

April

April, the grace and smile
That all beguile,
The tang and the sweet breath:
Perfume of Gods on high,
Who from the sky
Relish the scent of earth.

April, courteous and gentil
Who from exile
Summons the wanderers,
The forked swifts that skim
Their way and seem
Of Spring the messengers.

May-flower and eglantine,
And verdant thyme,
Lilies and roses red
At this so beauteous tide,
Growing in pride
With lovely raiment spread.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.