



MAY

I.

Then Lady May in laced skirts,
Comes tripping gayly through the town,
Her face a sun in golden glow,
Beneath a rainbow parasol.

II.

Her tresses long of ebony,
Now beams with the stars and moon,
Along her path the blossoms nod,
Against the summer breezes blow.

III.

She wears a string of summer show'rs,
Round about her ivory neck,
And at her feet the dewdrops play,
Among the grasses fresh and sweet.

IV.

Welcome, welcome, fair Lady May,
You with your butterflies and bees,
With violets, cannas, and lilies too,
You are the month of rain and flow'rs.

—Lulu de la Paz Gabriel