

APRIL

The wavering flight of the careless crow,
And his lazy, outdoor call,
The swelling of buds on the poplars slim,
And the warmth beside the wall,
Bring March to the turn of the snowy road,
And the foaming waterfall,
Where April waits, with a sob and a smile,
Modest, fleet-footed and tall,
The light of the waking morn in her eyes,
And a greeting gay for all.