

ETERNITIES

I cannot count the pebbles in the brook. Well hath He spoken: 'Swear not by thy head, Thou knowest not the hairs,' though He, we read, Writes that wild number in his own strange book.

I cannot count the sands or search the seas, Death cometh, and I leave so much untrod. Grant my immortal aureole, O my God, And I will name the leaves upon the trees.

In heaven I shall stand on gold and glass, Still brooding earth's arithmetic to spell; Or see the fading of the fires of hell Ere I have thanked my God for all the grass.