

Someone says that hearts are fickle,
That love is sorrow, that life is care,
And the reaper Death, with his shining sickle,
Gathers whatever is bright and fair.

I told the thrush, and we laughed together—
Laughed till the woods were all a-ring ;
And he said to me, as he plumed each feather,
“ Well, people must croak, if they cannot sing !”

Up he flew, but his song, remaining,
Rang like a bell in my heart all day,
And silenced the voices of weak complaining
That pipe like insects along the way.

O world of light, and O world of beauty !
Where are there pleasures so sweet as thine ?
Yes, life is love, and love is duty ;
And what heart sorrows ? O no, not mine !

THE END