

## TILL THE MORROWS DIE

Mafsed, P. V.

The Chalyar flows with laughing stream;  
Like a ribbon bending down  
"Twice welcome sprightly damsel!"  
Murmured so gay Farook peering down.

Thanks a million pleasing hills!  
Where the trees are whispering loud;  
And the birds are singing songs;  
For the morrow that Farook dreams.

'Tide and kiss me darling lass,  
Unseen by the roaming clouds'  
'Oh, Farook, my charming lord  
I'll kiss thee till the morrows die.'

