

The Season of Spring

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The barrier of winter has lifted,
As April silences have been awakened,
In earnest, nature awaits this new season,
Portraying a still quality, God has given.

Flowers of ardent growth and passion.
Daintily increase their natural beauty,
Showing the similitude of a painted picture,
The blossoms sprout in an elegant way.

The mighty thunder rumbles loudly,
And streaks of light flash rapidly about,
The rain thrashes against window panes,
Suddenly... all is calm and the rainbow appears.

At the break of the morning dawn,
When the moon's last silver has disappeared,
And the dewy earth sparkles like diamonds,
God hangs the sun in the sky.

When springtime is fulfilled,
What secret pleasures we enjoy,
The fragrant hyssop is full with color,
And the infinite heavens declare peace.

New hope is continually being born,
When our sorrows are heavy,
And God melts our painful fears
With the tender touch of spring.

That glowing candle keeps burning,
For He keeps His comfort near,
We have celebrated our Lord's birth,
And in this season is His resurrection.

We see His unending love and glory
In the precious season of spring,
For it's beauty stays eternally with us,
And gives us His sustaining grace.

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