

A Sonnet

The sun, the moon, the stars, the night, the day ;
The passing of the seasons ; the new birth
Of loveliness long exiled from the earth ;
The rainbow after summer showers ; the gray
Of twilight, and the evening star ; the play
Of streamers through the winter sky ; the glow
Of sunset and the fire of dawn ; the flow
Of seas, beneath the moon's eternal sway :
All these are wondrous things, magnificent
Beyond the need of praise. Yet none of them
Has power to match the simple greatness of
A thought of good, to yield the high content
Born of a thought of beauty, or to dim
The radiant splendor of a thought of love.