

SONG OF APRIL.

Frederick Manley.

J. Remington Fairlamb.

Allegretto.

mf

crescendo.

1. A-pril's just a lit-tle child Ver-y bad-ly spoiled: Near-ly ev-'ry day she cries
 2. May-be, tho', that A- pril cries Just for hap-pi- ness; For a lit-tle girl whose eyes

mf

crescendo.

Till her pret-ty gowns are soiled; . . And tho' na- ture some-times dries
 Find each day a bran new dress, . . Green and blue as sun- ny skies,

All her tears of pearl-y rain, Coax-ing her to laugh and smile, A- pril's sun- ny
 Trimm'd with vi- o- let and white, Fig- ured with young ap- ple buds And the flow'rs of

cres.

f

cres.

f

ritard.

just a- while, Then the tears come to her eyes And she cries and cries a- gain.
 wak- ing woods, Must be ta- ken by sur- prise, And just weep from pure de- light.

colla voce.