

Our Almanac

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



ROBINS in the
tree-tops,
Blossoms in
the grass ;
Green things a-
growing
Everywhere you
pass ;

Sudden little breezes ;
Showers of silver dew ;
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew !
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm, and larch,
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March ?

Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one ;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun ;
Roses, faint with sweetness ;
Lilies, fair of face ;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place ;
Lengths of golden sunshine ;
Moonlight bright as day—