

A MAY MORNING

I

The gates of Heaven are flung apart
That Spring may step without
To bring her treasures down to earth
And scatter them about.

II

With what sweet joy and silent hope
The very air is rife,
Each blade of grass, each tiny bud,
Is throbbing with new life.

III

The birds are nesting in the trees
As cheerily they sing,
The happiness they once more feel
At the return of Spring.