

I tell my secret? No indeed,

not I;

Perhaps some day, who knows?

But not today; it froze, and

blows and snows,

And you're too curious: fie!

You want to hear it? well:

Only, my secret's mine, and I

won't tell.

Or, after all, perhaps there's none:

Suppose there is no secret after all,

But only just my fun.

Today's a nipping day, a biting

day;

In which one wants a shawl,

A veil, a cloak, and other wraps:

I cannot ope to everyone who

taps,

And let the draughts come

whistling thro' my hall;

Come bounding and surrounding

me,

Come buffeting, astounding me,

Nipping and clipping thro' my

wraps and all.

I wear my mask for warmth:

who ever shows

His nose to Russian snows

To be pecked at by every wind

that blows?

You would not peck? I thank

you for good will,

Believe, but leave the truth untested
still.

Spring's an expansive time: yet

I don't trust

March with its peck of dust,

Nor April with its rainbow-

crowned brief showers,

Nor even May, whose flowers

One frost may wither thro' the

sunless hours.

Perhaps some languid summer

day,

When drowsy birds sing less and

less,

And golden fruit is ripening to

excess,

If there's not too much sun nor

too much cloud,

And the warm wind is neither

still nor loud,

Perhaps my secret I may say,

Or you may guess.