

Apple-Trees

by Jessie Belle Rittenhouse

My childhood held a fairy sight—
A thousand apple-trees,
All pink and white for my delight
And humming with the bees.

They grew upon a green hillside,
They sweetened all the air,
They spread a tent of blossoms wide
For my pavilion there.

I broke the branches at my will,
There was so vast a store;
From out my arms the sprays would spill,
But there were always more.

Now I go out from city ways
To see the apple-tree,
For if I miss her flowering days
The year goes ill with me.