OH, YE OF THE LITTLE LOVES

Oh, ye of the little loves,
Who give with the spendthrift's hand,
    How shall ye ever know,
And how shall ye understand?
    How shall ye know the great love,
And how shall ye understand,
    Who waste your hearts on a faithless spring
Which ye call the Lotus land?

Oh, ye of the little loves,
Hiding your faces from pain,
    What do ye give of the God
For the human that ye gain?
    What do ye give of the very God,
For the human that ye gain?
    Who break the vase of His precious nard,
And crimson the ground with stain?

Oh, ye of the little loves,
Who kiss in the golden sun,
    Could ye but lightly guess
The glory by great love won—
    Could ye but guess so lightly
The glory by great love won,
    Ye would pierce your breasts with a jealous sword
For the thing that ye have done.

Oh, ye of the little loves,
Who give with the spendthrift's hand,
    How shall ye ever know
And how shall ye understand?
    How shall ye know the great love,
And how shall ye understand?
    Ye waste your hearts on a faithless spring,
And ye die in a winter-land.

—Emery Pottle.