

Arbor and Bird Day Quotations.

Hepatica.

Good morning, sweet April,
So winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip
And a tear in your eye.
There are pretty hepaticas
Hid in your hair,
And bonny blue violets
Clustering there.

—Selected.

Spring.

A little bit of blowing
A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing
And crocuses will show.

On every twig that's lonely a new green leaf will spring;
On every patient tree-top a thrush will stop and sing.

—Carolyn S. Bailey.

The Easter Lily.

The pure white lily raised its cup
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up
At happy Easter time.
"We'll hear the song of heaven!" they say,
"Its glory shines on us today;
Oh, may it shine on us alway
At holy Easter time!"

—Selected.

Spring Flowers.

There is to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me like poetry. They blow out
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and they breathe
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.

—Nathaniel P. Willis.

Violets.

God does not send us strange flowers every year;
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
The violet is here.

—Adeline D. T. Whitney.

Cheerfulness.

It isn't raining rain to me;
It's raining daffodils,
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me;
It's raining roses down.

A health unto the happy;
A fig for him who frets.
It isn't raining rain to me;
It's raining violets.

—Selected.

The Oak.

Downward is sent out a thread-like root,
Up in the air springs a tiny shoot;
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.—Selected.

It seems idolatry with some excuse
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity.

—Cowper.

He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and
the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the
trees of the forest; he planteth an ash and the rain doth
nourish it.—Isaiah XLIV, 14.

In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

—O. W. Holmes.

The Elm.

The elm in all the landscape green,
Is fairest of God's stately trees;
She is a gracious mannered queen,
Full of soft bends and courtesies.—Smith.

The Eagle.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world he stands.—Tennyson.

The Kingfisher.

Have you ever seen my fisher friend
Where some lone brook is flowing,
When summer's skies are blue and clear,
And summer's flowers are blowing?

—Alix Thorn.

The Gull.

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting
On some broad ice-floe, pondering long and late,
While overhead the home-bound ducks are flitting,
And leave the tardy conclave in debate.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.