

THINKER AND THRUSH

SINGS a thrush on New Year's Day
Half a stave of secret cheer,
Inward joy that breaks its way
Through the silence of the year.

Over distant hills of blue,
In the dawning's wintry bed,
Skies repeat the faded hue
Of our roses that are shed.

Through the mist-wreaths hung on high
Soft and dull the zenith shows.
Sing, O Thrush, the open sky,
Sing the glowing open rose !

Would the earth your joy arrest,
Bleached sod and furrow sealed ?
Sing the harvest in her breast,
Purple fruit and saffron field !