

## IN THE CROWD

HERE in the crowded city's busy street,  
Swayed by the eager, jostling, hasting  
throng,

Where Traffic's voice grows harsher and  
more strong,

I see within the stream of hurrying feet  
A company of trees in their retreat,  
Dew-bathed, dream-wrapped, and with a  
thrush's song

Emparadizing all the place, along  
Whose paths I hear the pulse of Beauty  
beat.

'Twas yesterday I walked beneath the trees,  
To-day I tread the city's stony ways ;  
And still the spell that o'er my spirit came  
Turns harshest sounds to shy bird ecstasies,  
Pours scent of pine through murky chimney  
haze,

And gives each careworn face a woodland  
frame.