



SECRETS

By Francisco G. Tonogbanua

Downy little pussy willow,
Softer than a silken pillow,
When the sun has gone to bed,
Do the fairies lay their heads
On your pretty coat of gray?
Won't you say? Won't you say?
Won't you tell, won't you tell?
Where your friends, the brownies, dwell?
Where the purple violets play?
Won't you say? Won't you say?
Pussy willow, pussy willow,
Won't you tell me all those secrets?
How the buttercups get their gold?
Why the sunflowers stand so bold?
Won't you tell me what's untold?