

## SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

Gently the merry Springtime  
Comes, with its wakening life,  
Bringing joy in the sunshine—  
The birds, with clamorous strife,  
Filling the air with sweet strains  
Of harmonies divine,  
That echo through long shaded lanes ;  
O'er meadows, green and fine.

The little rills  
Down the hills  
Glide with merry laughter ;  
The lambs, at play,  
All through the day,  
Gambol, each other, after.

The flowers' bloom  
Lights the gloom  
Of the deep-wood shadows ;  
The breezes' breath  
Brings life from death  
In the fresh green meadows.

The shining plow  
Runs its prow  
Through the crackling stubble ;