Dearest Zue. bone up to the garden, Jo. For the black old winters gone (inchaps) Tho' the tulips and dall are done, The mullery tree is learnting in leaf, The troses are building beyond belief. The liale trown were has its nest in the and everything's wanting and Daying When is our Joe, lack day, when dearly loved Joe, Jour Maribe Jone, coming our way? The cat-lind calls from the hickory tree, in I know the chain where she ought to be " and the form chuckles: She such a dear.

And is quite dis gruntled coy it's only

Wretten to zoe from Vancouver!

M.B. lived in Vancouver from

Sept 1994 — to March april 1949.

She left hondon following her Mothers

death (Cepr 44) & returned to live with

Ernie her brother—after weefe ache

died en 1949.

MB Williams to Mary Bird Herridge ("Zöe"), 1940

<u>Transcription / Additional Information</u>

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?" And the robin chuckles: She's such a dear."

[pagebreak]

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

M.B. lived in Vancouver from Sept. 1994 [sic - 1944]-to March-April 1949.

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