

April 3, 1940

### A DAY IN THE MIDDLE OF APRIL

It was a day in the middle of April,  
The raindrops were falling, in large soft drops they fell  
Upon my fevered cheeks, on my hair and my brow,  
And the willows were rising up into the mist of the air  
In stillness, and over the fertile plain  
The cloudy fog, like a rippling mantle hung,  
Low as an unspun dream that is gathering depth  
And ready to softly surge in a silent wave  
To cover the spinning globe with a misty web  
And sink again in a dim and dreamy day.

T'was a day in the middle of April  
That I gazed at the river, the soft dark water  
Smoothly flowing into the brink of the bay,  
And I thought of my dreams that were lost, like the April rain  
In the boundless depths of the distant surging sea,  
And I wondered with aching heart why I still dared to dream,  
To hope with a longing soul for the things that I loved,  
For the joy and smiles and the friendship that faded away  
To be lost in the depths, so profound, of my memory.

T'was that day in the middle of April  
So long ago, and the rain was falling as I stood by the river to dream,  
It was long, long ago, yet the years that have passed  
Wrought no change, and the dreams that I since have dreamt  
Also fell, like the rain in the cool April mist, to the sea,  
Yes, the willows still stand with their branches upstretched to the clouds,  
While the river flows sweet in serenity, on to the bay,  
Yet I stand in the mist with the raindrops caressing my cheeks and my brow  
And I dream through the beauty of April, and smile as I dream.