

ATMOSPHERE

Far away from the maddening crowds of life,
At the foot of a sloping hill,
Where the winds and the rain and the sweet singing birds,
Forever a melody spill,
There's a dear little house and a towering tree
That lingers within my memory.

In a sweet green vale there's a babbling brook
That's headed straight down to the sea,
And the way that it sings as it races along,
Brought a lesson in life to me,
So I sing as I work, regardless the task,
And never of Fate a question ask.

But the dear little house in the sweet green vale
Stands now with its doors closed fast,
Yet inside the cottage, both upstairs and down,
Dwell the dreams of a beautiful past,
And in the beauty lingering there,
Still glows a sacred atmosphere.

by A. W. Norton

From: Girlhood Days Magazine
August 22, 1937 – Vol. 75, No. 47, Pg. 2