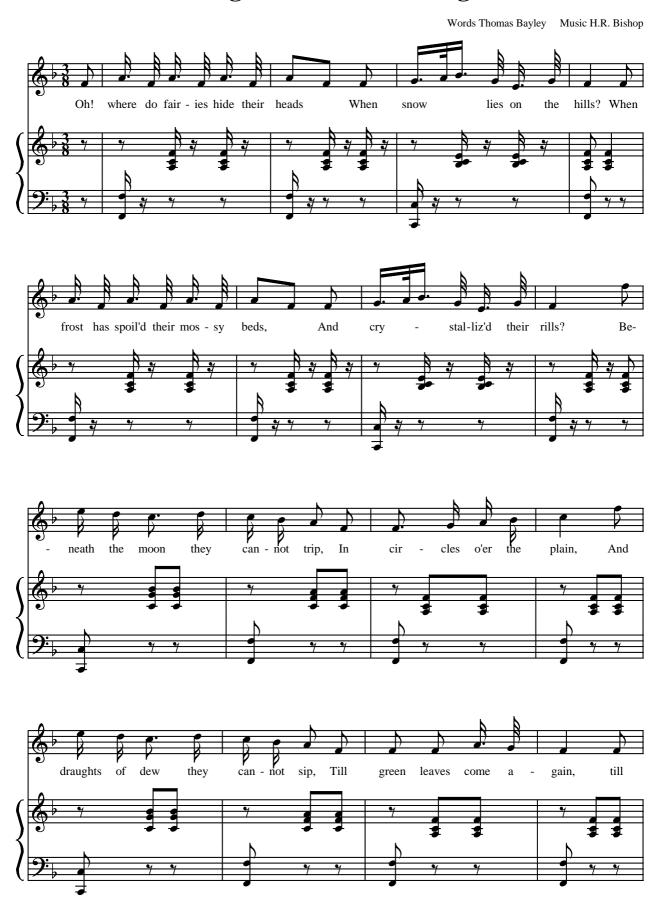
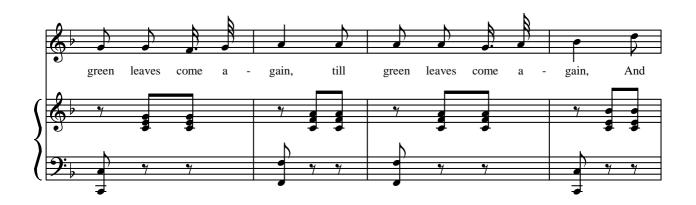
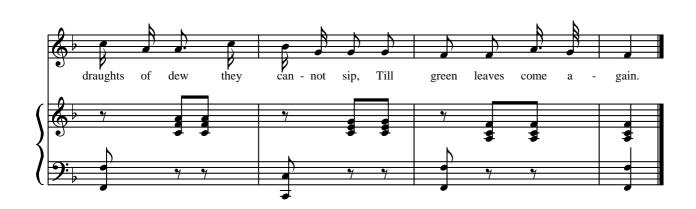
When green leaves come again







Perhaps in small blue diving-bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves;
Perhaps in red Vesuvius
Carousal they maintain,
And cheer their little spirits thus
Till green leaves come again.

When they return, there will be mirth
And music in the air;
And fairy rings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere;
The maids to keep the elves aloof
Will bar the doors in vain,
No key-hole will be fairly proof
When green leaves come again.