

November 6, 1939

The dim moon casts a steady light
Upon the solid dark of night,
Its misty ray of silver weaves
A lacy pattern through the leaves.

A lonely soul plods onward, slow,
To reach, just what, he does not know,
He thinks that happiness is there
Beyond his doubting and despair.

The moonbeams seem to lead him on,
Those flickering moonbeams, pale and wan,
So soft, so far, they seem to light
A path into the gloomy night.

He could turn back, the house is near,
That house the haven for his fear,
But somewhere off, the hazy beams
Weave webs of mystery and dreams.

He leaves his refuge far behind
In hopes of richer things to find,
And urging him to quicker flight
Shines falsely clear the moonbeam's light.

How hard he plods upon the trail
Lit by the moon; he cannot fail
To reach his goal; so far it seems,
So long to reach the land of dreams.

And finally the moonbeams end,
Then as he sharply rounds the bend
He sees now what he strove to seek
But disillusion grim and bleak.

His dreams are scattered everywhere,
His golden hope becomes despair,
He has no soothing haven now,
His head to bitter fate must bow.

The moon has sunk; he cannot find
The refuge that he left behind,
Alone and stranded in the dark
He hears the warbling of a lark.

Another hope, though not so clear
Or not so promising, yet fear
Compels him onward toward the bird
Whose heavenly music he has heard.

But as he nears, the darkness dies,
And rising in the lighting skies
Comes sunshine, morning fresh and blue,
New hopes and longings to come true.

He sees his haven in the far,
It seems to him now like a star,
The day is bright, but still his nest
Is sweeter, brighter than the rest.

He longs to see his own backyard,
His home is far, the path is hard,
But he will plod with heart at rest
To reach the home that he loves best.