

Poetry.

THERE'S poetry in the days of spring
 When orchards are in bloom,
 There's poetry in the hum of bees
 Before the rising noon.
 When gardens are richly spangl'd
 With its scented flowers,
 There's poetry in the song of birds
 And in falling showers.

I'm rhyming in the workshop,
 I'm rhyming all the day,
 Clang, clang, clang
 Gives birth unto my lay.

There's poetry in the fallen leaf,
 And when our lot is cast
 From storm and hail and clang of wheels,
 Where cogs are whirling past.
 The cogs of life go whirling round
 From childhood unto prime,
 And every step we take in life
 Brings poetry to our rhyme.

I'm rhyming in the workshop,
 I'm rhyming all the day,
 Clang, clang, clang
 Gives poetry to my lay.