

## SPRING

Phoebus now doth reign supreme,  
The hills and vales are clothed in green,  
April's warm and sunny showers  
Give birth to Spring's delightful flowers  
Whose varied hues and colors gleam  
In nature's bowers.

Pleasant it is in such a time  
To listen to the sweet birds chime,  
When all sing in their cheeriest strain  
As if matching voices to attain  
First rank, 'mongst warblers of our clime,  
In minstrelsy.

Pleasant, too, in the verdant wood  
To watch these warblers gather food  
And fly with it to their hidden nest  
Where their little ones are safe at rest  
And see nought in the world but good  
From their happy home.

Pleasant to sit by a babbling brook  
Where it flows through a green and shady nook,  
And listen to its song of glee  
As it flows to the wide and open sea;  
And the humming bird as he flies to look  
For honey'd flowers.

Nature in spring has many choirs  
Who, like ancient bards with sweet-tuned lyres,  
Beguile the pleasant time away  
Nor cease their strain throughout the day,  
And e'en on the fence, the lyric wires  
Hum a sweet tune.

This is the time when memories  
Are wafted back on the southern breeze,  
And we live again through our boyhood  
When all the world looked fair and good.  
O pleasant to have such thoughts as these  
In beauteous spring.

C. J. Campbell, '26.