

In Pastures Green

But something clutches at my heart
When I would rise and go—
Who wins the most shall lose the most!
The world is ordered so.

The children crowd about my knee
And question till I tell
About the golden wonder world
Where all their heroes dwell.
Their eager voices thrill my heart,
I see their eyes ashine,
And would not change for wonder worlds
This little world of mine.

So unashamed I stand with those
Who do no deeds of praise;
We work our fields and do our chores,
Unhonoured all our days.
We may not set the world on fire,
And yet we do our share!
Without our toil your wonder world
Would hungry go and bare.

Beauty is
a solace
a blessing
I would rather spend
one hour with my
Her real
nature
into the wonder
world.