

Stanbridge Springtime.

A paler shade of white ascends upon the grass,
That sharp wind is beginning to pass,
The sound of wildlife In the air,
It looks like times are becoming to bear,

The reflection of the sun appears on the lake,
What's that I see, oh a Drake,
Feel the warmth upon my brow,
Summer is coming, not long now,

The woodland canopy begins to show,
Please, no more snow.
Weeds begin to show their muscle,
The owners are out, lots of hustle and bustle,

White, yellow, orange and blue,
The bulbs start to say, hi how are you,
The smell of grass passes the nostrils,
Watch out allergies there not unstoppable.