

II



HE bees are busy in their
murmurous search,
The birds are putting up
their woven frames,
And all the twigs and
branches of the birch
Are shooting into tiny emerald flames;
The maple leaves are spreading slowly out
Like small red hats, or pointed parasols,
The high-ho flings abroad his merry
shout,
The veery from the inner brushwood
calls:
The gold-green poplar, jocund as may be,
The sunshine in its laughing heart re-
ceives,
And shimmers in the wind innumerably
Through all its host of little lacquered
leaves:
And lo! the bobolink, he soars and sings
With all the heart of summer in his wings.