



Moon Vines on Custard Apple Trees Near Lake Okeechobee

Moon-Vines on the Custard Apple Trees

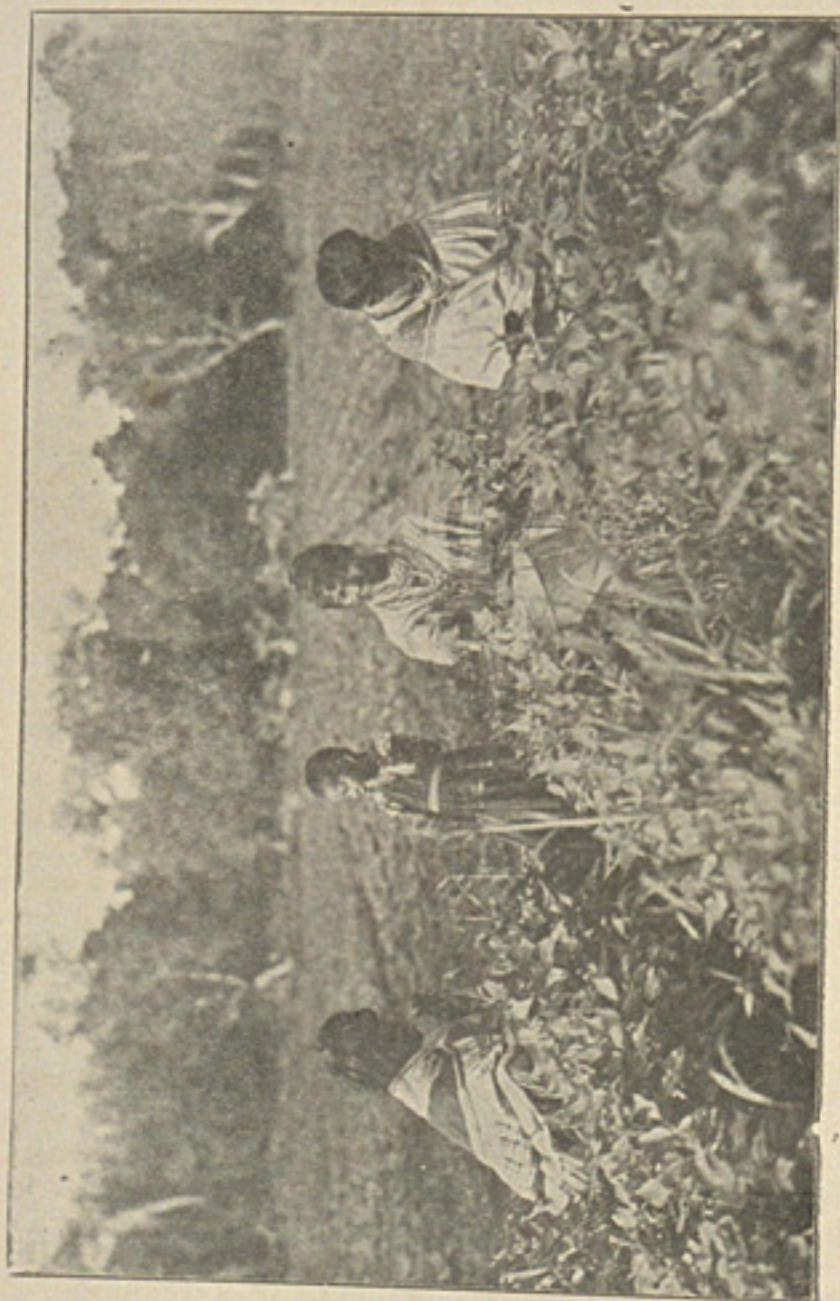
By Lon A. Warner.

(Percy Threadgill, representative of the North Miami Improvement Association, in his report on the recent trip through the Everglades with a congressional delegation, said he thought one of the prettiest sights on the trip was the view of "the moon-vines growing on the custard apple trees.")—Miami Metropolis.

I've heard the sweetest harmony in songs of long ago
When singers sang their sentiments while wand'ring to and fro.
I remember "John Brown's body there a'mould'ring in the grave,"
And "Davis in the sour apple tree" a shocking gave.
But Threadgill has them beat a mile on, poetry today—
It comes from out the Everglades a few score miles away—
He takes his lyre—assumes a pose—and warbles full and free
A song of "moon-vines growing on the custard apple tree!"

No more shall shades of violets adorn the festal boards
Of those who banquet royally the nation's mighty lords;
No more the honeysuckle with its fragrance shall hold sway,
Nor roses on their rambling vines gain favor for a day.
We have a regal splendor there away back in the glades,
Where crops grow most luxuriant without the use of spades,
And all our hearts grow tender and we feel at perfect ease
When Threadgill sings of "Moon-vines on the custard apple trees!"

And in that day, I'm thinking, when the final roll is read,
When everything is ready for the judgment of the dead,
And all the people of the earth assemble there on high
To hear the verdict of the Judge and learn the reason why,
The decorations of the throne will be of pearl and gold
And everything most beautiful that will not rust or mould,
While gracefully entwined, no doubt, and swinging in the breeze,
Will be those "Moon-vines growing on the custard apple trees."



Seminole Indian Squaws Picking Beans

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