

If I could sing the song of the dawn,
The caroling word of leaf or bird,
And the sun-waked fern uncurling there
I would go lonely and would not care!

If I could sing the song of the dusk,
The stars and moon of glistening June
Lit at the foot and the head of me,
The Spinner might break the thread of me!

If I could sing but the song of love,
Fill my throat with each sounding note,
Others might kiss and clasp and cling,
Mine be the lips that would sing -- would sing.

Leonora Speyer