

Spirit of Nature, what is this
That marks thy sacred reign of bliss?
Is't some vast phantom spirit host
With greater power; and hast thou lost
The mellowed sweetness of thy face
To some vastly superior race?

Dost thou not see the sands of Life
Are drifting on the homeward shoal?
And dost thou feel yon bitter strife
That crimsons many a poppied knoll?
And canst thou breathe an incensed prayer
For those so calm, majestic, fair?

Then from somewhere among the crosses
down the vale, they heard the answer:

THE ANSWER

Yea, I have heard and sobbed, "How sad"!
Yea, I have known what thoughts they had;
And if you'll wander down the stream
Where roses bloom and lilies gleam,
Go through the woods and perfumed glens
And wander o'er the moors and fens;
In all the beauty thou dost find,
In all the sweetness on the wind;
Through all the myriad whisperings thrown
About the tangled spaces blown,
You'll see and taste, and hear me tell
Of all the boys you loved so well;
For nothing's lost, and in the spring
You'll hear all nature whispering.