

Spring

When merry birds return in Spring
And with their songs awaken day,
When blossoms brighten everything,
What mortal cannot then be gay?

Her mountains, plains, and valleys fair,
Mute Nature clads in grassy green,
And through her minstrels of the air
Lends music to each happy scene.

In forest glades new-spread with moss
The chipmunk chirps his busy tale;
And budding trees, their heads now toss,
The choirs of songs eternal.

J.H.D., '35