

SAYS PEDRING

by M. de G. C.

By my window
of bamboo

As I look out
To the world

I feel like a
Handsome king,

Says Pedring—

Because I see
Beyond the clouds

Way up on top
of Mt. Makiling

A fairy queen
In a palace of glass

By a running brook
on Mt. Makiling,

Says Pedring.

There are acres
Of flowers

By the sweep
Of the hand

To a distance
Your eyes couldn't see,

Says Pedring—

Right where the
Sun shines bright,

And I hear there

Some music you've
Never heard;

And little people
Are dancing gay,

Says Pedring,

As he sits
By his window
Of bamboo

Looking out,
In and about

The wide, wide world.

