

## COMMON-WEALTH

GIVE thanks, my soul, for the things that are free!  
The blue of the sky, the shade of a tree,  
And the unowned leagues of the shining sea.

Be grateful, my heart, for everyman's gold;  
By road-way and river and hill unfold  
Sun-coloured blossoms that never are sold.

For the little joys sometimes say a grace;  
The scent of a rose, the frost's fairy lace,  
Or the sound of the rain in a quiet place.

Be glad of what cannot be bought or beguiled;  
The trust of the tameless, the fearless, the wild,  
The song of a bird and the faith of a child.

For prairie and mountain, windswept and high,  
For betiding beauty of earth and sky—  
Say a benediction e'er you pass by.

Give thanks, my soul, for the things that are free!  
The joy of life and the spring's ecstasy,  
The dreams that have been and the dreams that  
will be.