

*A Creature  
Catechism*

When rivulet answers to rill  
In snow-blue valleys unsealed,  
We are the type of thy will  
To the tribes of the field.

IV

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the ground?

Lord, when the time is ripe,  
*Said a frog through the quiet rain,*  
We take up the silver pipe  
For the pageant again.

When the melting wind of the South  
Is over meadow and pond,  
We draw the breath of thy mouth,  
Reviving the ancient bond.

Then must we fife and declare  
The unquenchable joy of earth,—  
Testify hearts still dare,  
Signalize beauty's worth.

Then must we rouse and blow  
On the magic reed once more,  
Till the glad earth-children know  
Not a thing to deplore.

When rises the marshy trill  
To the soft spring night's profound,  
We are the type of thy will  
To the tribes of the ground.

V

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the earth?

Lord, *said an artist born,*  
We leave the city behind  
For the hills of open morn,  
For fear of our kind.

Our brother they nailed to a tree  
For sedition; they bully and curse  
All those whom love makes free.  
Yet the very winds disperse