

ONLY.

Only a song
Up 'midst the branches,
Telling of love ;
Echoing praise
From its small throat,
How it entrances
World-weary hearts ;
Toil-burdened days.

Only a flower
Delicate, tiny,
Lifting its face
To the bright Sun ;
Speaks of a trust
Oh, how sublimely ;
Sheds its sweet perfume
Till life is done.

Only a drop
Of purest water,
Sparkles and shines
On the green grass ;
Yet how its voice
Tells of the laughter,
When, in a rill,
It flows rippling past.