

I have been here before, But when or how I

1.

cannot tell: I know the grass beyond the door, The

Sweet Keen Smell, The Sighing Sound, the lights around the

Shore. You have been mine before, - How

long ago I may not know: But just when at that

Swallow's soar Your neck turned so, Some

veil did fall, - I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before? And shall not thus time's

eddyng flight still with our lives our love restore In

3.

death's de- spite, And day and

night yield one de- light

once more?

ff

ff

8---Red.

8---April 28, 1998

Richard Nickson

Wonder

Gerald Ginsburg

With imagination As the clouds stroll by In the
 blue sky Do you wonder Where
 you and I And they may wander? Do you
 wonder Why daffodils Climb bright hills Where we wander This