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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

## A Child of Spring

I know a little maiden,  
She is very fair and sweet,  
As she trips among the grasses  
That kiss her dainty feet;  
Her arms are full of flowers,  
The snow-drops, pure and white,  
Timid blue-eyed violets,  
And daffodillies bright.

She loves dear Mother Nature,  
And wanders by her side;  
She beckons to the birdlings  
That flock from far and wide.  
She wakes the baby brooklets,  
Soft breezes hear her call;  
She tells the little children  
The sweetest tales of all.

Her brow is sometimes clouded,  
And she sighs with gentle grace,  
Till the sunbeams, daring lovers,  
Kiss the teardrops from her face.  
Well we know this dainty maiden,  
For April is her name;  
And we welcome her with gladness,  
As the springtime comes again.

