

Brothers Four, The

"Seven daffodils"

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I may not have mansion, I haven't any land
Not even a paper dollar to crinkle in my hands
But I can show you morning on a thousand hills
And kiss you and give you seven daffodils.

I do not have a fortune to buy you pretty things
But I can weave you moonbeams for necklaces and
rings
And I can show you morning on a thousand hills
And kiss you and give you seven daffodils.

Oh, seven golden daffodils all shining in the sun
To light our way to evening when our day is done
And I will give music and a crust of bread
And a pillow of piny boughs to rest your head.

A pillow of piny boughs to rest your head...

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