

Spring

Winds Of March

Winds of March, we welcome you,
There is work for you to do.
Work and play and blow all day,
Blow the winter cold away.

April

April is a rainbow month,
Of sudden springtime showers.
Bright with golden daffodils
and lots of pretty flowers.

The grass is green

The grass is green.
Flower blossoms I have seen.
The days are warm.
By evening it cools.
It's time to find the garden tools.

Spring

Spring makes the world a happy place
You see a smile on every face.
Flowers come out and birds arrive,
Oh, isn't it grand to be alive?

Spring

I love the spring.
For every day
There's something new
That's come to stay.
Another bud
Another bird
Another blade
The sun has stirred.

The field-daisy

I`m a pretty little thing,
always coming in the spring;
in the meadows green I`m found,
peeping just above the ground,
and my stalk is covered flat
with a white and yellow hat.

Little Mary, when you pass
lightly o`er the tender grass,
skip about, but do not tread
on my white and yellow head;
for I always seem to say
"surely winter`s gone away."

Roses are red, violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet and so are you.