

LYRICS OF EARTH

The loosestrife burns like ruby,
And the branchèd asters dream ?
“ We are born, we are reared, and we linger
A various space and die ;
We dream and are very happy,
But we cannot answer why.”

And then of myself I questioned,
That like a ghost the while
Stood from me and calmly answered,
With slow and curious smile :
“ Thou art born as the flowers, and wilt linger
Thine own short space and die ;
Thou dream'st and art strangely happy,
But thou canst not answer why.”