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BIRDS AT EVENING

When the rooks fly homeward and the gulls are following high,

And the grey feet of the silence with a silver dream are shod,

I mind me of the little wings abroad in every sky

Who seek their sleep of God.

When the dove is hidden and the dew is white on the corn,

And the dark bee in the heather, and the sheepherd with the sheep,

I mind me of the little wings in the holmoak and the thorn

Who take of Him their sleep.

When the brier closes and the iris flower is furled,

And over the edge of the evening the martin knows her nest,

I mind me of the little hearts abroad in all the world

Who find in Him their rest.

"The Lamp of Poor Souls" Marjorie Pickthall.

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