

Spring

Emmett Brazel

The time of spring is here again,
The morning of the year,
When day breaks o'er each dale and fen
To bring us hope and cheer.

All nature's creatures hear the call
She issues forth to them;
The birds and beasts, her children all,
With music fill the glen.

Each pleasant mead' is covered o'er
With verdant vesture rare;
Each noisy rill leaps forth once more,
Freed from the Frost King's snare.

The trees, that long have naked been,
Receive their cloak once more;
More brilliant now the world doth seem
Than e'er it hath before.

The season, spring, is here once more
With wind, with sun, with rain;
And so anew as oft before
Fond nature smiles again.