

And yes, she has long mistrusted  
That a cider apple tree  
In bearing there to-day is hers,  
Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany  
When all was said and done,  
A little bit of everything,  
A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village  
How village things go,  
Just when it seems to come in right,  
She says, "I know!

It's as when I was a farmer-"  
Oh, never by way of advice!  
And she never sins by telling the tale  
To the same person twice.



## Листва в сравнении с цветами



Быть может, хороша листва,  
Как ветвь и как стрела ствола,  
Но с корнем плохо что-нибудь,  
Цветы с плодами позабудь.

Но я свободен от забот,  
Цветёт ли древо, есть ли плод.  
Листва гладка, кора груба,  
Вот всё, в чём дерева судьба.