WAYFARER OF EARTH

Up, HEART of mine,
Thou wayfarer of Earth!
Of seed divine,
Be mindful of thy birth.
Tho' the flesh faint
Through long-endured constraint
Of nights and days,
Lift up thy praise
To Life, that set thee in such strenuous ways,
And left thee not
To drowse and rot
In some thick-perfumed and luxurious plot.

Strong, strong is Earth,
With vigor for thy feet,
To make thy wayfaring
Tireless and fleet.
And good is Earth—
But Earth not all thy good,
O Thou with seed of suns
And star-fire in thy blood.

And tho' thou feel
The slow clog of the hours
Leaden upon thy heel,
Put forth thy powers.
Thine the deep sky,
The unpreëmpted blue,
The haste of storm,
The hush of dew.
Thine, thine the free
Exalt of star and tree,
The restless run,
Of wind and sun,
The vagrance of the sea!

—Charles G. D. Roberts.