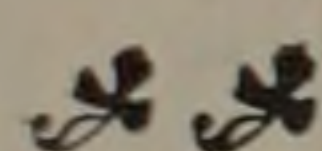


To My Own Soul



EEK not to haste thy bud to blossom, Soul,
Thy hot-house hurry blasts its lips of red.
Within God's universe, give God control;
Let power and process by His hand be led.

O singing-bird within a tuneless heart,
Let me not tame thee, lest thou cease to sing.
God save me from that proud, mechanic art
That crowns white winter with green leaves of spring!

Let me not count the falling drops of dew
That find their splendor in the chilly night;
Let me not strain for some immortal view
Reserved for eyes suffused with morning light.

To fasten here my dream, strive not, my hands
Too clumsy!—for dream-filament is fine.
O measure not thy sun-swept Holy Lands;
Leave something vast, mysterious, divine.

—F. W. G.