

Spring, Gentle Spring - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING!

Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year,
Hither haste and with thee bring
April with her smile and tears;
Hand in hand with jocund May,
Bent on keeping holiday;
With the daisy diadem,
And thy robe of brightest green,
We will welcome thee And them,
As you've ever welcomed been.
Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year,
Life and joy to nature bring,
Nature s darling, haste thee here.

Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Gusty March before thee flies,
Gloomy Winter banishing,
Clearing for thy path the skies;
Flocks and herds, And meads, and bowers,
For thy gracious presence long;
Come and All the fluids with flowers,
Come and fill the groves with song,
Make the orchards white with bloom,
Bid the hawthorn breathe perfume.
Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year,
Life And joy to nature bring,
Nature s darling, haste thee here.