

A JOYOUS TIME

'Tis springtime in our garden now –
The flowers are in bloom,
And on the winds that play with them
They scatter sweet perfume.

The sunbeam fairies dart about
Like golden-winged bees,
And cast their shadows on the walk,
Then hide among the leaves.

The world is like a magic harp,
With silver, dew-kissed strings.
And when God's finger strikes the keys
Old Mother Nature sings.

By A. W. Norton

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