

SPRING COMETH



Standing on tiptoe now,
Listening for Spring,
Maiden with shining brow,
What dost thou bring?

Joy in birds song of peace,
'Tis the larks voice,
Beauty of flowers release,
Let us rejoice.

And with life's glimmerings
Where I now peer,
Fancy heard Fairy wings,
Ever so near.

Seeds buried long,
Rise from the sod,
Many sweet flowers I know,
Coming from God.

Gold cups and Celandine,
Green is the Larch,
Matching blue skies divine,
The speedwell in March.

Tho' Nature tempest tossed,
Now day by day,
Gone is the snow and frost,
Spring's on her way.

JOHN YOUNG.

ROLLO VILLA,
LARGO.