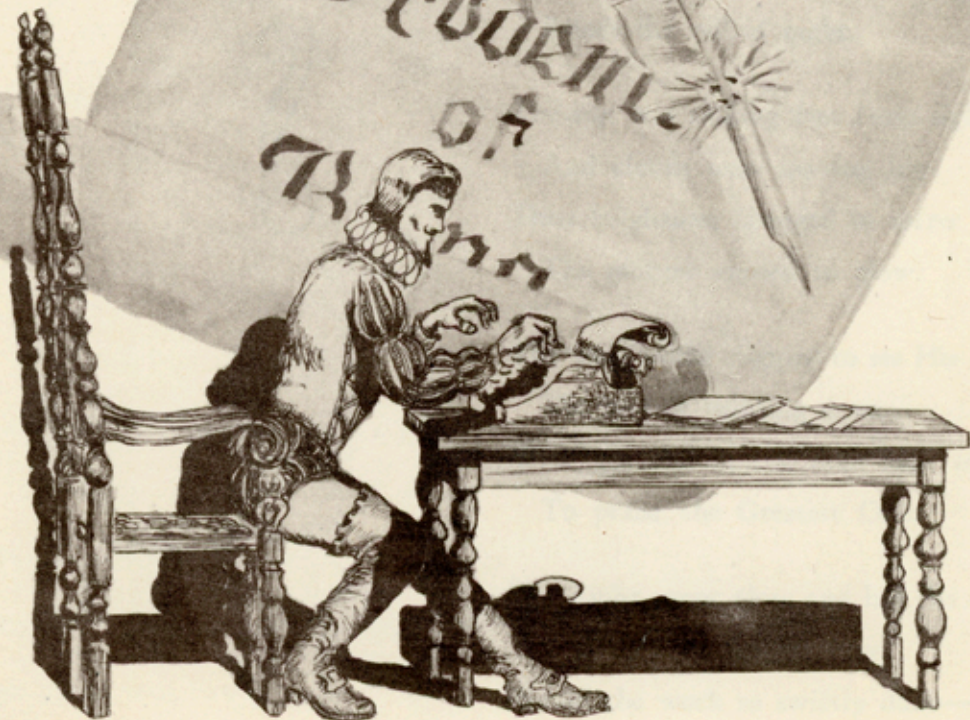


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Dawn . . .

It is a wrathful night upon the lea,
All nature's forces loos'd from bondage clash
In one despairing cry; the heavens lash
Their troubles down to earth. Oh, could it be
That God doth take my soul and set it free
To dash my strife about 'till it is spent,
'Till all my pent-up doubts and fears are bent
And I once more find peace? God—come to me!
The morrow will bring calm from out the storm,
The troubles of the earth pass in the night,
By His good grace a radiant dawn is born.
Ah, life's the storm, we struggle for the light
That leads us to our Home; we will not mourn
Night's passing for the dawn will bring us sight.

MOIRA DOCKER
First Prize,
Poetry Contest,
Grade 12



The Sunset . . .

S. G. SMITH,
First Prize,
Poetry Contest,
Grade 11



The sky was covered by a cloak,
Of burning embers bright.
The Painter splashed a scarlet stroke
Before the veil of night.

The sun was sinking fast from sight
And clouds were moving low.
Their brightness changed to softer light—
The picture seemed to glow.

The wide world stopped to see His art—
The best of painting done.
With grateful hearts, each man took part
To praise the Greatest One.

The night crept close and hid the sun,
And with its fingers gray
Erased the work so swiftly done—
This was the end of day.

Whither Away?

ELEANOR COCK,
Second Prize,
Poetry Contest,
Grade 12



"Whither away, my lassie?

Whither away, today?"

"I'm off to dance on the seashore,
With the crabs and shells to play."

"Whither away, young maiden?

Whither away, today?"

"I'm off to marry a sailor
And tonight we sail away."

"Whither away, my lady?

Whither away, today?"

"I'm off to sea with my husband
On the ship that lies in the bay."

"Whither away, old woman?

Whither away, today?"

"Only across to the graveyard,
For I have come home to stay."

My Purpose . . .

MYRNA BROWNE,
Second Prize,
Poetry Contest,
Grade 11



"To be a little kinder
With the passing of each day;
To leave but happy memories
As I go along my way;
To use possessions that are mine
In service full and free;
To sacrifice the trivial things
For larger good to be;
To give of love so lavishly
That friendship true may live;
To be less quick to criticize,
More ready to forgive;
To use such talents as I have
That happiness may grow;
To take the bitter with the sweet,
Assured 'tis better so;
To be quite free from self-intent
Whate'er the task I do;
To help the world's faith stronger grow
In all that's good and true;
To keep my faith in God and right,
No matter how things run;
To work and play and pray and trust
Until the journey's done.
God grant to me the strength of heart,
Of motive and of will,
To do my part and falter not—
This purpose to fulfill."

A Promise of Spring . . .

PHYLLIS CLAYTON,
Third Prize,
Poetry Contest,
Grade 12



While walking through the woods, I saw
A dainty violet, shy, demure;
Hiding amongst the fresh green leaves
With a feeling so secure.
It heralded what was to come,
When dismal clouds let in the sun.

While wandering down a garden path
I spied a primrose, brave and bold,
Laughing at Winter's dwindling power;
And oh, 'twas something to behold.
It could not wait another week,
To break its bonds and take a peek.

I thought I'd dig the rockery up,
It seemed to me it looked so bare,
But when I took another glance,
I found a crocus resting there.
All alone but not forlorn
For it had seen a first Spring morn.

These flowers were the harbingers
Of many more in weeks to come,
They'd laughed at winds so cold and chill;
They'd shown their heads to greet the sun;
New Spring was almost here, at last,
And they could break their winter fast.

The Forest . . .

TED HILL,
Third Prize,
Poetry Contest,
Grade 11



Nature's beauty has no bounds,
For him who cares to stroll
Around about the peaceful woods,
Deep in her realms of gold.

A score of birds are always near;
They sing with wild delight.
Sometimes a gentle fawn appears,
And bounds away with fright.

The tree trunks straight and strong they stand
Both large in height and girth
And outward reach their mighty boughs
To shield the gentle earth.

As twilight falls, and peace descends;
When things are all at rest,
He looks upon this gorgeous work,
And knows it is His best.

