



" **A Supplication.**

O April, angel of our mortal joy,
Consoler of our human griefs and fears,
Bringer of sunshine to this old grey earth,
Hear, once again, the prayer of thy lone child,
Return, return !

Mother of solace in the soft spring rain,
Restorer of sane health to wounded souls,
Ah, tarry not thy coming to our doors,
But soon with twilight and the robin's voice,
Return !

Behold, across the borders of the world,
We wait the reappearance with the flowers,
Disconsolate, dispirited, forlorn,
Our only childish and perpetual prayer,
"Return, return !"

BLISS CARMAN.

