

April Come She Will

Eric Johnson

April -- come she will, When streams are ripe and swelled with
rain, May -- she will stay, Resting in my arms again.

June -- she'll change her tune. In restless walk she'll prowl t
he night. July -- she will fly, And give no warning to her flig
ht.

August -- die she must. The autumn winds blow chilling cold. Se
ptember -- I'll remember A love once new has now grown old.