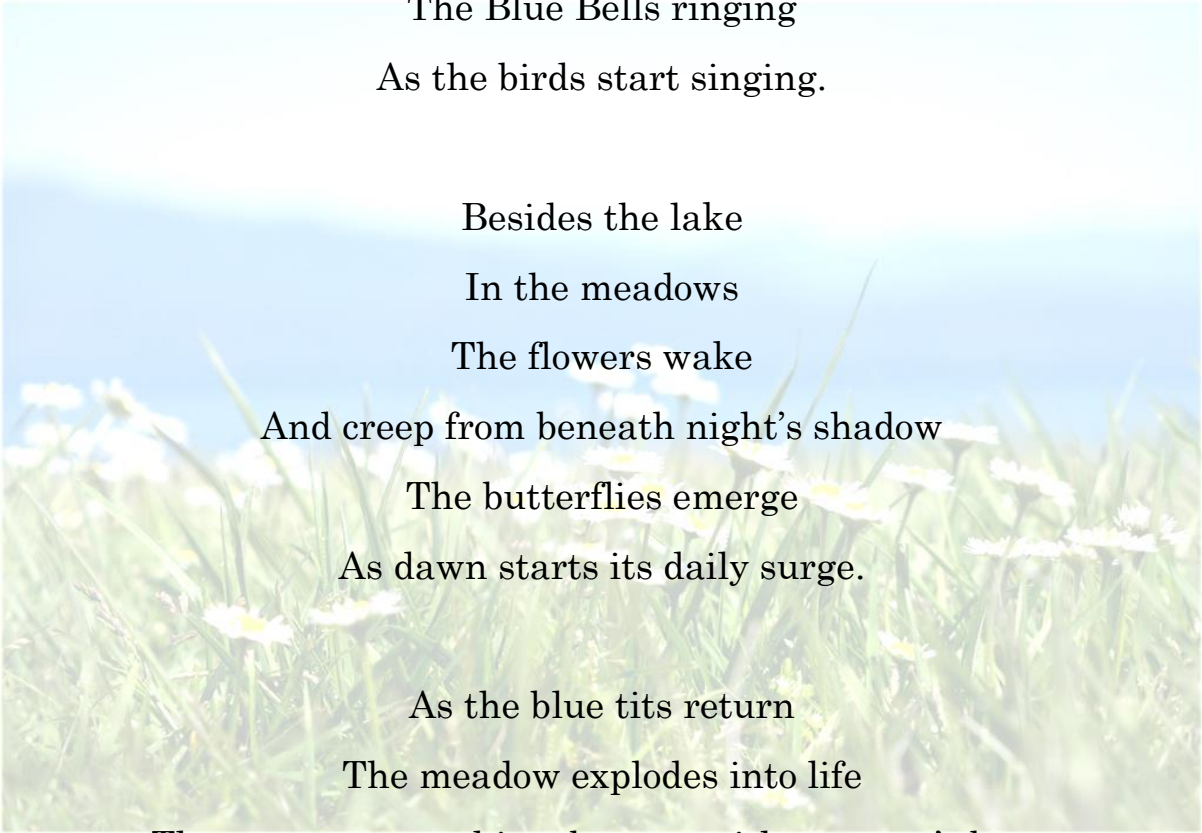


SPRING TIME

As busy as a bee
The Birds take flight
While flowers jump with glee
As high as a kite
The Blue Bells ringing
As the birds start singing.



Besides the lake
In the meadows
The flowers wake
And creep from beneath night's shadow
The butterflies emerge
As dawn starts its daily surge.

As the blue tits return
The meadow explodes into life
The sun starts to shine, but not with summer's burn
The flowers are elated after winters strife
The area scented with perfume
As the galaxy of flowers start to bloom.

By Michael - Rashford