Seven little nests of hay

We have made, for Easter day

Is to-morrow, and you know

We must have them ready, so

When the Rabbit comes she'll see

We expected her, that we

Children tried our very best

Each to make the nicest nest.

One is in the lilac-bush,

Near the ground--last year a thrush

Built a nest there--let me see,

Two are by the apple-tree,

In the clover--that makes three--

One beside the playhouse door, --

Three plus one, that must be four--

Two are in the tulip-bed--

Was it seven that I said?

Oh, yes! six I've counted, and

One is in our pile of sand.

Come and see! Oh, hurry, hurry!

For the Rabbit, kind and furry,

Has been here again and laid

Eggs in every nest we made!

Purple, orange, red, and blue,

Pink and green and yellow, too,

Like a bunch of finest flowers

Ever seen, and all are ours!

And oh, look! What do you think!

Here our names are in white ink,

All spelled nicely so we know

Just where every egg should go!

Is it not surprising, quite,

How well Easter Rabbits write?

***Evaleen Stein***