



THE MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

MY DAY

Oh, the day was strangely dark,
Dark and drear,
For a care was on your brow,
And a fear;
And my heart to minor music wept so low,
While my footsteps at my tasks were very
slow.
Oh, the day was all agleam,
For your eyes
Shone untroubled and as calm as summer
skies—
And my heart was all alit with gay old
song,
And my feet were swift and eager all day
long.