

EARTH LOVE

GOD, in Thy Heaven hast Thou ever known
Toil, when the heart and hand were fused in
 one,
The sweet bruised scent of grasses newly
 mown,
The sharp delight to see each dawn the sun
Rising above the margent of the seas?
And hast Thou ever felt within Thy Breast
That strange delight in dim uncertainties
With every day's apparellings unguessed?
Ah, hast Thou lain with wide entranced eyes
Wrapped in the purple veilings of the night
Beneath the fretted splendour of the skies