

Questions

Why do so many grasp and grab
And never learn to give?
Why do so many grieve at life
When life's so good to live?
Why do so few look up and out
To where Earth's beauty lies?
Why do so many drop their heads
With heaven in the skies?

Why do so few achieve the joys
Of simple-hearted truth?
Why do so many girls and boys
So soon forsake their youth?
What is the point of marching on
Where all the saints have trod
With hearts immune to happiness
And deaf to the voice of God?

Have we lost our sense of wonder
For the marvels of the earth
For the miracles of nature that
Surround us from our birth
For seeds that grow and multiply
And give us fruitful yield
For blossom in the apple-tree
And harvest in the field?

And have we lost our feelings for
The joys that nature gives
The sight and sounds and smells, all free
To everything that lives:
The taste of honey on the tongue
The hum of bumblebees
The leafy summer shimmering
Of sunlit aspen trees

Great glorious clouds in summer blue
The breeze that stirs the sedges
The tangy, salty seaweed smells
Fruit in autumn hedges
The soft touch of meadow grass
The rough kiss of the heather
The cold that hurts the fingertips
In bitter winter weather.

Seasons

O long have I been puzzled
And long am like to be
By the miracle of springtime
The yearly mystery
Of greenness in the brownfield and buds upon
the tree.

O long has mankind worshipped
And long is like to do
The multi-coloured miracles
Each summertime anew
Of beechleaf green and cherry-white beneath
measured blue.

O long have I been saddened
And long am like to be
When birchgrove turns to yellow
And October winds make free
With a million dead-brown fragments of
autumn's majesty

And long have I felt sobered
And long am like to do
By the cruel, brilliant winter
When the cold comes soaring through
And the world is all a wilderness of silver,
white and blue

So long have I been strengthened
By the changes seasons bring
When cornfield green turns golden
Or migrants take to wing
And autumn's dying slowly fades, with leaf-fall
lingering

Or winter's dreary course is checked
By one small simple thing
Like icicles that melt away
In the first warm sun of spring
Or when in frosty January I hear a robin sing

Then is the season's joy complete and bells of
heaven ring.