

Cheryl

Cheerful as sun-spangles on the bright river,
Laughing as brooks on a glad summer day,
Grateful for everything to the Great Giver,
Happy as birds in their treetops in May.

Not that the dark shadows ne'er touch the water,
Not that the clouds in her life have no part,
But that in all things she is His loved daughter,
Knowing His love in her deep, hidden, heart.

THUNDER WAGONS

Thomas A. Davis

Thunder wagons rumbling by,
Rolling, rattling, 'cross the sky,
Shaking every house and tree,
Scaring Lorna June and me.

A "fun thing" composed in the Philippines,
September 28, 1963. I was having evening
Worship with Lorna, 4, when a thunderstorm
Rolled up. This came to me spontaneously.
Lorna still remembers and quotes it on
Appropriate occasions.

THE LONG-AGO BOY

Thomas A. Davis

I could cry when I think of that little boy
Who lived so long ago,
Who dreamily gazed at the old lamp's light,
And the old stove's rosy glow;
Who slept with the wind in the willow tree,
Who sighed with it in the grass --
Oh, if only that little boy were here! But the years --
How thwy pass! How they pass!

How that little boy, with a little boy's heart,
Rejoiced in the rain and the Spring,
And the rippling pond, and the scudding clouds,
And the birds upon the wing,
And the day's last glow, and the stars' first gleam,
And the surge of the distant deep,
And a father's prayer, and a mother's kiss,
And a sinking into sleep.

Oh, if only that long-ago little boy,
Who walked in the dewy day,
Who one day, when I was busy, I guess,
Just quietly slipped away --
Oh, if only upon some long summer day,
When the wind id in the sky,
That little boy would come back for one hour --
That little boy who was I.

THE CONCIENTIOUS STUDENT

Thomas A. Davis

There is a moon tonight,
and it shall rise so large,
so round and bright.
And soon, perchance, her soft
and lustrous light
will draw my eyes
just momentarily
from off my books
and I shall think of ----
But no,
I mustn't dare,
for now examination time
is here.

Again, perhaps at three,
she will creep through
my window
and awaken me.
And I shall open
questioning eyes and
see her floating there
so very tranquilly,
and once again my mind
will turn to ----
But no,
it mustn't dare,
for then my sleeping time
is here.

NIGHT TIME

Thomas A. Davis

Night tripped down from the Milky Way
And with a dainty, careless hand,
Shattered the golden flagon of day,
Spilling the darkness over the land.

Out all the stars came to apprise
Each other of the Night's offence,
Piercing the dusk with little cat's eyes,
Like fireflies holding a conference.