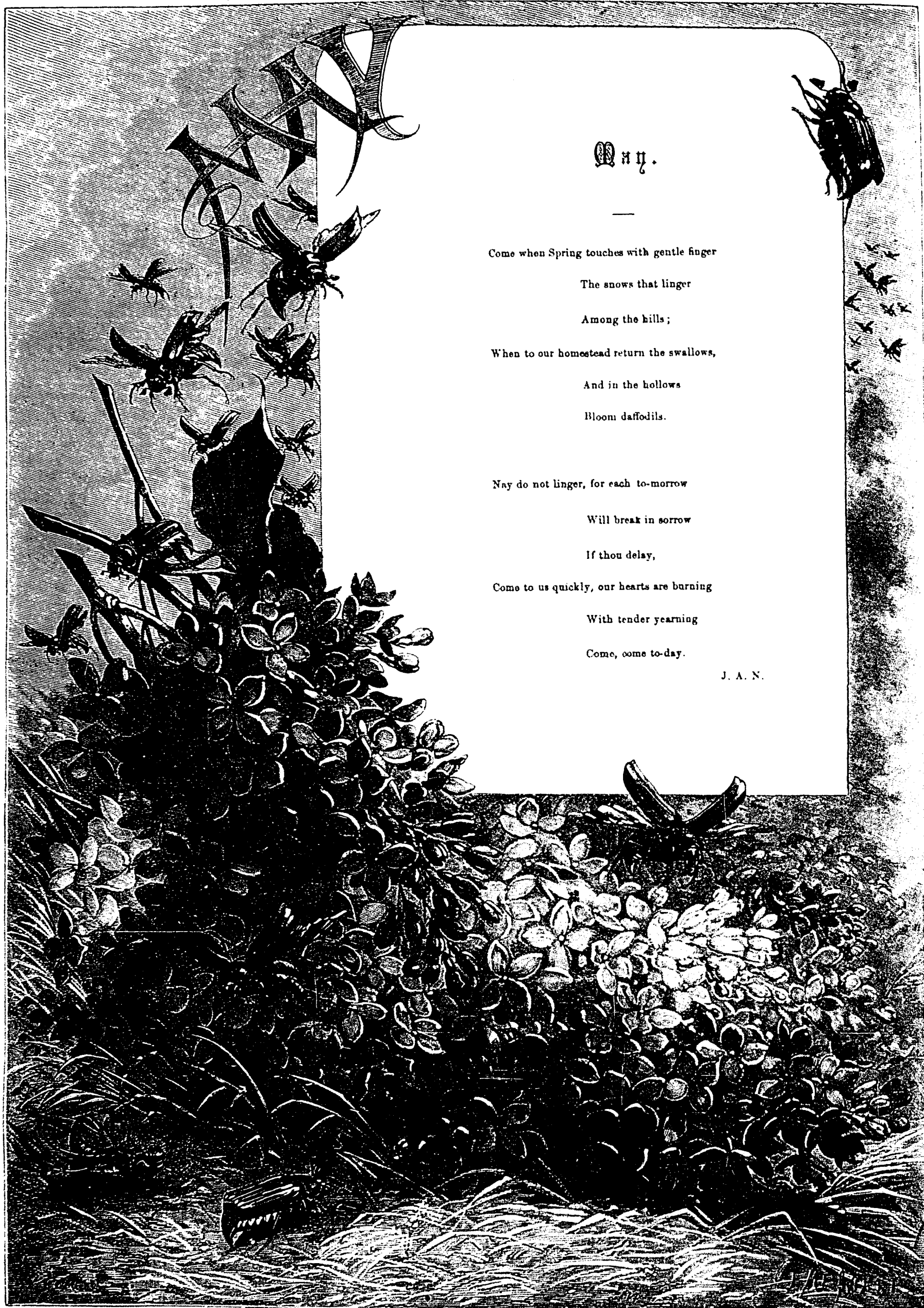




May.

Come when Spring touches with gentle finger
The snows that linger
Among the hills;
When to our homestead return the swallows,
And in the hollows
Bloom daffodils.

Nay do not linger, for each to-morrow
Will break in sorrow
If thou delay,
Come to us quickly, our hearts are burning
With tender yearning
Come, come to-day.

J. A. N.