

**FROM
GRAY TO GOLD**

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From Gray to Gold by Isabel Sinclair

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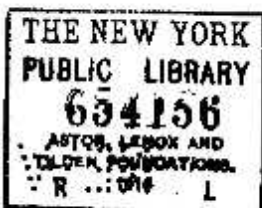
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ISABEL SINCLAIR ✕



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FOR THE
LIBRARY

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MEMORANDUM
FOR THE RECORD
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FROM GRAY TO GOLD

Gray was the sky in the morning
And drearily all the day,
The mountain mists came down and down
Till all the earth was gray.

I looked from my fair south window,
Where the sunbeams love to play,
But never a gleam had lingered there,
The south, as the north was gray.

And into my heart came stealing
The spell of that cheerless day,
Till it seemed that the whole long round of life
Like the earth and sky was gray.

But all the while from the eastward,
Your letter was on its way
And its coming scattered the mountain mist
And brightened my skies of gray.

I know not what wonderful magic
You hid in each dainty fold.
I only know that the letter you sent,
Turned all my gray to gold.