

# Springtime

*The scent of springtime fills the air  
And fragrance greets us everywhere;  
The grass is green, no longer brown,  
The snow submerged into the ground.*

*Where just a few short weeks ago  
Naught but bare limbs a tree would show,  
New buds of green spring forth—and they  
Enlarge—become a green array.*

*Where flow'rs were planted, soil erupts  
To make room for the buttercups,  
Hyacinths, violets, daffodils;  
The ground with flow'rs our Father fills.*

*The skies have shed their wint'ry gray  
And azure blue is here today,  
Softened too with clouds of white;  
The sunshine just a bit more bright.*

*The birds return from southern clime—  
God sends them in the proper time.  
To build their nests they'll now begin  
And soon their eggs they'll lay within.*

*A quickened world we're giv'n to see—  
A parable for you and me:  
God takes our souls which once were dead  
And gives us his new life instead.*

*His justice must be satisfied:  
He sent his Son—accursed he died.  
Our sins were nailed upon the tree; Christ  
then arose triumphantly.*

*We live because he lives within;  
He's purged away our every sin.  
May we reflect his love and grace  
Until we meet him face to face.*

