

## **An Apple Orchard in the Spring**

by William Martin

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?  
In the spring?  
An English apple orchard in the spring?  
When the spreading trees are hoary  
With their wealth of promised glory,  
And the mavis sings its story,  
In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?  
In the spring?  
And caught their subtle odours in the spring?  
Pink buds pouting at the light,  
Crumpled petals baby white  
Just to touch them a delight—  
In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?  
In the spring?  
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?  
When the pink cascades are falling,  
And the silver brooklets brawling,  
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,  
In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,  
In the spring,  
Half the colour, beauty, wonder of the spring,  
No sweet sight can I remember  
Half so precious, half so tender,  
As the apple blossoms render,  
In the spring.