

## SPRING

The snowy cloak, which long has spread  
Its deep wide folds o'er mother earth  
Is gathered up, and, in its stead,  
The green of sunny Spring has birth.  
The birds sing gaily in the trees  
A welcome to the sunshine warm,  
Nature's breath is in the breeze,  
And everywhere is seen her charm.  
Fair flowers bloom, of varied hue,  
The fields are clothed with colors gay,  
The pleasant streams with life anew  
Now merr'ly ripple on their way.  
What pleasure 'tis, in Nature's bowers  
To sit and list the birds' sweet chime,  
To while away delightful hours,  
In peace and happiness sublime.  
Sweet Spring, beloved by every heart,  
Thy beauty we shall ne'er forget,  
The time is brief, ere we must part,  
But mem'ries fond will linger yet.