

# THE FREE LANCE.

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## APRIL

With hesitating step now April fair  
Comes slowly up the pathway of the year,  
She weeps for all around is bleak and bare,  
The trees are nak'd, the meadow brown and sere.

But lo! there's deepest magic in her tears,  
They swell the bud and make the leaf to peep  
And cause the overflowing elfin meres  
To send new runnels down the verdant steep.