

Was it fancy I caught in your mirth,
Like the ground of an infinite theme,
The chant of the tides of the earth
Flooding in on a silver-voiced stream?

And I laid on your shoulder a hand,
Forswearing the kiss I had given,
Torn in twain by Jehovah's command,
Yet driven, and driven, and driven

To cry out His Word to your beauty,
Though with flowers I covered His rod—
O iron and pitiless duty
Thou layest on Thy servants, Lord God!

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The world did not know it, I poured
The vials of wrath while I wept.
I spake with my lips for the Lord,
But to you in the stillness I crept.