

It's spring
It's spring
And the garden is changing its clothes,
Putting away
It's dark winter suits
It's dull scarves
And drab brown overcoats

Now, it wraps itself in green shoots,
Slips on blouses
Sleeved with pink and white blossom,
Pulls on skirts of daffodil and Primrose,
Snowdrop socks and purple crocus shoes,
Then dances in the sunlight.

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