

# Spring Rain

by Marchette Chute

The storm came up so very  
quick

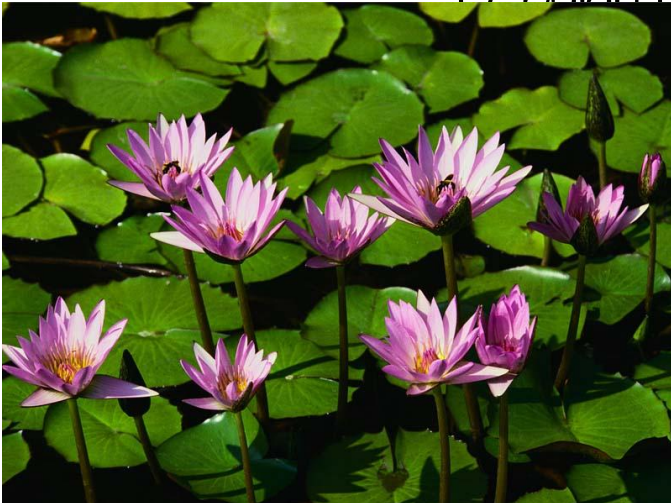
It couldn't have been quicker.  
I should have brought my hat  
along,

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.*

