

SONNET 12

The lake in living movement flows, blue green
And flicked with snowy ribbons past my sight
The buoyant sea-gull poised in aimless flight
In amber sun-light swims aloft, serene.
The verdant trees who up 'till now have been
A drowsing in the sun now stir awake
And toss their heads to tease the breeze and shake
In merriment their leafy fingers lean.

How good it is right now to be alive!
To view in peace the lake the gull the trees!
We are but ingrates if upon our knees
We do not fall in gratitude, and strive
To please our God, who loving us poor fools,
Permits us to enjoy the world He rules.