

Original Verses

SPRING TIME.

'Tis spring time, 'tis spring, 'tis spring time
again.

How lovely a change from winter's dull
gloom.

The magpies are singing their sweetest re-
frain,

While the wattle is now bursting yellow
with bloom.

The hills and the valleys are filled with per-
fume,

But it's gone will the sweet golden blossoms
be soon.

The fields and the meadows are tinted with
green

To tell us that spring time has come once
again.

Bright are the sights that are now to be
seen—

Crops thriving quickly to bring golden
grain.

The plow boy's whistle and the milk maid's
song

May be heard in spring time all day long.

As on hills and in valleys in meadows and
fields,

On the banks of the Darlot and Fitzroy
that flow,

The visions of spring time can also be seen,
And for reasons that every good farmer
must know.

'Tis there that the trefoil and rich clovers
grow.

For in spring time the clover will make
heavy yields.

The grey dawn is breaking, as early you rise,
'Tis spring time; 'tis spring time that's greet-

ing thine eyes.

As I wake from my dream on a hot summer's
day,

The rays from the sunbeams are ripening
the grain,

And the visions of spring time are fading
away.

Ah, spring time, I'm longing for thee
once again.

D. L. ARNOTT.

Tyrendarra, Sept. 4, 1918.