

THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their
brown ;

" Shall I take them away ? " said the Frost, sweep-
ing down.

 " No, leave them alone

 Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet
to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung ;

" Shall I take them away ? " said the Wind as he
swung.

 " No, leave them alone

 Till the berries have grown,"

Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow ;

Said the girl, " May I gather thy berries now ? "

 " Yes, all thou canst see ;

 Take them ; all are for thee,"

Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden
boughs low.