

Wavelets lapping, gently tapping,
On my birch canoe;
Paddle dipping, water dripping,
Back to depths of blue;
Shadow fairies on moonbeams dance,
Night wind whispers of romance,
On my ear the echoes ring,
And I seem to hear you sing.

Chorus

Necia when moonbeams peep,

And the shadows slowly creep;

When the evening breezes sigh,

And the stars come out to spy,

Necia I love you dear,

Would that you were always near.

Beneath these mystic shades,

Warriors hale from some far trail,

Here met their dusky maids,

Whispering pine trees will never tell,

Secrets fair that in them dwell,

Knowing that you are my all,

For yourself they gently call.

NECIA

Words and Melody CARL R.MILLER Set to Music by ELLEN A. PETERSON



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