

Thunderflare!

"Ghost"

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Oft in the silence of the night,
when the lonely moon rides high,
when the wintry winds are whistling,
and we hear the owl's shrill cry,
in the quiet, dusky chamber,
by the flickering firelight,
rising up amid two sleepers,
comes a spirit all in white.

A winsome tiny ghost it is,
rosy - cheeked, and bright of eye;
with yellow curls all breaking loose
from the small cap pushed awry.
Up it climbs among the pillows,
for the "big dark" brings no dread,
and a baby's boundless fancy
makes a kingdom of a bed.

A fearless tiny ghost it is;
safe the night seems as day;
the moon is but a gentle face,
and the sighing winds are lively.
The solitude is full of friends;
for in this happy soul,
shines a sun that never sets.

A merry tiny ghost it is,
cheerfully dancing by itself,
on the flowery counterpane,
like a tricky household elf,
nodding to the fitful shadows,
as they flicker on the wall;

talking to familiar pictures,
mimicking the owl's shrill call.

A thoughtful tiny ghost it is;
and when the gambols tire,
with chubby hands and chubby knees,
it sits winking at the fire.
Fancies innocent and lovely
shine before those baby-eyes,

endless fields of dandelions, brooks, birds and butterflies.

A lovely tiny ghost it is:
when crept into its nest,
its hands on father's shoulder laid,
its hands on mother's breast,
it watches each familiar face,
with tranquil trusting eye;
and like a sleepy baby bird,
sings its own lullaby.

Then those who feigned to sleep before,
least baby play 'til dawn,
wake and watch their folder flower,
tiny rose without a thorn.
And, in the silence of the night,
the hearts that love it most
pray tenderly above its sleep
"God bless our tiny ghost!".

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