

ONE COMFORT

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Mountains are wise and crags are stern,
Valleys can laugh and woods rejoice;
For there are many ways to turn
And great magnificence of choice.

When man is sick with during long
The reckless hammer blows of change,
Or one desire grows fiercely strong
Against desires of older range;

Where pain is somehow swamped and blurred,
At least one comfort he can find,
Either the mountains have their word
Or the green valleys can be kind;

The recklessness a high place yields
Can put new sternness in his limbs;
The gentle opulence of fields
Can drown his grief with empty whims;

Trees are more comforting than breasts
In certain savage-eager moods,
And there is always hope of rest
Where moving water purrs and broods.