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Title: **1933: About You During a Snowstorm by Ellsworth Clark**
Provenance:

Category: **Document**
Person: **Dorothy Smith**
Date: **01/03/1933**

About You During a Snowstorm

'Tis afternoon my fairy Queen,

As large lump flakes of snow

Come gliding in, come peeking in

The portals of my window.

My heart is soft, my eyes are longing

For your puzzling, lovely face.

My hands are out, ears seem straining

Oh, Jeanne, 'tis lovely in this place.

'Tis your smile, perchance your eyes

That make men say "Ah, Paradise!"

Or maybe lips, or brown hair twining

'Neath your temples straying.

Why did God make such a woman

To Adams son dismaying?

She's hot, she's cold–

She's bashful, bold–

Her life's a paradox

She makes my life a thrilling game

Of chance—a rosy bed of rocks.

Now, quit your penning

And turn to other tasks a-waiting

Then when through your weary eyes

Will search her out in land of dreaming.

Jan 3 33 Ellsworth