

An April Day, A different version

The sky to-day is like a naughty child :
At first 'twas bright and gay, the sunshine smiled.

Then clouds so gray along the sky were piled,
It wept its tears away with sobbings wild.

And so all day it ever cried and smiled.
"What will it do next, pray?" asks a small child.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.