

SONG OF APRIL.

Frederick Manley.

J. Remington Fairlamb.

Allegretto.*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.