

Morning Song

Pearls Before Swine

All along the cold and gross canal
The gray-walled dwarf leaps high
Dwelling dark victorious
Silent with a cry Morning, morning On the ledge the leper walks
Soft-pawed, cold, lean and crisp
Telling jokes the old Jew told
Laughing with a lisp Morning, morning At the door, I stand and sense
Each picture in its frame
Seeking out, in each glance
The hunchback with my name Morning, morning

Songwriters

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