

U.S.A. POEM

THE SPRING

WHEN THE WIND IS ON ITS FLIGHT,

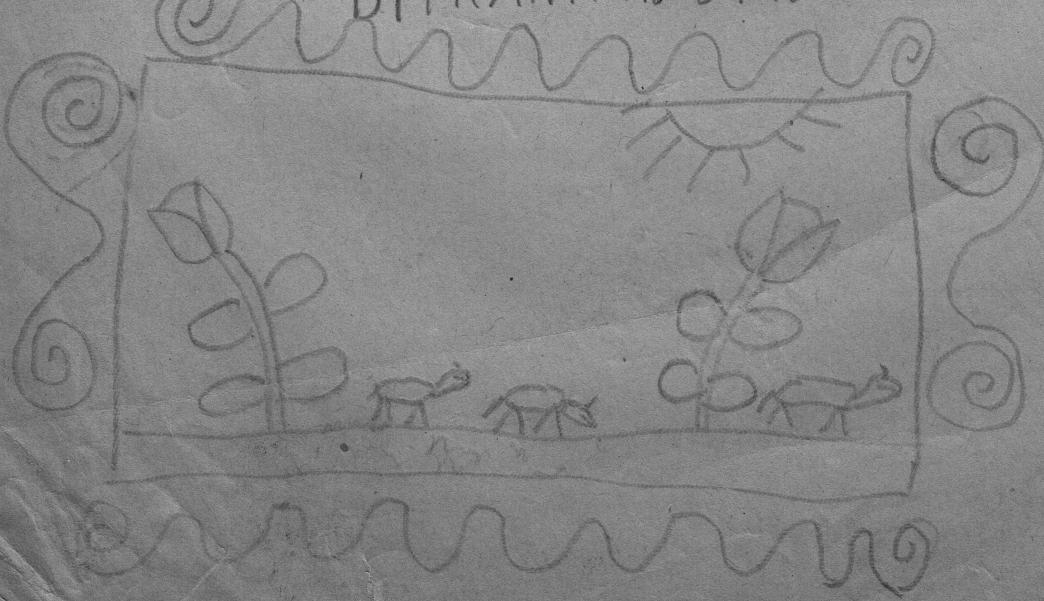
WHEN THE SUN GIVES OUT ITS LIGHT,

WHEN THE CATTLE ARE LOWING,

THEN THE FLOWERS BEGIN

THEIR GROWING.

BY FRANK H. STILLINGER



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