Come on Spring

Gosh but we're tired of this winter's chill,
And makin' fires and totin' in coal
And cinders out of the old stove bowl;
And we ache to feel the old, glad thrill
When the redbud blooms and the coyote cries
Thru the April nights to the star-lit skies.
Gosh—zickety—
We hone for spring.

We know the farmers they all talk
That the real sharp weather always is
The time when a feeder does the biz,
Slappin' the sidemeat on his stock;
And feed goes furder, and all o' that—
Sticks to the ribs and makes more fat—
But—oh, gee whiz!
We hone for spring.

We hone for spring and the onion smell;
For clean-turned dirt and a can o' bait;
For the sweet-flag's bloom by the garden gate
And the taste of greens; and the luring spell
Of earth and sky, thru the night and day,
From a crocus bloom to the Milky Way!
Gosh ding it all—
We hone for spring.

—E. E. Kelley.