' BY

ALEXANDER MACFADYEN

<u>JUNE</u> 7½

DAYBREAK

6 .

WHY I LOVE YOU

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HIGH VOICE LOW VOICE

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When the bubble moon is young. Down the sources of the breeze, Like a yellow lantern hung. In the tops of blackened trees. There is promise she will grow, Into beauty unforetold. Into all unthought of gold, Heigh ho!

When the spring has dipped her foot, Like a bather in the air, And the ripples warm the root, And the little flowers dare. There is promise she will grow, Sweeter than the springs of old, Fairer far than was ever told, Heigh ho!

But the moon of middle night, Risen is the rounded moon. And the spring of budding light, Eddies into just a June. Ah, the promise, was it so? Nay, the gift was fairy gold, All the new is over old. Heigh hol

-Harrison S. Morris.

Dedicated to Bessie Greenwood - Mc Vary

June

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HARRISON S. MORRIS
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ALEXANDER MAC FADYEN







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