

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 expensive 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.