

TO . . . IN APRIL

Sweet April, like a blushing bride, is here,
The month of all I love, not just alone,
Because her sunny days so well atone
For winter's cold and gloom, and thus doth
cheer

One's soul ; but, too, because it brings me near
To thee, and in my heart thee doth enthrone.

For 'tis this winsome month, when hopes
abound

And promises so fair, which holds thy natal
day ;

That festival of joy, glad time and gay

As 'tis to thee and I, when it comes round
Year after year, and each of us hath found
Occasion for delight in love's sweet way.