

My Study

By Alfred Hayes

LET others strive for wealth or praise
Who care to win ;
I count myself full blest, if He,
Who made my study fair to see,
Grant me but length of quiet days
To muse therein.

Its walls, with peach and cherry clad,
From yonder wold
Unbosomed, seem as if thereon
September sunbeams ever shone ;
They make the air look warm and glad
When winds are cold.

Around its door a clematis
Her arms doth tie ;
Through leafy lattices I view
Its endless corridors of blue
Curtained with clouds ; its ceiling is
The marbled sky.

A verdant

My Study

A verdant carpet smoothly laid
 Doth oft invite
 My silent steps ; thereon the sun
 With silver thread of dew hath spun
 Devices rare—the warp of shade,
 The weft of light.

Here dwell my chosen books, whose leaves
 With healing breath
 The ache of discontent assuage,
 And speak from each illumined page
 The patience that my soul reprieves
 From inward death ;

Some perish with a season's wind,
 And some endure ;
 One robes itself in snow, and one
 In raiment of the rising sun
 Bordered with gold ; in all I find
 God's signature.

As on my grassy couch I lie,
 From hedge and tree
 Musicians pipe ; or if the heat
 Subdue the birds, one crooneth sweet
 Whose labour is a lullaby—
 The slumbrous bee.

The sun my work doth overlook
 With searching light ;
The serious moon, the flickering star,
My midnight lamp and candle are ;
A soul unhardened is the book
 Wherein I write.

There labouring, my heart is eased
 Of every care ;
Yet often wonderstruck I stand,
With earnest gaze but idle hand,
Abashed—for God Himself is pleased
 To labour there.

Ashamed my faultful task to spell,
 I watch how grows
The Master's perfect colour-scheme
Of sunset, or His simpler dream
Of moonlight, or that miracle
 We name a rose.

Dear Earth, one thought alone doth grieve—
 The tender dread
Of parting from thee ; as a child,
Who painted while his father smiled,
Then watched him paint, is loth to leave
 And go to bed.