

THE COMING OF MAY

Ballade

We have wintered the death of the old, cold year,
 We have left our tracks in the melting snow,
 We have braved harsh March's biting jeer,
 And April's gusty overflow.
 And now, when Nature begins to grow,
 And the buds are out, and the birds are gay
 And all is well—above and below,—
 Here's to the coming of blithesome May.

Winter was good when he met us here,
 With his sharp, clear days, and his flashing snow,
 But we carried Winter out on his bier,
 And buried him, many a month ago.
 March was not hard with all his blow,
 With April, Spring seemed on her way,
 But we've reached the best at last, and so
 Here's to the coming of blithesome May.

Winter has ended his cold career,—
 No more death, and no more woe,—
 We've come at last to a different sphere,
 With no more freezing, and—mistletoe.
 Spring in coming was very slow,—
 Altogether too much delay,—
 But we've cheered her on from foe to foe:
 Here's to the coming of blithesome May.

Envoi

Think of the gratitude all must owe,—
 Heaven has visited earth to-day.—
 All the earth's in a warm, glad glow.—
 Here's to the coming of blithesome May!