

**THE
NEW SONG**

by

Campbell M Gold

CMG Archives

<http://www.campbellmgold.com>

(2012)

--()--

The New Song

Then she with tress of gold and raiment pure,
Did take his hand of flesh in hand of white.
And eyes of dimming blue, were bathed in eyes
Of azure light, and Jongleur knew that now,
This day, this place, a new song was begun...
(Campbell M Gold, Last Practitioner, oev, 21 Sept 2012)

End

--()--

<http://www.campbellmgold.com>

21092012