

## THE MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

### THE HARBOR

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There's a quiet harbor-bar where ships  
come in,  
And a sunset's afterglow upon the sea;  
And a girl in wind-blown gown is waiting  
there,  
In her deep grey eyes a sweet intensity.  
All the rose of sun-kissed clouds is on her  
hair—  
And her strong white hands are folded  
patiently—  
Oh, she knows not that the picture is so  
fair,  
Nor the wealth that's mine because she  
waits for me!