

Life Begins Again in April

by Lenore Hetrick

Life begins again – in April
How this dead earth comes to flower!
How the dry boughs wake and quicken
In this blooming, springtime hour!

Life begins again – in April!
And the bird is on the wing,
Brooks are flowing, breezes tender
In a rhapsody of spring.

Where's the heart that can be downcast?
Where's the eye that does not brighten?
Behold the world so fresh and new
As the dark skies part and lighten!

Those who sorrow shall take comfort,
Those who droop shall smile again.
April brings a message clearly
To the weariest of men.

Yesterday may lie in ruins,
All the past be dead and drear.
Just forget that! Skies are bright blue!
It's the springtime of the year.

It is April! Nature's own month!
It is April! Heaven's season!
April – flowering – stirring – blooming!
Quite beyond man's meager reason.

Life begins again – in April!
Hill and valley reel with living.
To all things new life she brings
With joyous fervor in her giving.

