

AS THE HEART THINKETH

I'm sorry for the folks who say
Rain makes for them a gloomy day;
For in the drops of silver rain
That's trickling down my window pane
I see new life for dying shoots,
And sustenance for growing roots.

I see old meadows, sere and brown,
Emerging in an emerald gown,
And golden winged honey bees
With padded pockets ride the breeze;
My heart bleeds for the folks who say
Rain makes for them a gloomy day.

By Alice W. Norton

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