

AMOR VITÆ

I LOVE the warm bare earth and all
That works and dreams thereon :
I love the seasons yet to fall :
I love the ages gone,

The valleys with the sheeted grain,
The river's smiling might,
The merry wind, the rustling rain,
The vastness of the night.

I love the morning's flame, the steep
Where down the vapour clings :
I love the clouds that float and sleep,
And every bird that sings.

I love the purple shower that pours
On far-off fields at even :
I love the pine-wood dusk whose floors
Are like the courts of heaven.