

Spring

[Hovis Music - sheep gently lowing,
birds singing.]

ALBERT

(poetic) Do you ever stand up here
looking out over the hills, where
the lambs playing in the sunshine
and the grass is flecked with
spring flowers, and the swallows
are soaring above in a clear blue
sky and suddenly get a sense of
your place in the world, in Nature,
all part of a pattern and plan of
God's creation?

BILL

No.

ALBERT

No. Me neither.
