

## MAY—THE QUEEN

April, with its silvery showers,  
Brings fair May with many flowers:  
Bluebells nodding on the stem,  
In the winds that play with them;

Pink and white and crimson roses,  
Mingle with old-fashioned posies;  
Apple blossoms all aglow,  
Tumble down like flakes of snow.

Over hill and dale and meadows,  
Birds of passage cast their shadows;  
Bees amidst the clover hum—  
May, the queen of spring, has come!

By Alice W. Norton

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