

March 27, 1940

### AH, WHAT ARE WORDS?

Ah, what are words, when in the soul  
There dwells a longing deep and fresh with pain,  
The tears that fall, like echoes in the rain  
Send sweet vibrations through the suffering heart  
And, bursting with new gladness comes the light  
Of peace, and then the silence reigns again.

Ah, what are words when terror, tremulous,  
Sweeps on the trembling mind in gusts of fear,  
A raging wind of fever that the tear  
Is powerless against, and yet relief  
Is found when sobs arise from deep within  
And stir the framework shaking off the wind.

Ah, what are words when joy is in its height,  
A boundless freedom surging from despair  
And rising on the breezes of the air  
To blissful, sweet content, and all the gloom  
Is pierced with happiness, and then the tears  
That reach the eyes are sweeter, lovelier by far

Than laughter, deeper, fuller to the realms  
Of gladness, and unheeded now they fall  
Like raindrops waiting for the morning sun.