



The
Flower
Carol

Tempus adest floridum

with "Spring" painted by

Giuseppe Arcimboldo

Spring has now unwrapped the flowers,
Day is fast reviving
Life in all her growing powers
Towards the light is striving:

Gone the iron touch of cold,
Winter time and frost time,
Seedlings, working through the mould,
Now make up for lost time.

Herb and plant that, winter long,
Slumbered at their leisure,
Now bestirring, green and strong,
Find in their growth a pleasure:

All the world with beauty fills
Gold the green enhancing;
Flowers make glee among the hills,
And set the meadows dancing.

Through each wonder of fair days,
God himself expresses;
Beauty follows all his ways,
As the world He blesses:

So, as He renews the earth,
Artist without rival,
In His grace of glad new birth,
We must seek revival.

Earth puts on her dress of glee;
Flowers and grasses hide her;
We go forth in charity,
Brothers all beside her;

For, as man this glory sees,
In the awakening season,
Reason learns the heart's decrees,
And hearts are led by reason.

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