

LONGING

My heart cried, Give me the sea,
When I dwelt 'mid the cloistering hills,
Give me the vastness which thrills
Finite heart with Infinity.
Give me great spaces and stars
O'er the brooding soul of the sea,
Let me chant in its harmony
As it silvers in sound o'er its bars:
I would spell out its mystery
I would learn why its heart makes moan,
Match its moods, mate its soul with my own,—
Oh, my heart cried, Give me the sea!

Now my heart cries, Give me the hills,
That are far from this restless sea,
With its changing monotony
And its hunger which nothing stills.
Give me green uplands where peace
Drifts like a dream o'er the soul,
Enfolding me till I am whole,
And the hurt of the world doth cease;
For God walks at dusk o'er the hills
(All the faint little paths know His feet,
The dim aisles with His presence are sweet)
—Oh, the peace of the cloistering hills!