



**The toads in the marshes are  
tuning their throats,  
The robins are chanting  
their merriest notes;  
The alders are combing  
their tresses of gold,  
And bees in their rambles  
are busy and bold.**





**The pussy-cat willows  
are downy and soft,**



**The maple is swinging  
its censers aloft;**

**The first dandelion  
has burst into bloom,**

**And breezes are  
full of the richest perfume.**





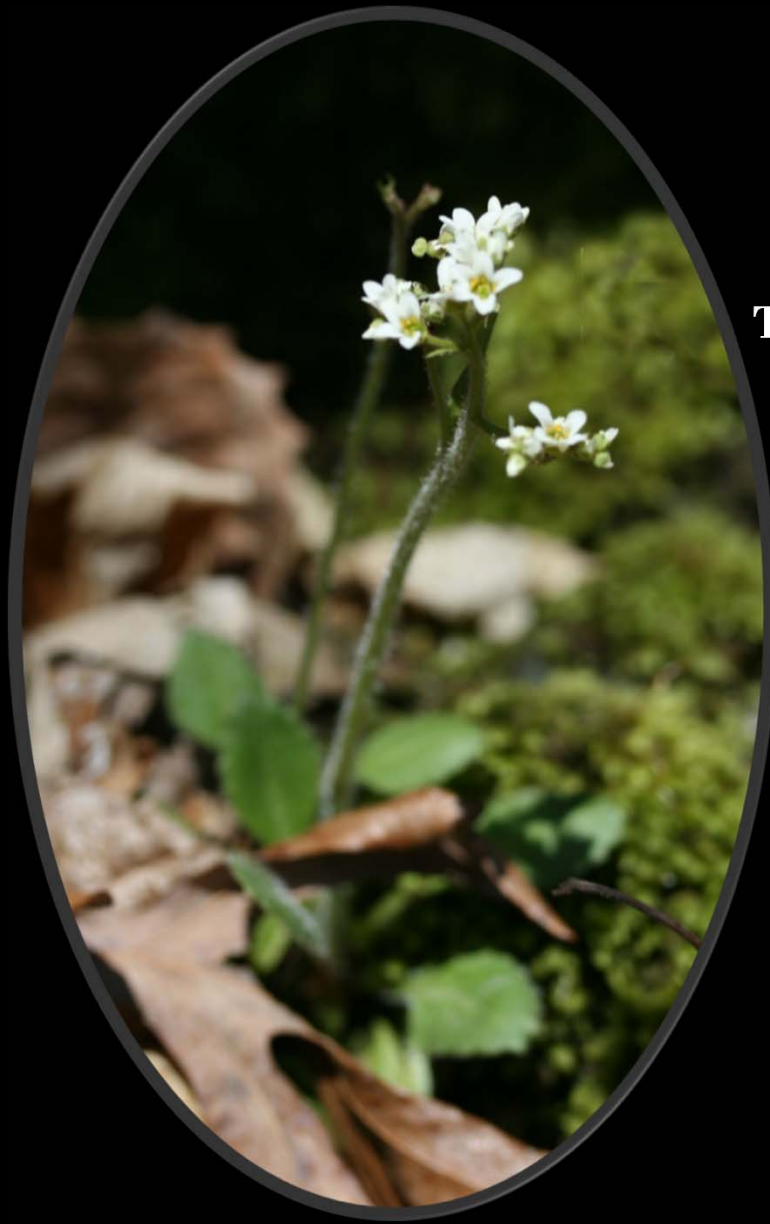
**The pretty Mayflower  
has waked from  
her nap,**



**The innocence smiles from her violet cap,**



**The liverwort gazes  
in girlish surprise,  
With a look both  
of shame and  
of fear in her eyes**



**The Saxifrage hastens  
Fair April to greet,**

**The Blood-root looks down  
on her suffering feet,**





**The yellow Five-fingers  
are gemming the green,**



**And Violets lovingly blooming between.**



**The Columbines ringing  
their musical knells,  
To winter are flinging  
their happy farewells;**



**For spring with its sunshine and beauty is here,  
And everything welcomes the opening year.**



William Whitman Bailey  
February 22, 1843 - February 20, 1914