

AFTER STORM

THE wind has blown the clouds away, and now we have a perfect day, the sun is sawing wood; we jog along 'neath smiling skies, the sounds of grief no more arise, and every gent feels good. Life seems a most delightful graft when nature once again has laughed, dismissing clouds and gloom; we find new charms in Mother Earth, our faces beam with seemly mirth, our whiskers are in bloom. That is the use of dreary days, on which we're all inclined to raise a yell of bitter grief; they fill us up with woe and dread, so when the gloomy clouds are sped, we'll feel a big relief. That is the use of every care that fills your system with despair, and rends your heart in twain; for when you see your sorrow waltz, you'll turn three hundred somersaults, and say life's safe and sane. If there was not a sign of woe in all this verdant vale below, life soon would lose its zest, and you would straightway roar and beef because you couldn't find a grief to cuddle to your breast. So sunshine follows after storm, and snow succeeds the weather warm, and we have fog and sleet; all sorts of days are sliding past, and when we size things up at last, we see life can't be beat.