TO MISS MARY MERVINE,

SPRING TIME IS COMING,

SUNG BY,

MRS. BOSTWICK.

POETRY BY J.H. WAINWRIGHT.

THE MUSIC BY.

Geo. Fred. Bristow.

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SPRINGFIELD MASS.

PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURG.
Words by J. Howard Wainwright

Music by George F. Bristow.

**SPRING TIME IS COMING**

Allegretto

Spring time is coming all

Laden with flow'rs, spreading her mantle of green o'er the bow'rs The lark high in air is be...
ginning to sing Her song of rejoicing to welcome the spring.

Brooks are flowing, Life bestowing,

Love-ly na-ture seems to fling All her charms With willing arms In the

lap of blooming spring.

* The Trills and Cadenzas in this song were composed expressly for Mrs Bostwick. For the convenience of those who do not trill, or who are not able to sing the Cadenzas, a holding note may be substituted for the Trills, and the large notes only in the Cadenzas.
Spring time is coming all laden with flowers, Spreading her mantle of green o'er the bow'rs, The

lark high in air is beginning to sing Her song of rejoicing to

welcome the spring. Brooks are flowing, Life bestowing, Lovely nature

seems to fling All her charms, With willing arms, In the lap of blooming spring.
Silver Haird winter be-

fore her is flying In the depths of the valley un-wept he is dying Save the
tears of com-passion which pi-ty may wring From the bright eyes of April, the

infant of Spring.
Birds are mating, Bliss relating
In each tuneful strain they sing, Hasten then dearest

Love seems nearest, Holiest, brightest in the spring

Silver-haired winter before her is flying, In the

depths of the valley unwept he is dying, Save the tears of compassion which
pity may wring From the bright eyes of April, the infant of Spring.

Birds are mating, Bliss relating in each tuneful strain they sing Haste then dearest, Love seems nearest, Holiest, brightest in the spring.