

The day's lay-out—the mornin' sun  
Beneath your 'at-brim as you sight;  
The dinner-'ush from noon till one,  
An' the full roar that lasts till night;  
An' the pore dead that look so old  
An' was so young an hour ago,  
An' legs tied down before they're cold—  
These are the things which make you know.

Also Time runnin' into years—  
A thousand Places left be'ind—  
An' Men from both two 'emispheres  
Discussin' things of every kind;  
So much more near than I 'ad known,  
So much more great than I 'ad guessed—  
An' me, like all the rest, alone—  
But reachin' out to all the rest!

So 'ath it come to me—not pride,  
Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole  
(If such a term may be applied),  
The makin's of a bloomin' soul.