



Happy
Birthday!

There was a time in yesteryear
When Miss Irene lived far from here;
With Navajos in desert town,
She lived midst many shades of brown;
The cactus fried, the sun beat down,
And all around was mostly brown;
The roadrunners behaved like clowns
Carooming thru the desert browns.
Then Miss Irene she changed her scene
And came to where the land is green;
The bush is green, the tree is green,
In fact the very green is green;
It does indeed look really keen
The color seems so very clean;
And you who come from brownish scene
Will know exactly what I mean.
So, Happy Birthday, now Irene,
We wish you years of luscious green!

Jim Markham
August 1987

