

The Angel of Shavano



THROUGH the echoing depths of night
Amber stars with singing light
Play on the hills their liquid, crystal notes;
While on the pulsing strings of the harp of the moon
The wind sweeps the chords and the echoes croon
To the Angel of Shavano.

THE mystic, snow-clad mountains gleam
With the virginal light of a half-dreamed dream
Through the veiling clouds luminous, slow,
Through the rifts in the cloud as they flow.
As altars in nature's own temple they rise
High 'round the priestess they bear to the skies---
The Snow Angel of Shavano.

GLOWING, snow-fired on the breast of night
The figure of silver and misty light
Is only borrowed from Heaven above
As an emblem of peace, a vision of love;
That men may strengthen their faith to see
The glimpse of eternal beauty in thee---
O Angel of Shavano.

THE rapture of the winging dawn
Has brightened the eastern sky and drawn
A silent music through the list'ning hills;
As fresh with glowing life is born
Th' eternal melody of the morn
'Round the Angel of Shavano.

---Helen E. Mosgrove, in *The Colorado Club Woman*.