

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.

---

---

---