

The Song of Life

by Charles MacKay

A traveler on a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
 To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds' sweet music bore-
It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
 Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle on the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again; and lo! the well,
 By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper of the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
 O thought of random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.