

## Orange Song

### Orange Song

(Written by Clinton Scollard in the early 1900s)

The orange glows  
In our garden-close  
Under the noon  
And under the moon,  
And though winter-time  
Is at its prime,  
It seems like the heart of June,  
And the mocking-bird sings at the dawning hour  
To the orange fruit and the orange flower.

Cold is the theme  
Of a bygone dream  
Under the noon  
And under the moon,  
For the breeze has a scent  
That is redolent  
As a breath from the heart of June,  
And the mocking-bird sings at the dawning hour  
To the orange fruit and the orange flower.

