

SPRING.

A NURSERY SONG.

THE Spring comes linkin' and jinkin' thro' the wuds,
Softenin' and openin' bonny green and yellow buds;
There's flowers, an' showers, an' sweet sang o' little bird,
An' the gowan, wi' his red croon, peepin' thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattlin' and brattlin' snell an' keen,
Dandin' an' blandin', tho' red set the sun at e'en;
In bonnet an' wee loof the weans kep an' look for mair—
Bancin' thro' ther wi' the white pearls shinin' in their hair.

We meet wi' blythesome an' kythesome cheerie weans,
Daffin' an' laughin' far a-down the leafy lanes,
Wi' gowans and butter-cups buskin' the thorny wards—
Sweetly singin', wi' the flower-branch wavin' in their hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring—
Bright cluds an' green buds, and sangs that the birdies sing—
Flow'r-dappled hill-side, and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en—
Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shinin' a' in green—
Bairnies—bring treasure an' pleasure mair to me—
Stealin' an' speelin'—up to fuddle on my knee;
In Spring-time the young things are bloomin' sae fresh an'
fair,
That I canna Spring but love, and bless thee evermair.

William Miller