2

Shooting Stars

Elizabeth W. Greenleaf

Happily

mf

Last night I went to see the shoot-ing stars up in the sky; They

looked to me like fire-works on the fourth of Ju-ly. *p* White

streaks would dash a-cross the sky like Ro-man can-dles bright; *mp* They

zipped and zoomed through dark-ness wide and made a pret-ty sight. *mf* They