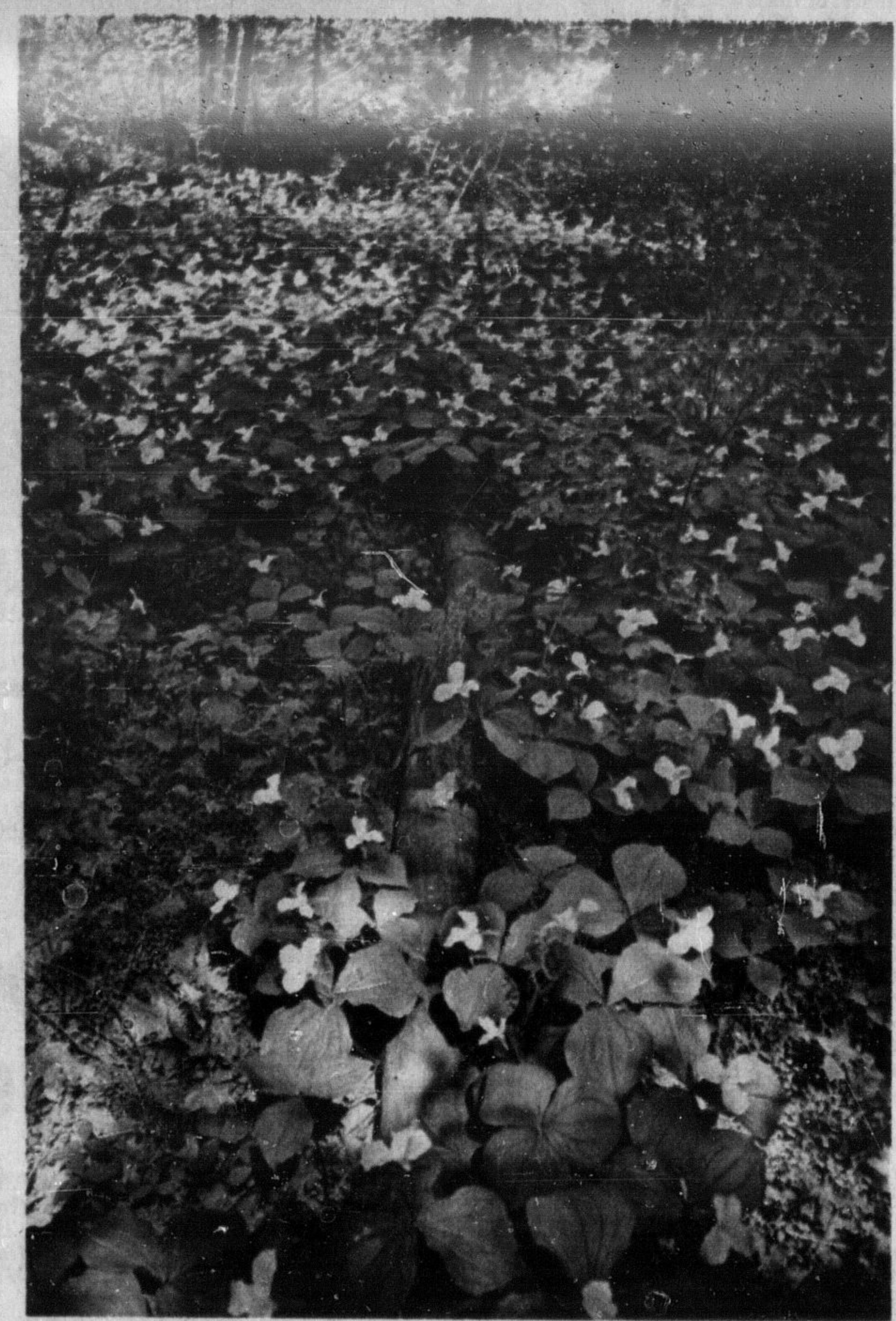


Champion Perspective

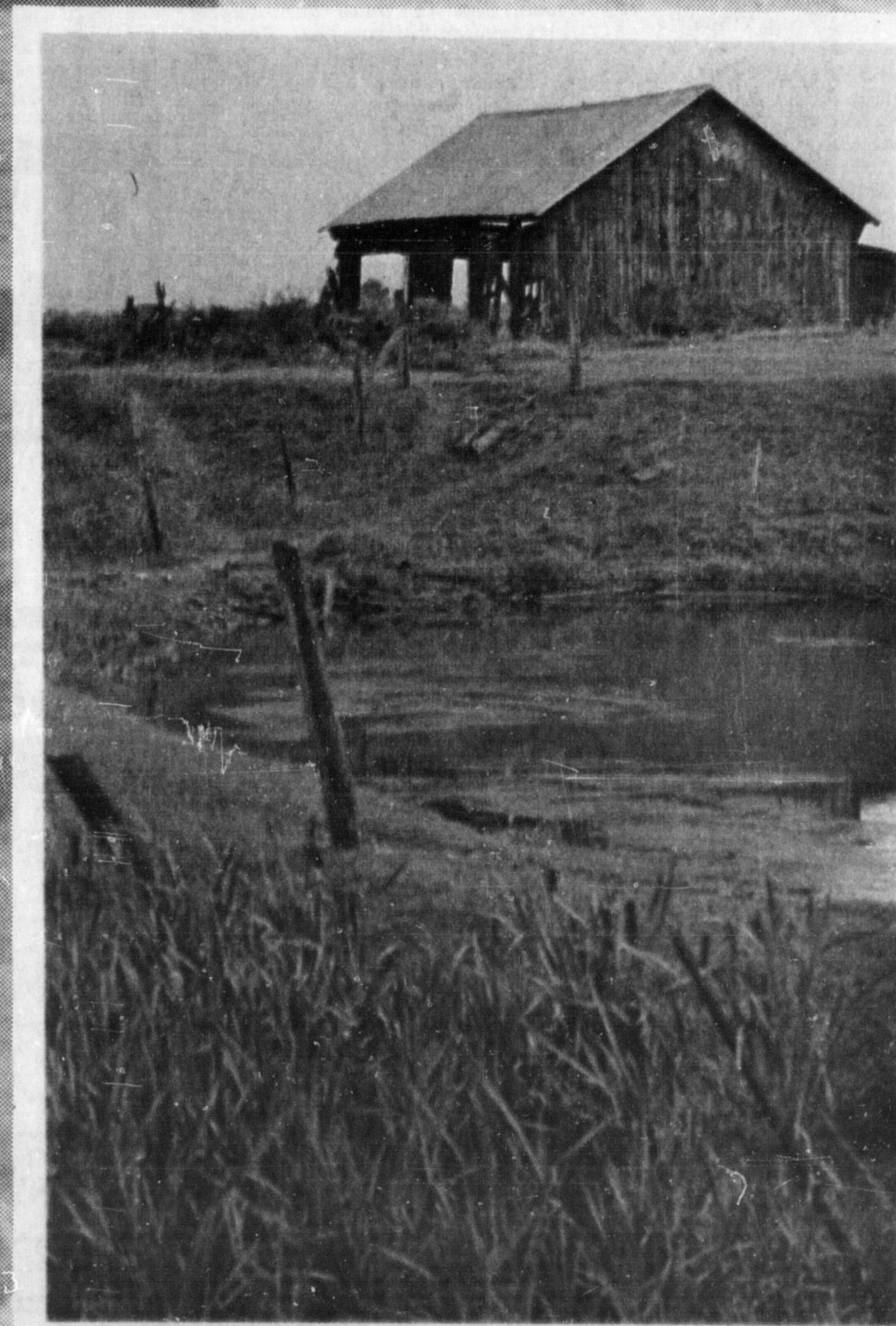
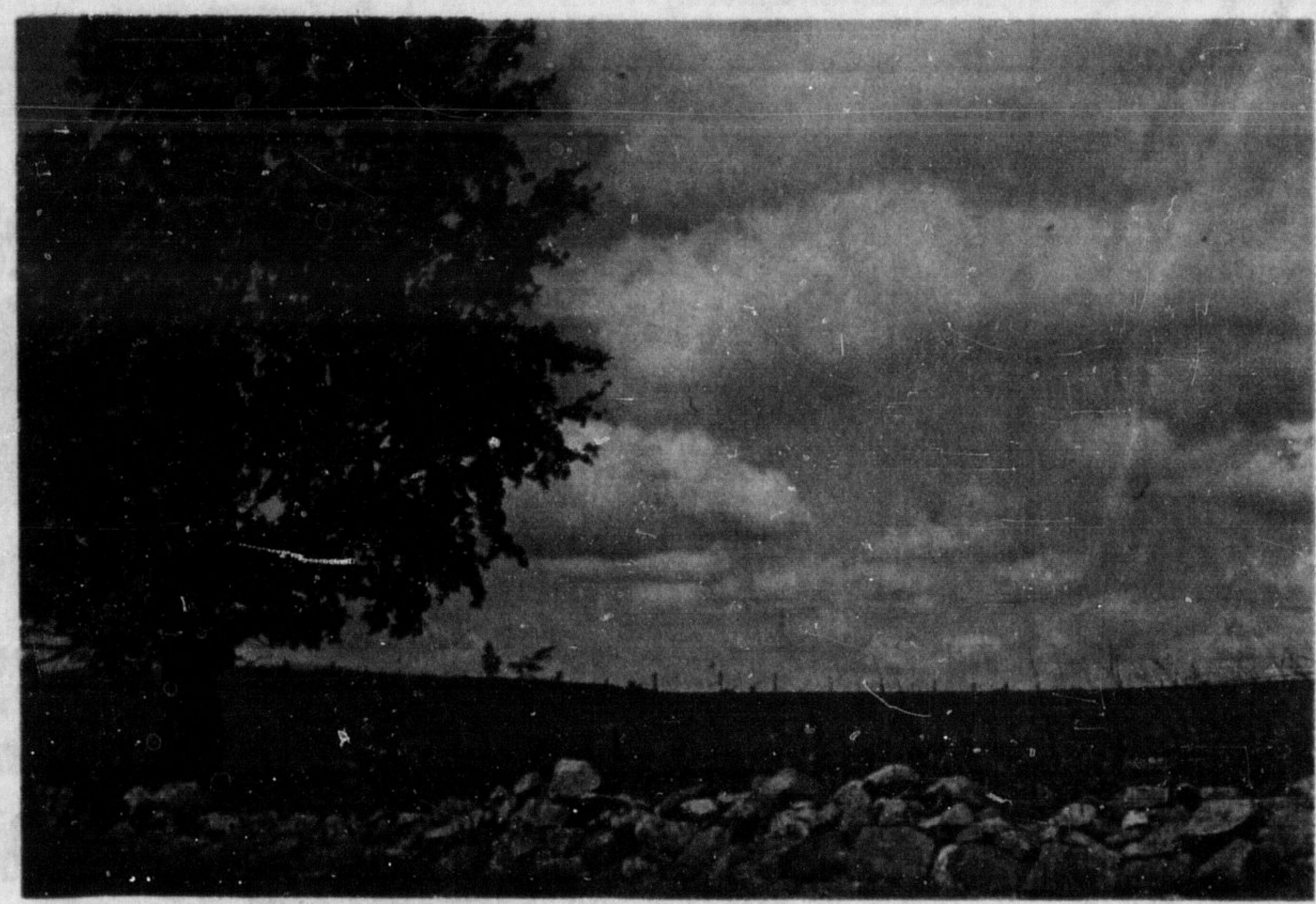
THE CANADIAN CHAMPION,
MILTON, ONTARIO
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1981
FOURTH SECTION



Spring is here!



*Photos by Richard Forster,
Milton Canadian Champion*



The Spring (1640)

By Thomas Caren

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble-bee.

Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array

Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile, only my love doth lour;
Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fireside, but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloë sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season; only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.