

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.