

Amazing Blondel "Spring Air"

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Spring is here, the days grow long,
Skies are clear now Winter's gone
And dreams of love approach reality.
The once bare boughs of lilac trees
Are haunted now by honey bees
And all the world exudes vitality.

Weather's fine, leaves are green
Buds start blossoming, air feels clean
And young hearts' fancies turn to love
And young hearts' fancies turn to love.

Fresh green grass in bluebelled wood
Adorns the ground where snow once stood
And lark ascending sings on scented air.
Such fragrance sweet are you my love,
That voice unseats both lark and dove
And beauty bold reposes in your stare.

Weather's fine, leaves are green
Buds start blossoming, air feels clean
And young hearts' fancies turn to love
And young hearts' fancies turn to love.

Let Cupid's bow unleash it's darts
To land the blows on Spring sweethearts,
For in this season lovers choose their ways,
So let us too succumb to love,
We'll melt as do the clouds above
When sun's illustrious rays condense the haze.

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Buds start blossoming, air feels clean
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