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TWILIGHT DREAMS

WILLIAM HENRY GARNES





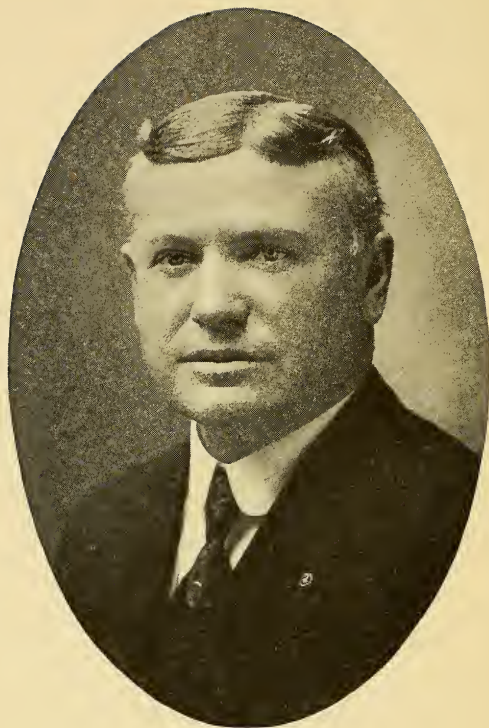
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William Henry Garrison

TWILIGHT DREAMS

And Other Poems

By

WILLIAM HENRY GARNES



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TWILIGHT DREAMS

SITTING in a dream at twilight,
Where I sat in days of yore,
Beneath the tall, drooping willows
On West Cannoquig's shore.

I can see the little farmhouse,
Beyond primeval forests lay;
Between, broad and fertile meadows,
With sweet-smelling clover hay.

The apple and the peach orchard,
Ladened, and boughs bending low,
Where plums, pears and reddest cherries
Mingle each and every row.

Clustered grapes for sweetest nectar,
Grown on vines of old, they say,
Nature hung in reach of fingers
Of John, I and Jennie May.

Dreaming of our favorite pastime—
This we all may do each day—
Angling over the water-dam,
Beneath the bright, silvery spray.

TWILIGHT DREAMS

A vision of the log schoolhouse
Beyond the green wooded dell,
With the merry-making voices,
Brings sweet joys you can not tell.

It is Grace! I hear the echo!
With John, Harry, Nell and Will;
Their voices, we hear resounding,
Come from over Parnell's hill.

And now the schoolbell is ringing;
From our play we rest a spell;
Paul Revere, and Darius Green,
The teacher, old stories tell.

'Tis grammar, reading and writing,
Then standing in a straight row,
The master clearly announces
Spelling down before we go.

Farewells are now next in order;
It is the last tag from Jane;
While Harry Little, Will and Grace,
Love rivals, stroll down the lane.

TWILIGHT DREAMS

The parting of the roads they reach,
With hearts gay and faces fair ;
Out learning rules of nature's schools,
In God's free and balmy air.

The parting of the ways so fair—
Little did we dream that day
Of dear old friends we'd meet no more,
On the journey of life's way.

Sitting in a dream at twilight,
Seeing loved faces in the air,
Only to wake from my slumbers,
To wish that I might be there.

THE WEARY WAY

WHO can know the weary way
Of the soul from day to day?
Grievous burdens come and go;
Even loved ones can not know.

Nature smiles on leaf and flower ;
Buds and blossoms fill each bower ;
Flitting songbirds on the wing
Swell the chorus as they sing.

But the heart at early dawn
Must seek for strength to go on ;
That the wildest storms that beat
Shall not conquer or defeat.

He who strives the truth to know,
As the hours come and go,
At the helm with strength to guide
May be found at eventide.

Who can know the weary way
Of the soul from yesterday?
Grievous burdens come and go ;
Even loved ones can not know.

TO TOM

BECAUSE your love for me seems deep
And holy for my heart to keep,
I'll cross the prairie far and wide
To live with you on the other side ;
Because your Bessie is always there,
And ready to set a bill of fare,
Of cake and chicken and sparkling wine—
Because of this I'll make you mine.

MOTHER'S PRAYER

WHEN sweetest memories of old
Come flitting back in streaks of gold,
Like phantoms gleamed from childhood days,
And shadows lift from o'er life's ways,
My fainting heart still longs to be
At rest once more at Mother's knee ;
Away from toil and free from care,
Again to say my Mother's prayer :
"And now I lay me down to sleep ;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

My childish feet in paths unseen
Have led me on through meadows green,
To toil and strive, for gold and gain,
Which only comes through grief and pain ;
And tired and weary of the strife,
My heart still seeks the better life ;
Recall once more a Mother's care,
Again I bow to say her prayer :
"If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

MOTHER'S PRAYER

The burdens of a cheerless way
Have come from sins of yesterday,
And out of shadows of the past,
God's throne above I see at last ;
In sin and sorrow I bow there,
Again to say my Mother's prayer :
"And now I lay me down to sleep ;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

TO-DAY

Do to-day the work to be done ;
Leave it not until to-morrow ;
Other work comes, you'll be close run,
And time lost you can not borrow.

AUTUMNAL DAYS

THE bright autumnal days have come,
Coloring with crimson and gold,
Like streams of light to remind me
That I am growing old.

The flowers of spring have faded,
Now drooped from heat and rains;
And I, too, am growing weary
Of the toils which life claims.

As the petals fall and crumble,
And leaves turn brown and sear,
My life has reached the autumn time
And soon will close the year.

As the flowers leave their fragrance,
And leaves their mission run,
Will the life I've lived be radiant,
And shine as the bright sun?

Will the path I've trod be cheery,
That those who wish may see?
Or will it be dark and dreary,
And drift their bark at sea?

AUTUMNAL DAYS

Have I scattered smiles and sunshine,
 Borne burdens, relieved pain?
Or, frowning, cruel and selfish,
 Brought sleet and hail with the rain?

The talent God hath given me,
 If I have used it in vain,
I promise the days I linger,
 Not to use for self or gain.

MY FLOWERS

(FRIENDS)

My flowers are all golden,
At least, they seem to me;
And yet I sometimes wonder
If mistaken I may be.

They all to me are fragrant
In life's sweet month of May,
But which of them will cheer me
When silvery hairs turn gray?

The rarest of my flowers
I now choose for my heart;
The one forever fragrant,
Until this life I part.

FLORENCE MULLER

(SISTER OF MAUD)

FLORENCE MULLER came, one spring day,
From east to west to make some hay.

With pure, sweet smiles, and a charming grace,
No being more fair with lovely face.

The air, scented with blossoms of May,
Covered as a mantle the roadside way.

Standing that day in the balmy air,
Wishing for words to break silence there,

I looked at Florence with a longing heart,
And asked for her love, at least in part.

She gave a look that pierced through and through,
And I knew at once it would not do.

I thought of the Judge on that June day,
And remembered how he rode away ;

FLORENCE MULLER

Then tried to retreat, with a foolish smile ;
Florence kept eying me all the while.

She gave to me, with a "sun-browned hand,"
A stroke on the cheek that made me stand ;

And then she slowly strolled away,
Leaving me alone to rake the hay.

I gave a glance "to the far-off town,"
And wished for once I hadn't come down.

The sun was warm at the noon of day,
I fell in a swoon in the new mown hay.

She repented then of her cruel deed,
And thought perhaps I might her need ;

And returned to me, but rather slow ;
I knew the trick worked, so I laid low.

From cup in her hand, no sweeter draught,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to quaff ;

Except from the cup of love that day
The sweet girl gave as we raked the hay.

SOMEWHERE

SOMEWHERE the moon is shining
In a starry sky so bright;
Somewhere a heart is pining
For its loved one at dawn of night.

Somewhere the clouds will darken;
Your path will not be so bright;
Somewhere the world will try you—
If true you'll win in the fight.

Somewhere a cross is waiting;
Be not o'ercome in the plight.
Somewhere Mother is longing,
Watching, praying for the right.

FRANCES BY THE SEA

THE moon reflects from the river,
Over the verdant hills to me ;
And I'm dreaming of my Frances,
Who lives by the deep blue sea.

'Twas fate, with his cunning power,
Who played the shrewd game on me,
And took me to meet fair Frances,
Who lives by the deep blue sea.

Compelled to love and cherish her—
No choice of mine was left to me ;
A heart so faint could not resist
The spirit that lives by the sea.

Now fate, so cruel and heedless,
Has cunningly left it to me
To try to forget my Frances,
Who lives by the deep blue sea.

But a lonely heart is longing
For a cherished love that might be,
With the sweet and lovely Frances,
Who lives by the deep blue sea.

THE ANT

Go to the ant, thou sluggard,
See there what thou canst learn;
If no bread in thy cupboard,
Surely thou didst not earn.

THE DAY IS ENDED

AND now the day is ended ;
My work is nearly done ;
Be nature's forces blended,
That rest and peace may come

To a weary, worn spirit,
O'er a task just begun ;
That strength the soul may merit
For work yet to be done.

And when, refreshed and strengthened,
If labors for each day
Shall call for duties lengthened,
May find us on our way.

CALL OF THE FLOWERS

ONE by one the leaves are forming,
As the stems grow thick and tall;
From the buds will soon be shooting
Fragrant flowers great and small.

As their sweetness comes to greet me,
Calling me away from care,
May their fragrance, as it meets me,
Purge and make me free and fair.

Tiny petals, beauty holding,
Nature's brush has painted free,
Jewels from the Master's folding,
Calling, yes, and beckon me.

Beauty from their leaves unfolded,
Burdens at their feet I lay;
Heart now free, and conscience moulded,
Freshing as a balmy day.

Sweet perfumes the heart now filling,
Balm that strengthens one and all;
Duties wait us if we're willing,
We should strive to hear the call.

CALL OF THE FLOWERS

“Let us, then, be up and doing,”
 Whate’er duty’s task may be;
Speak a word to hearts now brooding;
 Cheer and comfort and set free.

DO NOT FROWN

THE golden-rod will turn brown ;
The leaves and grasses sear ;
Ne'er let thy life come to frown,
When duties seem hard and drear.

STRANGE LONGINGS

ALL alone and musing in silence,
Imbued by an unseen power,
Counting the swiftly fleeting moments
As the clock now strikes the hour.

Joys of the bygone days reflecting,
As a halo comes to me ;
Thoughts flood my soul as a rushing river,
Like billows roll up from the sea.

There's something of sadness and longing,
A feeling which is "kin to pain,"
A ceaseless fretting, tinged with sorrow,
Which in truth is just the same.

A heart once distant so strangely warmed ;
Longings only the soul can know ;
Unseen, and ruled beyond my power,
Why has He thus made it so ?

That something, so sweet and so lovely,
Wafted o'er my soul unseen,
Now filling my heart with a longing,
Reflects as the moon from the stream.

STRANGE LONGINGS

Could I read from a treasured volume,
And a choice were left to me,
I would choose the heart's sweetest treasure,
A joy that I wish might be.

WHO CARES THAT A HEART IS LONELY

IN this world of trouble,
In rushing to and fro,
Many hearts are aching,
As the days come and go.

Will you stop to linger
And ask perchance there be
A friend, a worthy brother,
Who needs some help from thee.

A kindly word spoken,
A sympathizing tear,
Help the heart that's broken,
Driving away their fear.

Just a little errand
If need, go out of way ;
Carry the burden of others,
Will strengthen you each day.

A heart may be lonely ;
Kind friends may not know why ;
Therefore take it for granted,
And always pass them by.

WHO CARES THAT A HEART IS LONELY?

Longing for a loved one,
With cherished thoughts of old;
You can't know their burden;
Their trouble is untold.

In a loving manner
Give all at your command;
Let your gifts be generous—
Their heart will understand.

Many hearts are lonely;
Don't pass them on their way.
May you kindly whisper
Sweet words of cheer to-day.

THE MUSTARD SEED

A LESSON from the mustard seed,
From tiny shells grow tall,
And making for the birds that need
Tree shelter for the fall.

Our hearts may be as mustard seeds,
Keep spreading and grow tall;
And furnish food for souls who need,
And help them one and all.

WHAT'S THE USE

WHAT'S the use to love another,
When another doesn't love you?
It seems folly to the other,
Though your heart be truest blue.

What's the use to kick at trouble,
When your kick no good will do?
The burdens come to your brother;
Why should they not come to you?

What's the use to pout and worry,
Because things don't go your way?
Folks would bounce you in a hurry
If you would only just say.

Why not smile a little sunshine?
Let all troubles go their way;
The stars are brightest in moonshine,
Present weather, fine for hay.

Keep sweetly smiling, just a word,
Help your brother on his way;
Let all the grumbling be unheard;
Be a helper while you may.

WHAT'S THE USE?

And when this life you shall depart—
The heart so faint cease to go—
Kind friends will bow with aching heart,
Breathing praises soft and low.

REFLECTION

ARE the hills of old Columbia
Still the same as in the days of yore?
Does the moon reflect from the river
As when I stood there upon its shore?

Do lilies still bloom in the valley,
With the buttercup and daisy rare?
The rose, chrysanthemum and the calla,
I wonder if they are all still there?

Has the charm that was there been broken?
Could it be less after years so long?
Ah! joys and sorrows are unspoken,
Of the souls who met there and have gone.

A fair form I see in my vision,
More beautiful than the flowers there;
One for whom old time love has risen,
But only as a myth in the air.

I plucked for her the sweet buttercup,
Still bright and fresh with the morning dew;
She, teasing, urged me to hurry up,
With the threat, I'll run off and leave you!

REFLECTION

She received with a smile the flowers,
Gently pressing my hand, which, I knew,
Expressed her sweet thoughts in those hours
In token of the words, I love you!

Though the vision brings gloom and sadness—
'Tis a hope forever lost, I fear—
I drink from the fountain with gladness,
In sweet remembrance of one so dear.

Columbia, in love we dwell with thee,
Though our hearts have wandered far away;
The souls who met there must ever be
Content to dream till the judgment day.

MOTHER IS THINKING OF YOU

WHEN night and "shadows are falling,"
With darkness "o'er land and sea,"
Somewhere your Mother is calling—
Constantly calling for thee.

When stars in the "sky are gleaming,"
Gleaming most "tender and true,"
Somewhere her soul will be longing,
Yes, longing, my boy, for you.

When your heart is sad and lonely,
When friends prove false and untrue,
Somewhere that loved one is thinking—
Lovingly thinking of you.

Should you stop to think when gloaming,
Of one who always loved you,
Somewhere that Mother is dreaming—
Yes, dreaming, dear boy, of you.

DUTIES WAIT THEE

MANY duties now await thee,
If thou wilt but hear the call ;
Then do thy part, whate'er it be,
Stand for right and do not fall.

The world's battle is before you,
Right and liberty for all ;
Should you fail, the cause may, too,
For freedom's sake hear the call.

SPIRIT WORLD

We shall meet again,
When this life shall end,
The friends we knew here below.

We shall look for those
That our hearts once chose,
In this life so long ago.

The friendships of old,
When we there unfold,
They will fonder grow each day.

The sweetest of dreams,
Which were lost, it seems,
Shall there be renewed, they say.

The disappointed heart,
With its joys to part,
May be pillowed in the sky.

Why our friends thus go,
We here never know ;
Future ages shall then tell why.

BROKEN VOWS

WHEN the heart's love chords have broken,
When love's fair dreams have flown,
O God, hast Thou to us spoken
Of things we have not known?

Why should sorrow to me be given
For sins not of my own?
Must I to the cross be driven
With burdens and grief alone?

The bright morning sun hath risen,
And sent a sparkling ray;
But the clouds have come and driven
Light from me at midday.

Shall the evening tide be golden
After a weary day?
Or shall I see peace beholden
When I bow down to pray?

At last there comes a token;
Methinks I hear Thee say:
I know thy heart was broken,
Fear not, thy God will repay.

TRUE-BLUE

THE question comes to you and me :
Where shall we find true-blue?
In sky above or in the sea?
I leave it, friend, to you.

Some folks you do not understand,
Nor will they always you.
Should they not act at your command,
Still best to be true-blue.

A little act and kindness done
Will touch the heart that's true ;
A sincere soul will never shun,
But always prove true-blue.

The moral, then, for you and me,
Should others fail to do,
No matter what they prove to be,
We'll always be true-blue.

WHERE LOVE ABIDES

O ART divine, and art so true,
All earth's treasures shall bow to you.
Across the brink where love abides,
There all thy subjects thou dost guide,
Where, dazzled with a radiant gleam,
Their bright hopes vanish like a dream,
Because they can not understand
The magic touch of thy fair hand.

With sparkling eyes of crimson hue,
Thou pierceth hearts through and through ;
Across the threshold of the soul,
Which seems beneath your strange control,
Your taunting spirit makes its flight
As fleeting as the daunting night ;
And then you vanish like a gleam,
It surely must be but a dream.

O art divine, wilt thou return
To the aching heart that still must yearn ?
Come soothe once more the weary breast,
And give to the mind peace and rest ;

WHERE LOVE ABIDES

Return before the dawn of night,
With sweetest visions of delight,
Because the soul is filled with grief,
And love alone can give relief.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER's soft but chilly breeze
Play sweet zephyrs in the leaves,
Whispering round at crack and door,
Spirits on the attic floor.

Sunshine and shadow come and go,
Changing hither to and fro ;
Released by frosts, ripe nuts now fall,
Hear the sound across the hall ;

Calling me from labor and care,
To woods where spoils wait me there ;
Gray squirrel perching high up on limb,
Chirping, don't forget me, Jim !

My promise there to be his friend,
Nuts for squirrel and me to lend ;
Cheerily, chattering, he works away,
And I, too, till close of day.

Starting homeward to get a feed,
Across the field the nearest lead ;
Corn on the shock so thick and fine,
Pumpkins yellow on frosted vine.

OCTOBER

Stubbing the toe, again you stop,
Makes a fellow squirm and hop ;
Spanish needles as thick as lice,
Bedeck clothes with fringes nice.

Through the gateway and in the lane,
Breaking back and limbs that pain ;
Tired and weary and filled with dust,
Mother I long to see and must.

I open wide the kitchen door,
See her standing on the floor ;
Turning over in frying-pan,
Things that make of boy a man.

Sweetest odors come to greet me,
Wafted on the breeze so free ;
Sweet potatoes fried nice and brown,
Turning wafers o'er and round.

The brown sausage so fine and sweet,
With pumpkin pie seem to meet ;
Filled plumb full, can hold no more,
I stretch full length on the floor.

Lamp burning dim, and on the wall
Shadows move as spirits tall ;

OCTOBER

Strains of music across the hall
Sooth the hearts of one and all.

Then Mother comes to kiss away
Troubles of the livelong day ;
Bowed in prayer, her hand on my head,
Tucks me away into bed.

Again zephyrs play in the leaves,
The chilly night October breeze ;
Spirits return to attic floor,
Sounds come in at crack of door.

Cover o'er head to keep away
Ghosts after a weary day ;
Falling to sleep, I know not when,
Rest till morn, to wake again.

To live anew from day to day,
Only a boy who will may ;
Memories sweet from days of old,
Sunbeams in the heart unfold.

To cheer and help one on life's way,
Lighten burdens of each day ;
Then at last, in a better land,
I'll grasp again Mother's hand.

COULD SHE BUT KNOW

WHY it is so
I do not know ;
Tongue or pen can not tell ;
A strange desire,
My heart on fire,
For one I love so well.

Would she but give,
That I might live,
Her love so sweet and true,
My heart would be
As light and free
As stars in sky of blue.

Could she but know
That I will go
Through all my days, and live
With her alone
On my heart's throne,
For her my life would give.

CHARITY

CHARITY is more to be desired than gold,
Not equaled by the onyx or sapphire ;
The goodness of thy heart freely unfold,
And rarest of jewels thou shalt acquire.

AWAKE

AWAKE, thou soul that slumbers !
 Adrift on lethargy's stream ;
Before thy days are numbered,
 Awake thou from thy dream !

The Master calls for reapers ;
 The harvest time is here ;
Go forth now with the keepers ;
 Help spread good will and cheer.

Ardent duties wait for thee ;
 Be thou strong for the task.
Bleeding hearts wish to be free—
 Bring to them the joy they ask.

Awake, thou soul that slumbers !
 Behold the blood-stained world !
Go with Emanuel's numbers ;
 His banner help unfurl.

TO FATHER

FATHER may have peculiar ways,
Therefore we fail to give due praise;
Yet by labor through all the days
Many gifts at our door he lays.

His heart aches—you may never know—
No matter how the wind may blow;
Through rain and sleet and hail and snow,
If there's a task, he's sure to go.

Have you considered what might be
If Father's keen eye could not see
The wolf ahead; to keep us free,
And thus provide for you and me?

Sort of natural that we should feel
That to Mother we must appeal;
But when Father turns up his heel
There'll be slipping of cogs in the wheel.

LAD AND LASSIE

I WISH, kind friends, to tell a story,
Before you shall lay me low,
Of happy days of a lad and lassie,
Of a long, long time ago.

The black-eyed lassie's name was Laura ;
The laddie you all well know ;
They both lived in the city of Dixon,
In that long, long time ago.

When first they met, fair lad and lassie,
Their hearts were made to glow ;
They pledged their love for Heaven above,
In that long, long time ago.

Lassie has gone to that Heavenly home,
It is joy and peace to know ;
She requested their love should blossom above,
In that long, long time ago.

SPRING

MARCH and April weather,
With its rain, sleet and snow,
The swelling of the river
Doth freely come and go.

The shadow and the sunshine
Bring with the wind the rain,
Dashed at morn or noontime
Against the windowpane.

The creeping of the grass,
The shooting of the trees,
The bursting of the buds,
Call forth the honeybees.

My heart calling yonder
To meadow lands so green,
Where violets so dainty
May everywhere be seen.

Falling of the sunbeam
Upon the dewdrop fair;
The soul filled with sunshine
In a pure and balmy air.

SPRING

Back to joys of bygones
My heart again would be ;
To romp and play as ever
In childhood paths so free.

WHEN I HAVE GONE

WHEN I have gone, will there be
Some fond heart to wish for me?
Be there more than vacant chair,
Longings for my presence there.

Some kind deed that I have done
May give strength to a weary one ;
Inspire and bring as it may
Deeds of good to him each day.

The mite I cast upon the sea
May return again to be
Food to strengthen some faint heart,
That in life may do his part.

I want to live when I have gone ;
I'll not be classed with the throng ;
Those who lived and were not missed,
Whose lives sunbeams never kissed.

The young lives I wish to touch,
For their joy I may do much ;
Through middle life to silvery gray,
Walking with them all the way.

WHEN I HAVE GONE

Let me live that when I go
Lonely hearts may love me so,
My life to them be as flowers
To cheer and help in lonely hours.

SWEET DREAMS

SWEET dreams, she wished me an abundance,
Sweet dreams of a joy I never knew ;
My heart was anxious to receive them,
Her sweet dreams, though they never come true.

Sweet dreams, how could I but believe her?
Sweet dreams she wished me from a heart true ;
There's always some fate to prevent them,
Life's sweetest dreams may never come true.

Sweet dreams, there's a haven in the future,
Where the sweet dreams may some day prove true,
And the soul, then free from its burdens,
Will enjoy sweet dreams when they come true.

CHILDHOOD PATHS ONCE MORE

BACK to childhood paths again,
Live and do as I did then!
Wading in the rippling brook,
In and out each shady nook;
Climb the pear tree, straight and tall,
Hear the ripened fruit then fall;
Weeping willows bending low,
Morning shadows come and go;
On the grass we used to play
From early morn to close of day,
Passing time at hide-and-seek
Along the bank of the creek,
Time to spare to take a swim,
Leap like frogs from off a limb;
From morn to night filled with joy—
Happy days then when a boy!

Watermelons fine and sweet,
Forbidden fruit sure to eat;
Slipping o'er to Yager's patch,
Hole in gate or break a latch,

CHILDHOOD PATHS ONCE MORE

Finest grapes there wait for me ;
Spy old Andy back of tree !
Excuse was made just the same,
Came to borrow fishing seine ;
Mouth all set, we can but gape,
Mighty hard to leave the grape ;
Take a sneak along the dam,
Whistle sharp for brother Sam,
May be trapped, you never know,
Andy's clutch will not let go ;
Missed again a happy joy,
Yet 'twas pleasure for a boy !

In the meadow violets grew,
Fragrant flowers of every hue ;
Dewberries not far away,
To feast at will as you may,
Fruits in season all as rare
Grew in abundance everywhere ;
The birds singing in the trees,
In tufts of grass bumblebees ;
Harvest time with ripening grain,
The bleat of sheep in the lane,
Autumn frosts with chilly breeze,
Ripened nuts and colored leaves ;

CHILDHOOD PATHS ONCE MORE

The golden-rod turning brown,
Nuts from trees are falling down,
Happy days of blithe and joy—
O once more to be a boy!

Pumpkins on the frosted vine,
Sweet potatoes smooth and fine,
Apples ripe fall on the ground;
Thanksgiving is coming round,
Turkey roast so nice and sweet,
Festal board we love to greet,
Happy hearts now filled with cheer;
Grateful for the present year,
From our hearts we give Him praise!
And a joyful anthem raise!
Soon will come the falling snow,
Autumn time then, too, must go;
Round the hearthstone we will meet,
To share again Christmas treat;
Thanks to him for all the joy;
Happy by-gones of a boy!

LEARN TO WAIT

MAY your heart beat fast for those who love you,
And faster still for those who hate ;
As the stars in heaven shine above you,
With patience learn to love and wait.

ACTS OF KINDNESS

Just a little act of kindness,
To a brother you may meet,
Lead him out to light from blindness,
And a happy life he'll greet.

Just a kindly word that's spoken
To cheer and help him on his way ;
When you speak to a heart broken,
Gives you strength another day.

A SUNBEAM

THERE'S always a sunbeam, my love, somewhere,
Though the day be dark, or the day be fair;
When the heart is faint and life seems so drear,
There's always a sunbeam for you somewhere.

Could the soul but wake from its slumbers, dear,
And look from the earth to the sky so fair,
The spirit throw off sorrow's robe so sear,
It would find its sunbeam, my love, somewhere.

The birds are singing when the day is here,
Though the skies are cloudy, or they are fair;
And the bee still toils with nothing to fear—
There's always a sunbeam, my love, somewhere.

The heart sees the shadows and will not hear
The call of the sunbeam when the sky is fair;
But should there be sunshine or shadows, dear,
There's always a sunbeam for you somewhere.

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