

AN APRIL DIRGE

SPRING comes up from the southland and once more
Will weave her spells as oftentimes before,
Till all the scented shadowy woodland places
Are brightened by the once beloved flower faces.

Ah! violet, bloodroot, columbine and rue,
What welcome can our sad hearts find for you,
While for a dear lad's face our eyes are aching,
Our hearts are breaking?

Soon, as in every happy vanished spring,
Young leaves will whisper and free waters sing;
Lured homeward by spring's impulse through the night,
A myriad wings beat on in level flight;

And spring shall thrill with music as of old,
While all the love songs of the birds are told.
Ah, mocking music! When we yearn to hear
A step, a voice once dear.

Marred are our years. Oh, time and nature bring
Darkness and storm, and bid the four winds sing
Dirges—but do not pierce us with the spring.

M. GOING