

O all of you that know love's orchard closes,
Bend down the boughs for those beyond the wall.
Gather for them from all your wealth of blossoms,
And shake the branches that the fruit may fall.

O all of you made stewards of earth's treasure,
Give while you may the gold that is your trust,
For you shall lie at last where is no giving,
With helpless hands close folded in the dust.

O all you dwelling in the house of learning,
Set forth your pages that the poor may read
The gathered wisdom, that the years inherit,
In haste before you pass beyond their need.

O all of you that know the wells of gladness,
And sing beside them, share, while yet you livei,
Your pitcher with the thirsty, ere hereafter,
You hear them cry and be too poor to give.

Oh! Give. The road you tread has no returning,
But stretches on into the endless night,
Then give your life, your joy, your gold, your learning,
Lift high your lamp of love and give its light.

