

April and May, the virgins,
September the vine-crowned bride.
Laughing and gay December,
Strong March with her haughty pride,
And sweet, sad-faced November,
Whose grey eyes, soft with tears,
With her yearning face,
Veiled in mist of lace,
Looked backward to vanished years;
Stately and jewel laden
October in matron grace,
While February the maiden
Held the snow-drops to her face.
One, in their midst as a novice,
White-cowled and pure was there,
While her slender hand amidst the band,
Clasped a silver book of prayer.

“ We bow at your feet, oh ! Princess ;
We haste to your royal hest
Fruit from your vines and gold from your mines,
Each of us bring our best.”

* * *

Aye, and they tired and robed her
In gorgeous robes of state ;
The tender green of silken sheen
And the foam-born billows of lace.
While mirrored with wealth around her