

## The Reward of Song.

We would pray for no richer guerdon,  
No praise from the careless throng ;  
For song is the cry of a lover  
In quest of an answering song.

As a child might run to his elders  
With news of an opening flower,  
We should walk with our young companion  
And talk to his heart for an hour,  
As once by my own green fir-wood,  
And once by a Western sea,  
Thank God, my own good comrades  
Have walked and talked with me.

Too mighty to make men sorrow,  
Too weak to heal their pain,  
(Though they that remember the hawthorn  
May find their heaven again).  
We are moved by a deeper hunger :  
We are bound by a stronger cord ;  
For love is the heart of our music,  
And love is its one reward.