Andante con moto.

Hawthorn brawe up on the green She hath a dreaming small and sad But God put scent unto the bean To
drum each toss... un't her lad
And

wee beside... the weary hour... in my love is in

Normandy... And oh!... The scent of the
cresc.

bean flour is like a burning fire in me.
fain fall... the lusty hour!

she hath no arrows at my hand, but would the man were

never born that knew no arrow along his hand.
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Author/s:
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Title:
The bean flower

Date:
1923

Persistent Link:
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