

You to the perfect rhythms of flowers and
birds,
Colors and words,
The heart-beats of the earth,
To be remoulded always of one worth
From birth to birth ;

I to the broken rhythm of thought and man,
The sweep and span
Of memory and hope
About the orbit where they still must grope
For wider scope,

To be through thousand springs restored,
renewed,
With love imbrued,
With increments of will
Made strong, perceiving unattainment still
From each new skill.

Always the flawless beauty, always the
chord
Of the Overword,
Dominant, pleading, sure,
No truth too small to save and make endure.
No good too poor !