

Many nations unborn have their singers  
Enwrapped in the nebulous mist  
Of virginal days which the sunlight  
Has yet, nor discovered, nor kist.

They will sing for the time that is coming,—  
Let me sing for the time that is here ;  
Has the world of to-day less of heart-break  
Than the world of some far-forming year ?

Fill my songs full of beauty and gladness,—  
Master, grant me the prayer that I pray.  
Fill my songs full of hope for the hopeless,—  
And oh ! let me sing them to-day.

