

APRIL

One morning as I walked to school
Apart from all the band
Of careless boys, methought I felt
A touch upon my hand.

At once I knew, (I dared not look),
It was the infant Spring,
That comes to crown the forest trees
With leaves of purest green.

We left the forest's checkered shade
And in our elfin flight
We roused the lazy fields to life,
And brought the sunshine bright.

A robin lilting on a bough
Beheld the April sun;
And called the violets to fill
The valleys one by one.

We scattered seeds of happiness
Around the sick one's bed.
We carried hope to lowly huts
Where dank despair did tread.

At last we two did pause, and then
Up sprang the warm, South wind
To melt the snow by yonder hedge
And leave green grass behind.

—A.E.L., '31