

Sonnet to the April Breeze

Where does the gentle breeze come from
That warms the April earth and sea;
That bids new life and will to come
From winter's sleep, new destiny?
It settles on my sunlit face;
It tells of spring's emerging youth
Then when it's gone, without a trace
Returns again in love and truth.
Oh, come my lovely gentle breeze!
In April's bloom, awake in me
The joys of love, in ecstasy;
The passions of the night with Thee!
I love you, gentle April breeze,
That warms the lovely earth and sea.

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