

January 8, 1937

THE STORM

The fog began to thicken
And the misty setting sun
Left a trail of yellow glimmer
O'er the mountains it had come.

The wind began to murmur
And the clouds began to gather
While the ocean rolled upon the shore
And left its snowy lather.

The palm trees then began to sway,
The flowers sadly droop
As the wind swept down in a fearful blast
And tossed the sand with her swoop.

T'was then that the fearful storm began,
The clouds in the heavens crashed
While down on the earth an echo was heard
As the waves the seashore lashed.

The heavens were lit by a golden light
Which vanished 'ere it had come,
While down on the earth the gray sea was split
By the light of a ship in its doom.

But soon again the silence reigned
Till where earth and ocean did meet
Not a sound was heard on the land or sea
Save the ocean's steady beat.

And then from behind the mountain range
The moon began to rise,
And the twinkling specks of little stars
Ventured to do likewise.

Had a stranger been there an hour before
And seen the splendid sight,
Then returned, he'd have found not a single change
Save the change from day to night.