

When summer's in the city, And brick's a blaze of heat, The Ice-cream Man with his little cart
Goes trundling down the street. Beneath his round umbrella, Oh, what a joyful sight, To see him
fill the cones with mounds Of cooling brown and white: Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, Or chilly
things to drink From bottles full of frosty-fizz, Green, orange, white, or pink. His cart might be a
flower bed, Of roses and sweet peas, The way the children cluster round As thick as honeybees.