

- First line: Plumtrees in orchards day and night
- Last line: These happy days, this singing time.

LEONARD CLARK

The Singing Time

Plumtrees in orchards day and night
Make all the world a dream of white.

A thrush is throbbing in the copse
A jewelled song that never stops.

Bluebells in drifts of deep sapphire
Have set the ferny woods on fire.

A cuckoo calls his tune until
First shadows fall on field and hill.

Tulips in solid squads and teams
Are almost bursting at the seams.

A jenny wren with needle eyes
Is in the bushes catching flies.

So flowers and birds are in their prime,
These happy days, this singing time.