

## The Little Red Apple Tree

by James Whitcomb Riley

The Little-red-apple Tree!—  
O the Little-red-apple Tree!  
When I was the little-est bit of a boy  
And you were a boy with me!  
The bluebird's flight from the topmost boughs,  
And the boys up there—so high  
That we rocked over the roof of the house  
And whooped as the winds went by!

Hey! The Little-red-apple Tree!  
With the garden-beds below,  
And the old grape-arbor so welcomely  
Hiding the rake and hoe!  
Hiding, too, as the sun dripped through  
In spatters of wasted gold,  
Frank and Amy away from you  
And me in the days of old!

The Little-red-apple Tree!—  
In the edge of the garden-spot,  
Where the apples fell so lavishly  
Into the neighbor's lot;—  
So do I think of you alway,  
Brother of mine, as the tree,—  
Giving the ripest wealth of your love  
To the world as well as me.

Ho! The Little-red-apple Tree!  
Sweet as its juiciest fruit  
Spanged on the palate spicily,  
And rolled o'er the tongue to boot,  
Is the memory still and the joy  
Of the Little-red-apple Tree,  
When I was the little-est bit of a boy  
And you were a boy with me!