

The New York Ledger
XIII:20:8 July 25, 1857

"THE CLOUDS THAT SHUT ME OUT FROM HEAVEN."⁺
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Ye shadowy things that wander on
O'er the shoreless seas of space—
Ye voiceless things! can ye find no tone
To tell of the spirits' place?

I've seen ye oft when ye floated white
Through the mid-day sky's deep blue—
Dyed with sunset's golden, purple light,
I have gazed upon ye, too.

And in the chaos of autumn's storms,
When the wildest winds rushed by,
I've watched the robes of your weird forms
Trail black through the dreary sky.

And I've asked ye oft when the spirit's flight
Was seeking the unknown sphere,
If ye saw not mist-like forms of light,
And knew that we loved them here?

But now that I know such quest is vain,
Oh, ye silent clouds! no more
Will I breathe wild words of the shadowy train
That's gone to the shadowy shore.

Yet I'm weary, and there is a place of rest—
Earth is dark, and Heaven has light;
Then part, oh, clouds! that the loved and blest
May welcome my spirit to-night.

⁺Lord Byron, *Manfred* (1817), Act 2, Sc 1, l.33; Byron's line contains a comma after "clouds."