

REJOICE WITH THE SPRING.

Come where the Springtime breezes
Blow wild and free as the bird.
Come where the call of Nature
On a Maytime morn is heard.

There is life in the daisied meadow
And joy in each sylvan stream
There is peace in the shadowy woodland
Where lovers may idly dream.

Primrose banks make a cushion
And violets a carpet for you.
While above you the sweet birds carol
Their love-songs tender and true.

God's wonderful sky in its beauty
Smiles down on you and on me.
The children of earth make merry
And fill our hearts with glee.

Come and be happy then, sad one !
Rejoice, and bid welcome to May.
Be glad with the world in its gladness
Drive sorrow and care far away.

DAWN.

Dew on the verdant meadow,
Mists on the green hillside ;
Perfume of flowers from each garden
Chirping of songsters beside.

Breath of the heathery moorland
Filled with the freshness of morn ;
Sunburst on Eastern horizon,
Resplendent hour of the dawn !

This the birth of the morning—
Babe of the day to be.
The glory of God's own heaven
Mirrored on land and sea !