The Song of the Cherry Tree

God said in spring: "Set the table for the caterpillars!" And the cherry tree immediately covered itself with leaves, millions of leaves, fresh and green.

The caterpillar, who was sleeping inside the house, woke up, stretched, opened its mouth, rubbed its eyes, and calmly set about eating the tender little leaves, saying: "One can't tear oneself away from them. Who arranged this banquet for me?"

Then God said again: "Set the table for the bees!" And the cherry tree immediately covered itself with flowers, millions of delicate white flowers.

And the morning bee, at the first rays of dawn, landed on them, saying: "Let's have our coffee; and what beautiful cups they've poured it into!"

She tasted it with her little tongue, exclaiming: "What a delicious drink! They didn't spare the sugar!"

In summer God said: "Set the table for the birds!" And the cherry tree covered itself with a thousand appetizing red fruits. "Ah! ah!" exclaimed the birds, "it came at just the right time; we're hungry, and this will give us new strength to sing a new song."

In autumn God said: "Clear the table, they're already satisfied." And the cold wind from the mountains began to blow and made the tree shiver.

The leaves turned yellow and red, fell one by one, and the wind that cast them to the ground lifted them up again, making them flutter.

Winter came and God said: "Cover the rest!" And the whirlwinds of the winds brought the snow, under whose shroud everything sleeps and rests.