May Sabeston Walker
(~1910 - after 1960)

I did not know
for voice and piano

(~1949)
I did not know there were as many flowers
That grow in shady woods

and in the fields. How sweet could be the air in early hours.
Or how the thrush its nest in hedges builds.

But how I live where many things are growing.
I've seen the long-tailed lambs, heard blackbirds sing.
I've seen the earth made ready for the sowing and all its life awaken in the spring.