A Shropshire Lad  2: Loveliest of trees, the cherry now

By A. E. Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
   Is hung with bloom along the bough,
   And stands about the woodland ride
   Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
   Twenty will not come again,
   And take from seventy springs a score,
   It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
   Fifty springs are little room,
   About the woodlands I will go
   To see the cherry hung with snow.

Source: A Shropshire Lad