

Sunshine

by Vachel Lindsay



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Total running time: 23:56

The sun gives not directly
The coal, the diamond
crown;
Not in a special basket
Are these from Heaven let
down.

The sun gives not directly
The plough, man's iron
friend;
Not by a path or stairway
Do tools from Heaven
descend.

Yet sunshine fashions all
things
That cut or burn or fly;
And corn that seems upon
the earth
Is made in the hot sky.

The gravel of the roadbed,
The metal of the gun,
The engine of the airship
Trace somehow from the
sun.

And so your soul, my lady—
(Mere sunshine, nothing
more)—
Prepares me the
contraptions
I work with or adore.

Within me cornfields rustle,
Niagaras roar their way,
Vast thunderstorms and
rainbows
Are in my thought to-day.

Ten thousand anvils sound
there
By forges flaming white,
And many books I read
there,
And many books I write;

And freedom's bells are
ringing,
And bird-choirs chant and
fly—
The whole world works in
me to-day
And all the shining sky,

Because of one small lady
Whose smile is my chief
sun.
She gives not any gift to me
Yet all gifts, giving one....
Amen.

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