

All winter we shall toil and plod,
Eating and drinking ;
But now's the little time when God
Sets folk a-thinking.

"Consider," says the quiet sun,
"How far I wander ;
Yet when had I not time on one
More flower to squander ?"

"Consider," says the restless tide,
"My endless labor ,
Yet when was I content beside
My nearest neighbor ?"

So wander-lust to wander-lure,
As seed to season,
Must rise and wend, possessed and sure
In sweet unreason.

For doorstone and repose are good,
And kind is duty ;
But joy is in the solitude
With shy-heart beauty.