

SPRING

SPRING is creeping o'er the land,
Softly o'er the dreaming land;
Bud and leaf on every hand,
Opening bud on every hand,
Gently Spring kissed Earth's cold brow,
Lo, the flowers are blooming now.

O Spring, beautiful, beautiful Spring,
You bring the golden buttercups,
The daffodils so fair,
The crocus and the lily bell,
And frail white flowers of air;
O Spring, beautiful, beautiful Spring.

Spring's blythe harbingers so free
Flit and sing from tree to tree,
Filled the world with melody,
Filled with sweetest melody;
Round the woodland and the dell
Spring hath cast her magic spell.