**Spring by Andrea Dietrich**

*Let laughter ring, for here comes Spring.*

*With warbling birds we gaily sing.*

*As wizened Winter turns and goes,*

*March promptly puffs her cheeks and blows!*

*The Old Man's gone. . . we're rollicking*

*when next comes April frolicking*

*behind spry March.*

*Her visage glows. Let laughter ring.*

*Then Spring, a climax sweet will bring.*

*There at the Maypole, in a ring,*

*are fetching maids in pretty clothes.*

*And bounteous the sun now grows*

*as June appears;. . Spring's had her fling.*

***Let laughter ring!***