

THE APPLE - - A TRIBUTE

Seems like I'm crazy for apples—
 Been without any so long;
Now that it's time for the fruit to prime,
 Say, I just bust into song.

Other fruit's good in its season,
 But, ah, how I welcome the fall,
That part of the year when the apples are here,
 The bulliest fruit of them all.

There's a tang to the taste of an apple,
 A zest like the keen autumn breeze,
With a savor that's won from the smile of the sun
 When it ripened the fruit on the trees.

Oh, I've hungered and thirsted for apples,
 With the appetite keen of a boy,
And the season which brings in this viand of kings,
 For me is a season of joy.

For autumn means rosy-cheeked apples,
 And apples mean cider and pie,
And dumplings and sauce, which you can't praise too much,
 No matter how hard you may try.

So here's to his Highness, the Apple,
 Who comes with the crispness of fall,
When my plate's athrill as I take in my fill
 Of the bulliest fruit of them all!

Aurthor Unknown

