

## Springtime Love.

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Spring, with all her wealth is here;  
The fields are covered with carpet green;  
The songs of birds entrance my ear,  
Where the trees uplift their leafy screen.

The flowers are blooming on the hill;  
The lazy idlers seek the shade;  
The ferns are growing by the rill,  
Where barefoot children love to wade.

The air with scent of flowers is sweet;  
Bees are humming in every nook;  
The fish are gamboling at my feet,  
As I sit and dream beside the brook.

Sweeter to me than perfumed air,  
Than singing brook, or hum of bees,  
Than all the sounds of nature, fair,  
Whispered to me by springtime breeze.

Is what I hear my sweetheart say.  
Her face, with light of love, aglow:  
"I think of you by night and day,  
My darling boy, I love you so."

Fly to my breast, my June bird, dear,  
Come nestle thy head upon my arm,  
Through all the dangers of the year,  
I'll gladly shield thee from all harm.

Her snow-white arms my neck entwine,  
I steal a kiss like morning dew;  
While one fair hand I hold in mine,  
She softly whispers, "I love but you."

Queen of my heart, for thee I long;  
Sweetly I dream of thee by day.  
Thou art my daily prayer and song,  
Guiding my steps in the upward way.  
G. D. S.