



CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

Oh, I wonder if anyone knows,
On a sunshiny day, where a dark cloud goes?
I have heard that it hovers about, unheeded,
Until on an angry child's face it is needed;
Then swiftly and silently it settles down
On his smooth, white forehead—an ugly frown.

Oh, I wonder if anyone knows,
On a cloudy day, where the sunshine goes?
I have heard that it chooses the queerest places—
The hearts of good children, and shines through their
faces;
In their eyes it dances all the while,
On their lips it lingers—a loving smile.