

02 APPLE-BLOSSOMS

I sit in the shadow of apple-boughs,
In the fragrant orchard close,
And around me floats the scented air,
With its wave-like tidal flows.
I close my eyes in a dreamy bliss,
And call no king my peer;
For is not this the rare, sweet time,
The blossoming time of the year?

I lie on a couch of downy grass,
With delicate blossoms strewn,
And I feel the throb of Nature's heart
Responsive to my own.
Oh, the world is fair, and God is good,
That maketh life so dear;
For is not this the rare, sweet time,
The blossoming time of the year?

I can see, through the rifts of the apple-boughs,
The delicate blue of the sky,
And the changing clouds with their marvelous tints
That drift so lazily by.
And strange, sweet thoughts sing through my brain,
And heaven, it seemeth near;
Oh, is it not a rare, sweet time
The blossoming time of the year?

Sources:

Boston Transcript, May 25, 1860.

Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, 1875.

Alger St., 1964.

Newsboy, January-February, 1989.