

BLOSSOMS.



RE ye not tired, O sweet and timid things?
 Not tired of lavishing your fragrance round?
 So soft and white—like noiseless angel-wings—
 Ye flutter down and cover all the ground.

O blossoms! do ye know that human feet
 Will trample on your sweetness, heeding not
 The gentleness which looketh up to greet
 The beauty which hath marked the lowly spot?

Do ye not know that human hearts will pass,
 Nor stop to gather up your sweetness there?
 Yet human eyes will miss you on the grass,
 And let you lie so lone, so meek, so fair?

And will ye still so lavishly breathe out
 Your fragrance in this chill and thankless air?
 Will ye still cast your sweetness all about,
 And let your beauty lie unheeded there?

O blossoms! *I* am tired! Kind blossoms, hear!
 I, too, have breathed forth sweetness all around;
 I, too, have flung heart-treasures, year by year,
 And there they lie unheeded on the ground!

These human feet have trampled on my love;
 These human hearts have shut my sunshine out;
 And eyes have missed me—looking more above—
 And left my soul-wealth scattered all about!

O sweet and tender blossoms! must I still,
 Like you, give out and look for no return?
 So—humbly, freely working God's great will,
 I'll only seek his loving smile to earn.

