

## SPRINGTIME.

A LITTLE lad, I used to roam all day  
In a great glowing country all my own,  
And marvel at the things I saw and heard,  
In glorious solitude, yet not alone.

The world was full of mysteries so great,  
The radiant springtime world, of green and  
gold,  
As I stretched out upon the green,  
In watching wonder saw the leaves unfold.

And with a dreamy sense of soft content  
I breathed the blossoms' sweetness in the air,  
And listened to the song of mating birds,  
While glorying in the stillness everywhere.

The days of boyhood are departed long,  
But still the opening days of summer bring  
The oldtime wonder how God does it all!  
The dreams of boyhood that awake with spring!