

# TO A DAINY TUNE

CONSTANCE BARBOUR

Falling from Beauty  
Into the air,  
Spilt like a fragrance  
Beloved and rare.

Sweet as the smiling  
On a child's face,  
Gay as a waltz step  
In a still place.

Soft words of sympathy  
To a world's pain—  
Into a desert  
The rustle of rain.