

LITERARY TRIBUTES

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CHAUCE

Kind is his mouth and smiling are his eyes,
Who rideth on that sunny pilgrimage,
And tears and laughter be his golden wage,
And that sweet carolling which never dies.
O Pilgrim of green springtide and blue skies,
Thy heart is dear to men of every age,
All sympathy is in thy withered page,
Whose soul was singing ere thy hand was wise.

'Tis not in marble that we worship thee,
But rather when the first white flower is come
To naked gardens, and immortal youth
Leaps to the world,—there shall thy worship be
In perfect simpleness and perfect truth,—
O singing soul no dying can make dumb!