



LEAVES

The leaves by hundreds came,
 The Chestnuts, Oaks and Maple,
 And leaves of every name.
 The Sunshine spread a carpet,
 For this gleeful band.
 Miss Weather led the dancing,
 Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow;
 The Oaks in crimson dressed;
 The lovely Misses Maples
 In scarlet looked their best.
 All dancing to their partners
 They gaily fluttered by.
 The sight was like a rainbow
 Newly fallen from the sky.

Mary Rose Brown



SPRING

There is a waiting time between
 The melting snow and grasses
 green,
 Before the elms are filled
 with blue
 Of flashing bird wings whirl-
 ing through.
 This waiting time is Eve of
 Spring.

Before spring time's refreshing
 showers,
 Bring the bright sunny flowers,
 Before willow friends are
 pearly tipped,
 Or Birch their jackets slip-
 ped.
 This waiting time is Eve of
 Spring.

Irene Bissotto



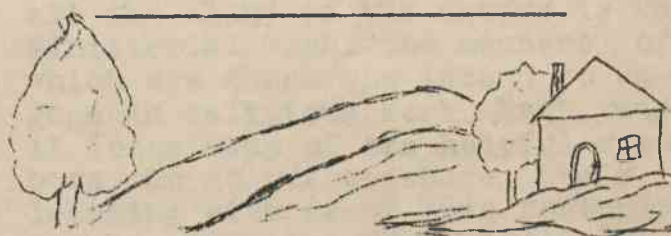
BUTTERFLIES

When all the flowers begin to
 bloom
 And their fragrance fills the air;
 The butterflies are seen around
 Pitching here and there.

They light upon our little buds
 Gently swaying in the breeze;
 Then they rise and fly away
 To other little weeds.

Later in the year when flowers
 are gone
 The butterflies all steal away;
 But every child secretly knows
 They'll come some other day.

Josephine Pace



A FRIENDLY HOUSE

There is a little white house up
 on a hill,
 Surrounded by flowers called
 daffodils.
 In the yards are green trees talk-
 ing,
 And around the house the shrubbery
 is mocking.
 Over the yard there is grass very
 green,
 And in the pool is a flowing
 spring.
 Everyone is pleasant in this
 little house,
 And you don't have to be as quiet
 as a mouse,
 No one cares when they are dis-
 turbed
 Because they want to hear all of
 the pleasant words.

Rachel Jones