



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library

CHRISTMAS, 1940

C383
334

Silver

Clouds

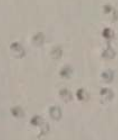
By LOIS ANDERSON SULLIVAN

Copyright, 1940

PRESS OF FOOTE & DAVIES, INC., ATLANTA

PS3537
U48355
1940

To
My Husband
and
My Daughter



JAN 22 1941

CONTENTS

Silver Clouds	4
Oak Trees	5
Christmas Cradle Song	6
A Child's Retreat	7
The Skies at Night	8
A Mother's Wish	9
Beauty	10
Lengthening Days	11
My Friend	12
Tulips	13
Easter-Tide	14
Sunrise Hill	15
Through Autumn Day	16
Love's Garden	17
When Summer Goes	18
The Miracle of Fall	19
To a Wild Crane	20
Life's Treasures	21
The Heart Speaks	22
Tapestry	23
Wind-Swept	24
Thanksgiving	25
Two Sisters	26
My Ship	27
Mocking Bird Melody	28
Hilltops	29

SILVER CLOUDS

Silver Clouds

*Sometimes dark sky may seem to sweep
Across life's dim-lit way
With shadows, blinding you who keep
A vigil through the gray;*

*Yet, know that after each long night
Pale clouds at length shine through—
Silvered with hope, and morning light,
And star-bred faith anew.*

Oak Trees

*Whenever I look at an old oak tree,
Somehow it whispers new hope to me;
Glorious faith shines before my eyes
Like a fountain of stars against the skies.*

*I think of the storms this tree has fought,
Of refuge its sheltering limbs have brought;
And bending close I can hear it call
A greeting to winds as they rise and fall.*

*Strong oak, with the strength that has no fears,
And the rugged wisdom of many years,
I fain would capture a meager part
Of the courage that dwells within your heart.*

Christmas Cradle Song

*O Christmas bells, chime gently, lest you wake
A tiny Babe, wrapped close in slumber deep;
Where two adoring ones their vespers make,
And angels all about glad vigil keep.*

*O Christmas star, beam softly, startle not
The blessed Child asleep this holy night;
But safely guide our hearts to that bright spot
In Bethlehem where shines celestial Light.*

A Child's Retreat

*I know the place that I love best,
A spot so cool and still—
My leafy castle near the crest
Of our moss-covered hill;
O, this is where brown thrushes sing
To me through all the day,
While I pretend I am their king
And they my people gay;
I like to play till shadows creep,
Or cold late breezes blow,
And then I hurry down to sleep
In my warm bed below.*

The Skies at Night

*Night skies are wondrous things to me,
And when I look at them I see
Not just a moon with drifting clouds,
But holy light that strangely shrouds
My being like soft angel wings,
Endowing me with precious things:*

*The peace of little towns at night;
Warm courage from a gold star's light;
Stretches of endless space that bring
New strength;—but best of everything
Is when I raise worshipful eyes
To find God's face in evening skies!*

A Mother's Wish

*Sweet babe, I would that I might keep
You smiling through the years,
A care-free heart, too glad to weep,
Safeguarded from life's tears.*

*But not for long is childhood's way,
Time travels swiftly on;
The moments that are bright to-day,
Tomorrow will be gone!*

Beauty

*Beauty is always a shining thing,
Whether it flies on the gleaming wing
Of a wild gull crossing some distant shore,
Or nestles deep in the rose by your door.*

*Where you can find it, Beauty sheds light,
Gold in the daytime—silver at night,
Happily twinkling like sunbeams in spring,
Beauty is always a shining thing.*

*Could our blind hearts awaken to see
All the bright beauty that God meant to be
Cherished on earth—then at last we would
sing:*

“Beauty is always a shining thing!”

Lengthening Days

*Springtime roused from dreamy slumber
Dons her shining wings,
Speeding earthward with bright treasure
That she yearly brings:*

*Dawns that paint a dark horizon
Earlier with light,
Sunsets lingering till heaven
Calls the stars for night;*

*These are golden moments fastened
On Time's chain of hours,
Gleaming like a jeweled necklace
Through swift April showers!*

My Friend

*I think that you have always been my friend—
Yes, long before the touch of your kind hand
Had brought me strength, your eyes would
 strive to send*

My heart warm solace it could understand.

*“My friend”—what precious words are these
 that shine*

*Like bright-winged birds against an open sky
As heavenward they rise; O, friend of mine,
So may our wings of friendship bear us high!*

Tulips

*The Tulip blooms a fairy cup
That catches sparkling dewdrops up;
Then butterflies of every hue
Fly down to sip sweet honeydew.*

*Such secrets glad do tulips share
And nod their heads with mystic air;
O, it would be a joyous thing
To dance like tulips in a ring.*

*Their satin petals, touched with gold
Some happy magic seem to hold;
Yes, tulips are both wise and gay—
They sleep at night and shine all day.*

Easter - Tide

*This Easter dawn the pale skies gleam
With golden shafts of day;
Like rays of shining hope they seem
To those who kneel and pray;*

*To all who come on bended knee,
And thank their Lord above
For blessed immortality—
The risen Saviour's love.*

*Oh, tremblingly my heart I place
This joyous Easter tide,
Upon His cross—and pray that grace
May in my life abide.*

Sunrise Hill

*I must go back to a place I know—
Far back across the years—
Before life's candle flame burns low
Like a star when morning nears;*

*To a wind-blown hill that climbs its way
High up against the sky
Where long ago a child at play
Watched white cloud-boats sail by.*

*I must go back to my carefree hill
Where grass grows deep and strong,
Where a silver-throated whippoorwill
May strengthen my heart with song.*

*O, take me back this very night
Once more to see sun-rise
With its rosey tints of golden light
Against dark-curtained skies.*

*I must go back—but oh, can I?
My path seems dimmer now—
Yet, I must gather courage high
To reach my goal somehow.*

*O, Sunrise Hill, send me your light
Across time's widening shoal
That I may hold your spirit bright—
God's sunrise—in my soul!*

Through Autumn Day

*Loveliness is everywhere—
Shining through blue autumn air;
Tinting clouds that herald morn;
As day is born.*

*Soon across this dawning light
Leaves begin their earthward flight,
Whirling down in colors gay
Till close of day.*

*Then night's purple shade is drawn;
For the earth must sleep till dawn,
Covered with a leafy spread
Of gold and red.*

Love's Garden

*My garden is a lovely thing,
It shines the long year through
With golden light; all seasons bring
Deep radiance anew.*

*For whether it be springtime fair
Or darkest winter days,
My wondrous garden still is there
Smiling for me always.*

*Such steadfast beauty could not be
Of changing earth a part;
But once Love came and made for me
This garden in my heart!*

When Summer Goes

*Something wistful, something rare,
Lingers in late summer air,
Whispering that every flower
Has spent its hour.*

*Crickets drone a plaintive song,
Heralding the raindrop throng
That comes drenching harvest hay
At close of day.*

*Thus does Summer take her flight,
Poised on golden wings of light,
While soft winds moan low to tell
Their fond farewell!*

The Miracle of Fall

*In autumn every tree is decked
With charming gaiety,
But none is so majestic
As the lofty maple tree
Whose poignant loveliness strikes deep
Against a cloudless sky,
Where, breaking into rapturous fire,
Bright wings of flame spread high.*

*How dazzlingly ecstatic
Is the wealth of glory found
In richly colored maple leaves
Fast whirling to the ground
Like gold-winged butterflies afloat,
Or scarlet birdlings rare—
They dart and dance intriguingly
While shimmering through the air.*

*I think that heaven lends this tree
A shining crown each fall
That spills celestial jewels
Over path and garden wall,
Or drops them into dew-drenched arms
Of tardy-blooming flowers,
There to glow with sparkling light
Through golden sunlit hours.*

To a Wild Crane

*I saw you slowly flying
High over marsh-land trees;
A little sailboat flying
Its course mid star-strewn seas;
On, on, you calmly drifted—
Cloud-white against deep blue—
Till my own heart was lifted
On shining wings to you.*

Life's Treasures

*I gain deep comfort from such simple
things—*

*A branch of scarlet leaves across my
way;*

*A bird's high call; blue sky that
autumn brings—*

*All these help me find sunshine through
my day.*

*And when the twilight darkens toward
night,*

*I see joy shining in the silver moon
Through drifting clouds that steal the
sunset's light,*

*To save it for the dawn that follows
soon.*

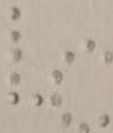
*These are the things that last as time
goes by,
Bright gems on earth which speak of life
to be;
My soul will hoard these treasures so that
I
May some day see them shine immortally.*

The Heart Speaks

*With freedom of will and aim,
And room for the soul to breathe,
My heart would stake its claim
On an open wind-swept heath.*

*Treasure obscure in a mine
Is naught by some far-flung way,
Where sunlight's gold may shine
Or spangled moonbeams play.*

*O, give me the boundless length
Of earth, and sky, and sea,
That my heart may garner strength
From the wells of infinity.*



Tapestry

*Her home is a tapestry
Love-magic weaves—
A rambling white house
Peeping out through green leaves;
An old fashioned garden
With tall trees around
Is artfully woven
Into the background;*

*Then far down one side,
Through shadows and light,
A gay winding brook
Forms a ribbon of white;
While high over head
Is a pale tone of blue,
So carefully blended
For sky-color true;*

*But the plan for this picture
(Like all tapestry)
Is hidden away
Where no one can see;
And here shines the light
That illumines this art—
The lantern of love
In a home-keeping heart!*

Wind-Swept

Open your door and call to the wind
As it goes rushing by,
“Blow through my house and sweep it clean
Like the lovely shining sky.”

“Brush out the cobwebs of dusty fear
Lurking in corners dark,
Fill me anew with a breathless joy
Like the happy singing lark.”

Open your heart and call to the wind
As it goes rushing by,
“Make me as you are—fraught with
 strength—
Scaling horizons high!”

Thanksgiving

*The sweet, glad season comes again
When heads bend low in thankful prayer
For blessings showered down like rain
Upon God's people everywhere.*

*When friends and loved ones gather near
About the hearth fires in the home,
To fill anew the moments dear
With tender memories that come.*

*When weary hearts of men are filled
At last, with peace so long denied,
Like restless children gently stilled
In loving arms at eventide.*

Two Sisters

*Mistress Sea is such a beauty,
A winsome hoyden gay,
With curling spray for tresses
And a laughing, happy way;
Captivating all who see her
Swing so merrily along,
Like some lovely dancing gypsy
Who lilts a witching song.*

*But her haughty sister, Mountain
Is a maiden tall, and calm,
Whose stony heart is jealous
Of a gayer sister's charm;
Her face grows dark with shadow
Behind a cloud-veil white,
When handsome Mr. Moon bends low
To kiss the Sea good-night.*

My Ship

*A mystic ship sailed here one dawn
From darkness into life's glow,
Bearing an eager heart to meet
Its portion of weal and woe.*

*The years have swept my craft afar
Storm tossed on an unknown sea;
But glorious light that shines above
Is beckoning on to me.*

*This same little ship some day
must return*

*Home again through the star-lit
west,*

*(And here is my heart's dearest wish
to-night)*

God grant it find Thee—and rest!

Mocking Bird Melody

*From my window I watch a gray bird singing,
Trilling his song from a gnarled old bough
Of the blossoming pear; and his music keeps
ringing—*

Bringing a message of joy somehow.

*O, the golden lilt of those shimmering chimes,
That pour from the tiny feathered throat,
Is breaking my heart a hundred times—
To mend it again with one glorious note!*

*His song is the first warm breath of spring;
A rapturous hope that follows pain;
The song that the human heart must sing
After life's winter rain.*

Hilltops

*Hilltops are lovely spots to be
High up where winds are strong,
Close to the sky's bright canopy,
Close to a bluebird's song;
Where every cloud is silver-lined
With dreams that may come true,
O, how I love the hilltops kind—
I think God loves them, too.*

H17 89



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library