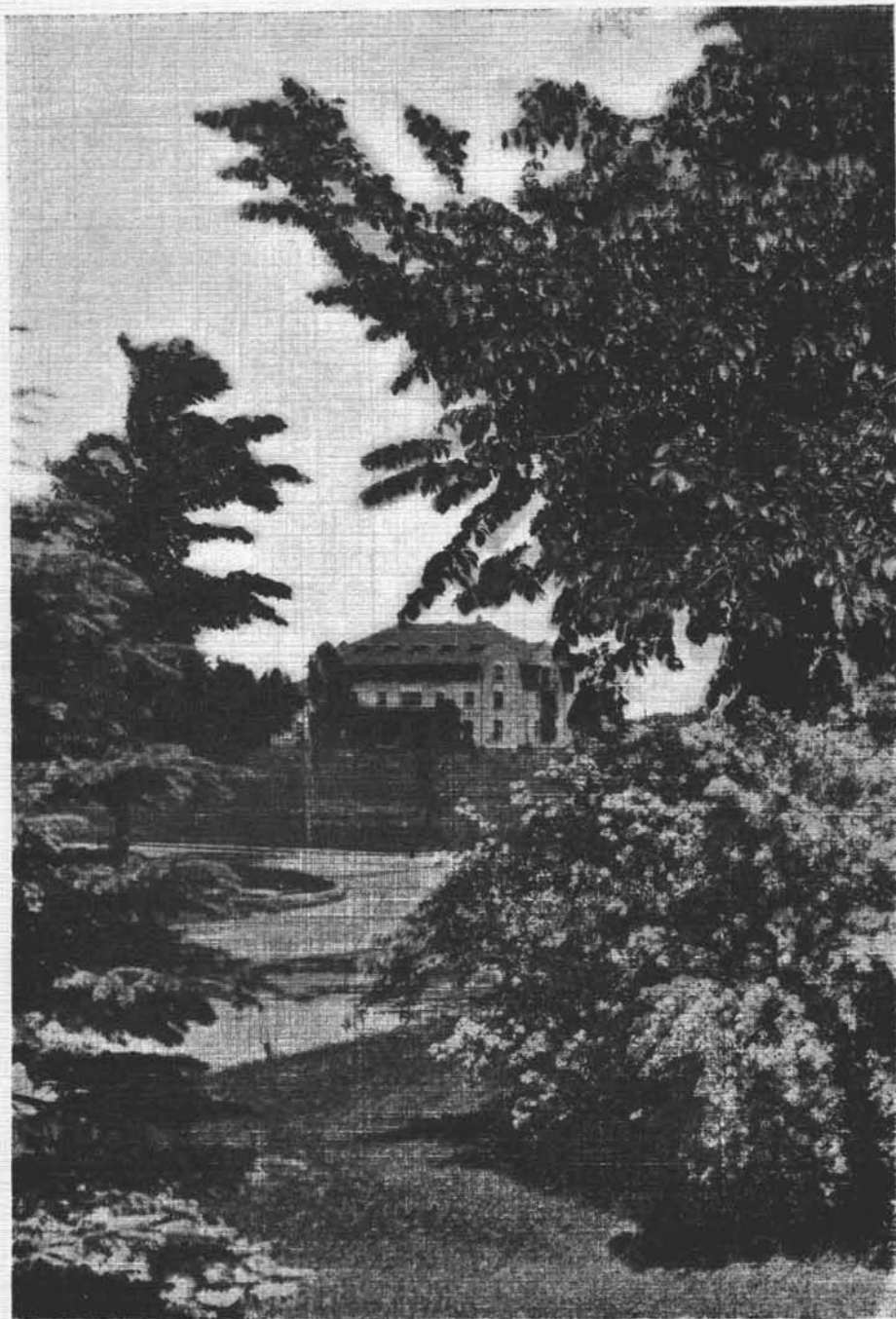


Spring



Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rocked in the cradle of the western breeze.

—Cowper

