

*April  
Weather*

SOON, ah, soon the April weather  
With the sunshine at the door,  
And the mellow melting rain-wind  
Sweeping from the South once more.

Soon the rosy maples budding,  
And the willows putting forth,  
Misty crimson and soft yellow  
In the valleys of the North.

Soon the hazy purple distance,  
Where the cabined heart takes wing,  
Eager for the old migration  
In the magic of the spring.

Soon, ah, soon the budding windflowers  
Through the forest white and frail,  
And the odorous wild cherry  
Gleaming in her ghostly veil.

Soon about the waking uplands  
The hepaticas in blue,—  
Children of the first warm sunlight  
In their sober Quaker hue,—

All our shining little sisters  
Of the forest and the field,  
Lifting up their quiet faces  
With the secret half revealed.

Soon across the folding twilight  
Of the round earth hushed to hear,  
The first robin at his vespers  
Calling far, serene and clear.

Soon the waking and the summons,  
Starting sap in bole and blade,  
And the bubbling marshy whisper  
Seeping up through bog and glade.

Soon the frogs in silver chorus  
Through the night, from marsh and swale,  
Blowing in their tiny oboes  
All the joy that shall not fail,—