

July 8, 1939

MY SUNSHINE

The glory of the setting sun,
The beauty of the world when day is done,
And hope, my sunshine, shines a golden light;
The azure skies in fading light turn pale
And suddenly as a hoot-owl's mournful wail
Descends despairing gloom of darkest night.

My hopes are gone, those hopes of rosy hue,
They vanished in the sky of misty blue
With sun that shone thru clouds of doubt and doom;
And now with gruesome darkness all around me,
Misery and despair seem to surround me
And make my world a silent stone-cold tomb.

But somewhere else the golden sun must rise
While others in despair ope' joyful eyes
To see their vision of hope rise o'er them high;
They who have suffered and doubted at last can hope,
In darkness now no longer need they grope
Until, with dusk, their vision leaves the sky.

But then at dawn my skies of gloomy blue
Assume a rosy, sunny, brilliant hue
As hope, that golden sun, begins to rise;
The dawning of another lovely day
Whose path is brightly lighted all the way
With hope, my sunshine, shining from the skies.