

# The Bluebird

“I THOUGHT this poem that we learned in school might revive some chipper memories,” writes Veda H., Janesville, Wisconsin.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,  
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.  
Brave little fellow! the skies may look dreary—  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.  
Hark! How the music leaps out from his throat!  
Hark! Was there ever so merry a note?  
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,  
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.  
“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know;  
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer—  
Summer is coming and springtime is here!  
“Little white snowdrops, I pray you arise;  
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;  
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantles of purple and gold.  
Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?  
Summer is coming and springtime is here!”

—Emily Huntington Miller