

Spring Rain

by Marchette Chute

The storm came up so very
quick

It couldn't have been quicker.

I should have brought my hat
along,

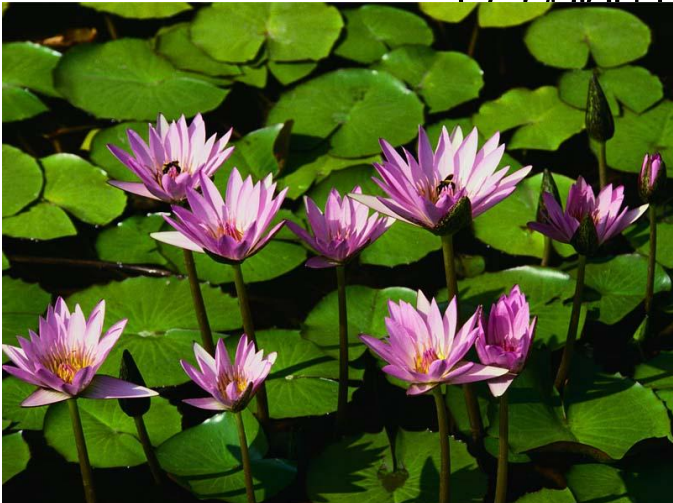
I should have brought my slicker.

My hair is wet, my feet are
wet,

I couldn't be much wetter.

to a river once

is even better.



March

March is an in between month,
When wintry winds are high.
But milder days remind us all,
Spring's coming by and by.

Little Seeds

by Else Holmelund Minarik

Little seeds we sow in spring
growing while the robins sing,
give us carrots, peas and beans,
tomatoes, pumpkins, squash and greens.

And we pick them,
one and all,
through the summer,
through the fall,

Winter comes, then spring, and then
little seeds we sow again.



March Wind

March wind is a jolly fellow;
He likes to joke and play.
He turns umbrellas inside out
And blows men's hats away.
He calls the pussy willows
And whispers in each ear,
"Wake up you lazy little seeds,
Don't you know that spring is
here."

Trees

Trees are the kindest things I know,
They do no harm, they simply grow
And spread a shade for sleepy cows,
And gather birds among their bows.
They give us fruit in leaves above,
And wood to make our houses of,
And leaves to burn on Halloween
And in the Spring new buds of green.
They are first when day's begun
To tough the beams of morning sun,
They are the last to hold the light
When evening changes into night.
And when a moon floats on the sky
They hum a drowsy lullaby
Of sleepy children long ago...
Trees are the kindest things I know.
by Harry Behn



My Spring Garden

Here is my little garden,
Some seeds I'm
Going to sow.
Here is my rake
To rake the ground,
Here is my handy hoe.
Here is the big
Round yellow sun,
The sun warms everything.
Here are the rain clouds
In the sky,
The birds will start to sing.
Little plants will
Wake up soon,
And lift their sleepy heads.
Little plants will
Grow and grow
From their warm earth beds.



Young Lambs

The spring is coming by a many signs;
The trays are up, the hedges broken down
That fenced the haystack, and the remnant s.
Like some old antique fragment weathered bro
And where suns peep, in every sheltered place,
The little early buttercups unfold
A glittering star or two - till many trace
The edges of the blackthorn clumps in gold.
And then a little lamb bolts up behind
The hill, and wags his tail to meet the yoe;
And then another, sheltered from the wind,
Lies all his length as dead - and lets me go
Close by, and never stirs, but basking lies,
With legs stretched out as though he could no
rise.

John Clare



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March

Never mind March, we know
You're not really mad
Or angry or bad.
You're only blowing the winter away
To get the world ready
For April and May.

Who Has Seen the Wind?

*Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their
heads
The wind is passing by.*

Christina G. Rossetti



April

*The roofs are shining from the rain,
The sparrows twitter as they fly,
And with a windy April grace
The little clouds go by.
Yet the backyards are bare and
brown*

*With only one unchanging tree--
I could not be so sure of Spring
Save that it sings in me.
by Sara Teasdale*

April

*April is a rainbow month,
Of sudden springtime showers.
Bright with golden daffodils
and lots of pretty flowers.*

