The Silvery Moon

As I sit here by the river, gazing out into the blue
Watching the silvery moon, as it grows to near full
Then to see it decline, as it moves across the sky
Often keeps me wondering, how it comes to pass us by
So it can appear again next eve, away up in the east
Spreading its silver glow around, giving our lans a feast
Then to disappear again, following the sun
Telling us it's time to rest, another day is done.

Ron Munn, Whiddon Moree