

## JUNE

The winds that whisper in the trees,  
Like human voices croon;  
God's footstool is a lovely place  
When wrapped about with June.

'Mid roses pink and white and red,  
Drift brilliant winged things,  
And mocking birds from crowded nests,  
At twilights sweetly sing.

It seems to me, in lovely June  
The skies are deeper blue,  
And brighter gleams each twinkling star  
As it comes peeping through.

by Alice Whitson Norton

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