

‘AN APRIL DAY’

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

*When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has
returned again,
‘Tis sweet to visit the still wood,
where springs
The first flower of the plain.*

*I love the season well
When forest glades are teeming with
bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded
clouds foretell
The coming-in of storms.*

*From the earth’s loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance,
and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with
winter’s cold,
The drooping tree revives.*

*The softly-warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods,
and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that
moves along
The forest openings.*

*When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green
slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of
the hills,
And wide the upland glows.*

*And when the eve is gone,
In the blue lake the sky,
o’er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips
her horn,
And twinkles many a star.*

*Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling
shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side
by side,
And see themselves below.*

*Sweet April! — many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts
are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its
autumn brought,
Life’s golden fruit is shed.*



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