

FLOS ÆVORUM

You must mean more than just this hour,

 You perfect thing so subtly fair,

Simple and complex as a flower,

 Wrought with such planetary care;

How patient the eternal power

 That wove the marvel of your hair.

How long the sunlight and the sea

 Wove and re-wove this rippling gold

To rhythms of eternity;

 And many a flashing thing grew old,

Waiting this miracle to be;

 And painted marvels manifold,

Still with his work unsatisfied,

 Eager each new effect to try,