

TO MY WIFE

*In every heart the heart of spring
Bursts into leaf and bud;
The heart of love in every heart
Leaps with its eager flood.*

*Then hasten, rosy life, and lead
The Pilgrim to the door,
His sandals thonged for ministering,
His forehead bright with lore.*

*Oh, happy lovers, learn to serve,
And crown your state with power,
For Service is the peasant root,
And Love the princely flower.*