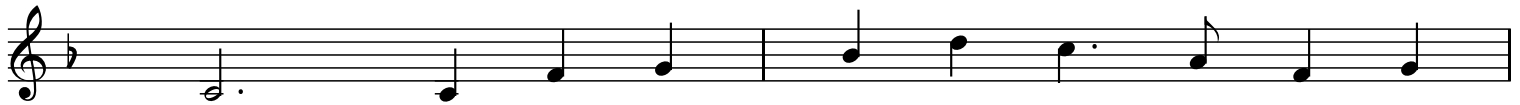


May Morning

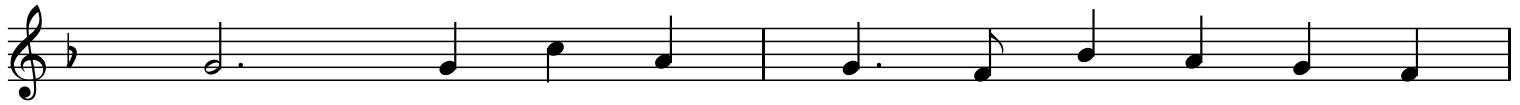
Words: Henry Thoreau ~~ Music: Cyril V. Taylor (#64)



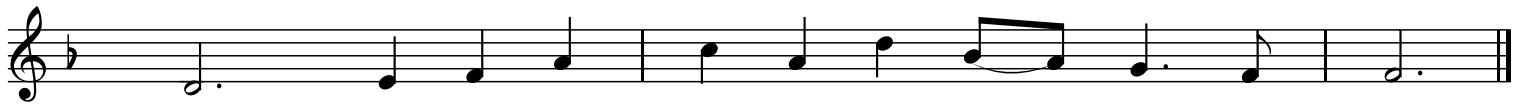
1. The school boy loitered on his way to
2. Soured neighbors chatted by the garden
3. How long I slept I know not, but at
4. My eyelids opened on a field of



school, scorn - ing to live so rare a day by
pale, Nor quar - relled who should drive the need - ed
last, I felt my con - scious - ness re - turn - ing
blue, And close a - bove a nod - ding vio - let



rule, So mild the air a plea - sure 'twas to
nail, The most un - so - cial made new friends that
fast, For Ze - phyr rustl - ed past with leaf - y
grew, A part of heav'n it seemed, but with a



breathe, For what seemed heav'n a - bove was earth be - neath.
day, As when the sun shines, far - mers then make hay.
tread, And heed - less - ly with one heel grazed my head.
scent, Its blue com - ming - ling with the fir - ma - ment.