

# The Sun Whose Rays

Annie Haslam

The sun, whose rays  
Are all ablaze  
With ever-living glory,  
Does not deny  
His majesty  
He scorns to tell a story!  
He don't exclaim,  
"I blush for shame,  
So kindly be indulgent."  
But, fierce and bold,  
In fiery gold,  
He glories all effulgent!

I mean to rule the earth,  
As he the sky  
We really know our worth,  
The sun and I!  
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We really know our worth,  
The sun and I!

Observe his flame,  
That placid dame,  
The moon's Celestial Highness;  
There's not a trace  
Upon her face  
Of diffidence or shyness:  
She borrows light  
That, through the night,  
Mankind may all acclaim her!  
And, truth to tell,  
She lights up well,  
So I, for one, don't blame her!

Ah, pray make no mistake,  
We are not shy;  
We're very wide awake,  
The moon and I!  
Ah, pray make no mistake,  
We are not shy;  
We're very wide awake,  
The moon and I!