

Thoughts of Spring

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Rejoice with me, for days of spring
 Are here again, the small birds sing
 Of peeping primrose, dew-bedecked
 And bright new daisies crimson-flecked
 And 'rayed in colours of the sky
 A timid violet's nodding shy
 At early questing droning bee
 Buds have burst on rowan tree
 To show that 'neath their dull black sheen
 They really do have hearts of green
 Yesterday a jenny wren
 Had conversations with our hen
 Who clucked off feathers, soft and brown
 Fit for wren-childs eiderdown
 And just this morning newses came
 That set the pine trees all a flame
 And rowdy, riotous, rancous rooks
 Squabble over nesting nooks
 So, off with you, ye Winter woes
 The corn is springing green, who knows,
 At this days troubles you may laugh
 Ere autumn blade has scattered chaff
 And if your house of dreams has fallen,
 Don't be sad, or look forlorn
 Just heed the rook and busy wren
 Pick up the pieces. Build again.