

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 al-
ways is
The time when a feeder does the
biz,
Slappin' the sidemeat on his stock;
And feed goes further, 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.