

23 FOR A MAY FESTIVAL

(Reprint of "Introductory Poem for a May Festival")

The March winds are hushed into silence,
Moist April with soft falling showers
Is gone and we stand at the portal
Of the beautiful season of flowers.

They are springing to life in the meadows;
They spangle the grass at our feet,
And lo, with their delicate fragrance
The air all about us is sweet.

The birds have come back for the summer;
They have scented the flowers from afar,
As the shepherds of old were attracted
By the soft light of Bethlehem's star.

You can hear their glad notes of rejoicing
In the glory and beauty of morn;
They are chanting loud songs of thanksgiving
That gloomy old Winter is gone.

We too have our songs of glad welcome --
Our voices in gratitude lift
To the loving and bountiful Father
For this, his most beautiful gift.

Dear friends, we have asked you to meet us,
On this, our glad festival night,
And we trust that our efforts to please you
Your trouble and pains may requite.

The Queen of the May is invited,
And sends a most gracious reply;
So we hope for her Majesty's presence,
With the maids of her court, bye and bye.

Meantime, we've secured some young speakers,
And singers your time to beguile,
Whose efforts we trust will be fully
Repaid by your favoring smile.

Good bye, I am bound for the meadow,
To seek some flowers for my hair;
For you know when a Queen is expected,
We must for her coming prepare.

Sources:

Alger Street, 1964.