

The Magic Piper

by *E. L. Marsh*

There piped a piper in the wood
Strange music — soft and sweet —
And all the little wild things
Came hurrying to his feet.

They sat around him on the grass,
Enchanted, unafraid,
And listened, as with shining eyes
Sweet melodies he made.

The wood grew green, and flowers sprang up,
The birds began to sing;
For the music it was magic,
And the piper's name was — Spring!