

May

MAY is the month when merry maids
Do gather bnds and flowers,
And listen to the tales of love
In Nature's verdant bowers.

May is the mild and magic month
When moon and stars are brightest,
When meadows are most fresh and fair,
And loving hearts are lightest.

May is the time for youth and mirth,
And May's the time to marry;
While she who will not *then* be wed
Deserves to ever tarry.

May is the sweetest, brightest, best
Beloved of all the seasons,
And for that prond opinion here
I've given goodly reasons.