks their stalls are leaving
For blooming pasturings;
The very ground is heaving
With countless creeping things.

When, from the blue sky gleaming,
The glowing sunbeams fall,
All creatures come forth streaming
To nature's festival.
From out their wintry prison
The blushing blossoms haste;
And all the birds, new risen,
Sweep through the airy waste.

TORONTO.

The field, with flow'ry covering,
O God! Thine altar is;
There comes the young year offering
Its joyous sacrifice:
There comes, its incense pouring,
The Spring's fresh fragraney;
While, high in ether soaring,
The lark sings praise to Thee.

I watch her upward motion,
I soar with her, and sing
To Thee with heart-devotion,
Thou Maker of the Spring.
On spirit-wing ascending,
The glories of the plains,
Beneath me far extending,
Call forth my loudest strains.

My soul! show forth His glory
From whom all bliss proceeds;
Enraptur'd, tell the story
Of all His mighty deeds.
Here, from earth's fair dominion,
Up to the starry ways,
Heav'nward, on pious pinion,
Send forth the song of praise:

J. B