Spring, spring, spring is coming. Spring has come. Spring is an angel. Spring is an angel with butterfly wings. Spitefully, she invites meadowlarks to sing. She invites meadowlarks to sing as she accompanies them on her harp strings. Spring is here and she's telling all the birds to sing, to sing your beautiful songs. Sing your songs. Oh, sing out robins, sing our meadowlarks. Sing your songs, and I will accompany you on my harp strings. Listen to my harp strings. Fly your wings over the den of human traffic and harsh chords from other man made racket. All this noise that mankind is making. All the human traffic. All this racket. Spring angel calls above that. She calls above all that noise.

She calls every seedling and every flower and star to come out, come out wherever you are. Come out my children, wherever you are. Come out trees. Come out seeds. Come out blooming leaves. Come out blossoms. Come out blooms. Come out cherry blossoms. Come out dogwood trees. Cut out. Come out wherever you are. Come out, come out wherever you are.

Come out my children. Come out my children. Don't be afraid because spring is here. Spring is near. You have no fear. Spring is here, so don't be afraid. Come out, come out and grow. Come out, come out, come out and flow. Come out and glow. Come out my children. Come out and blossom.

Spring is here. Oh my beautiful birds. Let the songs begin. Let the breeze blow and the songs begin. Let the breeze blow and the blossoms grow. Let the leaves come forth. Let the plants come forth. Let the roses grow. Let the daffodils flow. Let the trees grow taller, taller and taller. Let them grow. Spring has come. Spring has come. Come out, come out my children. Come out, come out wherever you are. Come out, come out wherever you are. Come out, grow, grow my children, grow. String is come. Spring is come. Spring is come. Spring is come. Spring is come. Spring is come.