

SPRING

SPRING, the bringer of new life, draws near,
As, high in the heavens, the sun shines clear
On land made sterile by winter's threat,
To cast o'er all its icy net.

But, now, although the earth has slept,
Whilst, overhead, clouds of rain have wept
Life-giving goodness to the soil,
Kept fertile by the men who toil.

With horse and plough they drill and sow,
No rest for them, as they onward go,
Their days work done, they can but rest
Until the morrow, they've done their best.

A lonely vigil on the land they keep,
Broken only by the hours of sleep,
And of birds, on high, that sweetly sing
A happy chorus – now it's spring.

