

# Brown Penny

Text: William Butler Yeats

Musik: Morgain

I whispered, "I am too young,"  
And then, "I am old enough";  
Wherefore I threw a penny  
To find out if I might love.  
"Go and love, go and love, young man,  
If the lady be young and fair."  
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,  
I am looped in the loops of her hair.

O love is the crooked thing,  
There is nobody wise enough  
To find out all that is in it,  
For he would be thinking of love  
Till the stars had run away  
And the shadows eaten the moon.  
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,  
One cannot begin it too soon.