

I see the stars above me, world on world ;  
I hear the awful language of all Space ;  
I feel the distant surging of great seas,  
That hide the secrets of the Universe  
In their eternal bosoms ; and I know  
That I am but an atom of the Whole.

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### A SONG OF LIFE.

In the rapture of life and of living,  
I lift up my heart and rejoice,  
And I thank the great Giver for giving  
The soul of my gladness a voice.  
In the glow of the glorious weather,  
In the sweet-scented sensuous air,  
My burdens seem light as a feather—  
They are nothing to bear.

In the strength and the glory of power,  
In the pride and the pleasure of wealth  
(For who dares dispute me my dower  
Of talents and youth-time and health ?)  
I can laugh at the world and its sages—  
I am greater than seers who are sad,  
For he is most wise in all ages  
Who knows how to be glad.