

Spring Song

A blue-bell springs upon the ledge,
A lark sits singing in the hedge;
Sweet perfumes scent the balmy air,
And life is brimming everywhere.
What lark and breeze and bluebird sing,
 Is Spring, Spring, Spring!

No more the air is sharp and cold;
The planter wends across the wold,
And glad beneath the shining sky
We wander forth, my love and I.
And ever in our hearts doth ring
 This song of Spring, Spring!

For life is life and love is love,
'Twixt maid and man or dove and dove.
Life may be short, life may be long,
But love will come, and to its song
Shall this refrain for ever cling
 Of Spring, Spring, Spring!



The Farm Child's Lullaby

Oh, the little bird is rocking in the cradle of the wind,
And it's bye, my little wee one, bye;
The harvest all is gathered and the pippins all are binned;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The little rabbit's hiding in the golden shock of corn,
The thrifty squirrel's laughing bunny's idleness to scorn;
You are smiling with the angels in your slumber, smile till morn;
So it's bye, my little wee one, bye.

There'll be plenty in the cellar, there'll be plenty on the shelf;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
There'll be goodly store of sweetings for a dainty little elf;
Bye, my little one, bye.
The snow may be a-flying o'er the meadow and the hill,
The ice has checked the chatter of the little laughing rill,
But in your cosy cradle, you are warm and happy still;
So bye, my little wee one, bye.

Why, the Bob White thinks, the snowflake is a brother to his
song;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
And the chimney sings the sweeter when the wind is blowing
strong;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The granary's overflowing, full is cellar, crib, and bin,
The wood has paid its tribute and the ax has ceased its din;
The winter may not harm you when you're sheltered safe within;
So bye, my little wee one, bye.



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