

THINKER AND THRUSH

Would the trees your song forbid,
Boles and branches black and bald ?
Sing the fire within them hid,
Leaping fire of emerald !

Little soul with consciousness
Of the God we hardly know,
Lapped in the divine caress
Of the spirit's overflow,

You shall sing, and rear the brood
'Mid the blossoms of the spring,
Joy in all life's round of good ;
I shall neither mate nor sing.

I go hand in hand with hope,
Fumbling with a golden key ;
For a golden door I grope
That will never turn for thee.

I shall pass beyond the door,
Leave thee jocund with thy mate,
Carolling for evermore
Love-songs pure and passionate.