

## WEAVER OF DREAMS

Weaver of dreams come near, I pray,  
And over the web you now behold,  
Weave all the tones of a summer day –  
The silver of dawn and the sunset's gold.

Weave all the magic between leaf and tree,  
Of lilting song 'bove a crowded nest,  
The wing-weary wind's soft melody,  
The noonday sun on the hill's dark crest.

The sheen of the sky and the water's sheen,  
Weave them – oh, weave them with touch so true,  
And the bar of color that runs between,  
Weave it, I ask, of your brightest hue.

For the web of my life is laid in gray,  
Nor time, nor chance, nor aching tears,  
Can change the pattern that day by day  
My hands have woven throughout the years.

So, weaver of dreams, let the wonder thread  
That ever and aye from your fingers run,  
Weave out the gloom of a day that's dead,  
Weave the gleam of a day begun.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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