

November 30, 1939

### TWILIGHT REVERIE

The sweetest sound of music from the laughing lips of song  
Awakes an echo in my heart of days gone by so long,  
And in the dreary hours of the twilight through the rain  
Dear memories of long ago come back to me again.

Through deep and dusky dimness I can see the rich green lawn  
Where by the sunny hours romped children that are gone,  
The sweet and tender little ones whose lilting laughter cheers  
My heart, my heavy aching heart down through the yearning years.

I see the hills and valleys where I often used to roam,  
And nestled in among them, I can see my childhood home,  
A lofty mansion tall and white, with gardens damp in dew  
And overhead a smiling sun enhanced by misty blue.

I see bright youths and maidens glancing shyly with wide eyes  
Upon a vast and wondrous world, so full of pains and lies,  
I see them setting out to it, free from the doubts and fears  
That later reached their longing hearts, remaining through the years.

I see the friends and loved ones that death has snatched away,  
For every twilight evening they have come with me to stay,  
I hear their happy voices and I see their laughing eyes  
And know once more that it is only life, not love, that dies.

But when the inky night descends and twilight hours are past  
These memories so tender, yet so painful, leave at last,  
And now my heavy aching heart, from grieving sadly sore,  
Returns to grim reality, till twilight comes once more.