

O were my hands full of good earth,  
And plots heavy with dense green leaves,  
My heart would drink deep draughts of mirth,  
And remove far from all that grieves.

O slake my thirst and whet my fain,  
With water and the fruit of vines,  
I'd forfeit what small wealth I claim,  
If this happy dirt plot was mine.

A grape will burst, juice in the sun,  
Each berry sweet by hard day's toil,  
And when the good day's work is done,  
My hands are black with joyous soil.

O tool and hand and earth and air,  
O simple life and sated heart,  
Free of ennui and void-born cares,  
I long for phase anew to start.