


LIFE IS LOVE

S anyone sad in the world, I wonder ?
Does anyone weep on a day like this,
With the sun above and the green earth
under ?
Why, what is life but a dream of bliss ?

With the sun and the skies and the birds above me,
Birds that sing as they wheel and fly—
With the winds to follow and say they loved me—
Who could be lonely ? O ho, not I !

Somebody said in the street this morning,
As I opened my window to let in the light,
That the darkest day of the world was dawning ;
But I looked, and the East was a gorgeous sight

One who claims that he knows about it
Tells me the Earth is a vale of sin ;
But I and the bees and the birds—we doubt it,
And think it a world worth living in.