

Sight of All..

The man who loves the soil
 Shall not have an earthly mind
 The digger and the coal
 Shall not be in spirit blind
 The mind can shed a light
 On each worthy labor done
 Its lowliest things are bright
 In the radiance of the sun.

The tailor, ay, the cobbler
 Shave left their hearts as men
 Better far than alexanders
 Could he wake to life again
 And think of all his bloodshed
 And all for nothing too
 And ask himself what made it
 As unprofitable as a shoe.

What cheers the missing student
 The poet the divine
 The thought that for his followers
 A brighter day will shine
 Let every human laborer
 Enjoy the vision bright
 Let the thought that comes from heaven
 Be spread like banners over light.

You men who hold the pen
 Rise like a band inspired
 And push let your lyrics
 With hope for man be fired
 Till the earth becomes a temple
 And every human heart
 Shall join in one great service
 Each happy in his part. 316

Night

Night is the time for rest

How sweet when labors close
 To gather round an evening breast
 The curtain of repose,
 Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed.

Night is the time for dreams

The gay romances of life
 When truth that is and truth that seems
 Blend in fantastic strife
 The vision less beguiling far
 Than waking dreams by daylight are.

Night is the time for toil

To plough the classic field
 Intent to find the buried spell
 Its wealthier furrows yield
 Tell all is ours that suggest thought
 That poets sing or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep

To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory where sleep
 The joys of other years
 Hopes that never angels in their birth
 But perished young like things of earth

Night is the time to watch

On oceans dark expanse
 To hail the pleiades or catch
 The full moons earliest glance
 That brings into the home sick mind
 All we have loved and left behind.