SPRING SONG

Gently thru the forest come the winds of spring,
And overhead in the branches, life begins to sing.
Birds a-chirping gaily, leaves a-rustling,
And everywhere in the forest, life's awakening.

How I have waited for April,
Longing for spring to start,
Wishing and hoping and yearning,
Dreams of my sleeping heart.
Lo, all the brooks are melting,
Grass's turning green anew,
And there in yonder meadow,
Violets are bursting through!

Boldly thru the forest sweep the winds of spring,
And everywhere all around me life is whispering.
Crickets chirping sweetly, birds are on the wing
And everywhere in the forest,
Life's awakening,
Life's awakening.

JOSEPHINE F. RABINOWITZ



