Dearest Zue,

Come up to the garden, see, for the black old winter's gone (I hope) come up to the garden, see. The tulips and daffs are done. The mulberry tree is bursting in leaf, the roses are budding beyond belief, the little brown wren has its nest in the tree.

And the swallows - alas - where they should not be. And everything's waking and saying each day,

When is our Zue, our dearly loved Zue, now it's summer, coming our way?

She cat - bird calls from the hickory tree, do I know the chain where she ought to be? "The cardinal calls: Is she here? Is she done?"

And the robin chuckles: She's such a dear.
and the lilies and roses are trying to say.

"Not till she's here, shall we all be gay.
And the old moon peeps thru the
smallerry tree.
And so quite disgruntled coz it's only me.

Wetten to zae from Vancouver.
M.B. lived in Vancouver from

She left London following her Mother's
death (Apr'44) & returned to live with
Ernie her brother — after wife Ada
died in 1949.
Dearest Zöe

Come up to the garden, Zo.
For the black old winter’s gone (we hope)
Come up to the garden, Zo,
Tho’ the tulips and daffs are done,
The mulberry tree is bursting in leaf,
The roses are budding beyond belief,
The little brown wren has its nest in the tree,
And the swallows – alas - where they shouldn’t be,
And everything’s waiting and saying each day,
Where is our Zöe,
Our dearly loved Zöe,
Now that the summer, coming our way?
The cat-bird calls from the hickory tree,
“I know the chair where she ought to be,"
The cardinal calls “Is she here? Is she here?”
And the robin chuckles: She’s such a dear.”

And the lilies and roses are trying to say,
“Not till she’s here, shall we all be gay,”
And the old moon peeks thro’ the mulberry tree
And is quite disgruntled coz it’s only me,

[In another pen:]

Written to Zöe from Vancouver
She left London following her Mother’s death (Apr 44) & returned to live with Ernie her brother - after wife Adha died in 1949.