

Louisburg Echoes.

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'Tis Spring Again!

'Tis Spring again and the woods are wet
With the gracious gift of the April rain,
The sign of the approaching summer is set
In the tender green of the plain,
The robin rests in his flight and shakes
A clinging drop from his shining wing,
And over the woodland silence breaks
The first sweet song of the Spring!

'Tis Spring again and the grasses hark
To the magic message the winds convey,
The flowers push through the damp and the dark
To star the meadows of May ;
The rivers long in the winter's trance
Now over the rocks their waters fling,
Or softly steal where the sunbeams glance
Through blossoms and buds of Spring.

'Tis Spring and the vagrant heart
Of the poet pent in the city's walls
Is flying far from the crowd apart
Where the voice of the young year calls.
For tired is he of struggle and strife,
Of thoughts that trouble and cares that cling,
And dreams of a sweeter, simpler life,
Awake at the touch of Spring!

---Denis McCarthy.