

## HAPPINESS IN NATURE

*(In Answer to a Question.)*

You ask the meaning of my happy face  
And laughter-rippled voice. Are not the rare  
And virgin joys of springtime here, the bare  
Trees of the winter months all showing trace  
Of leaves to come? Upon a woodland space  
Secure from winds I found to-day a spare  
And scattered company of flowers, and there  
The whitethroat sang from out a heart of grace.

It takes but these to make me glad; I live  
Not in the comradeship of men and see  
No beauty in the crowded streets. The rain.  
The birds, suffice mine ear, the woodlands give  
A varying visual feast; to me  
There is no higher joy that I can gain.