

REQUEST

Give me a wind in summer time
Not known on a noisy street,
But one that sings a plaintive song
Where two lone rivers meet.

Give me a shadowy, narrow path
That winds around a hill,
Where echoes fall upon the air
From dove and whip-poor-will.

Give me the sound of silvery rain
Tip-tapping through the trees
Of spruce and hemlock, oak and pine,
For summer's symphonies.

And give me a friend to share my joy,
As well as my loaf of bread,
And let me lie down in a campfire glow
With stars above my head.

By Alice Whitson Norton

From: _____
