

WHILE DRAWING IN A CHURCH-YARD

"It is sad that so many of worth,
Still in the flesh," soughed the yew,
"Misjudge their lot whom kindly earth
Secludes from view.

"They ride their diurnal round
Each day-span's sum of hours
In peerless ease, without jolt or bound
Or ache like ours.

"If the living could but hear
What is heard by my roots as they creep
Round the restful flock, and the things said there,
No one would weep."

"Now set among the wise,'
They say: 'Enlarged in scope,
That no God trumpet us to rise
We truly hope."

I listened to his strange tale
In the mood that stillness brings,

And I grew to accept as the day wore pale
That show of things.