

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

AS I sit in the gleaming firelight
At dusk of a fading day,
I seem to see before me
The land of the Far-Away;
And memories ne'er forgotten
However old I grow,
Are pictured in light and shadow
In the Land of the Firelight Glow.

The old stone house with its gables,
The green of the orchard trees,
The bucket-well with its wooden trough,
The rope swing stirred in the breeze,
A hard, brown path to the highway
With a picket fence below—
Are pictured in gold and crimson,
In the Land of the Firelight Glow.

The dear familiar faces
Of those I've loved of yore,
Arise and smile upon me
With tender grace once more;
And the balm of their presence soothes me
With the love of the long ago,
Till the lonely present vanishes
In the Land of the Firelight Glow.