

GREY DAY

Grey day,
I love thy peace,
Motionless airs and brooding calm,
For in such silences alone it seems
That to my own tempestuous soul is held
A mirror wherein imaged dwells,
Dovelike, a soul
Serene.

* * *

A PRAYER

Oh God, keep pure my heart,
A clean, sweet room, that love may dwell therein,
And in such humbleness teach me my part,
Walking the lowly ways that Thou hast been,
That I at last grow gentle like to Thee,
So that no creature, howsoever mean,
That Thou hast made should turn away from me.