

And though 'twas only April,  
One little leaf was seen,  
Upon the topmost branches,  
All fresh and fair and green.

The other leaves grew larger,  
Grew larger and more fair,  
And for that little leaflet  
The tree no more did care.

In May it still was cheerful,  
While all the rest complain,  
Though fed and warmed by sunlight,  
And cooled by silver rain.

June and July, all dusty,  
The others droop and pine,  
The little leaf is happy  
To get the warm sunshine.

In August, many others  
By storms were blown away,  
But still the leaf was wearing  
The emerald hues of May.

September, all the others  
In crimson hues were dressed,