

Behold

When I find beauty in the dying day,
The soft sun rays, the paling blue of sky,
The quietness of a small child knelt to pray;
Or in the sparkling song of birds on high,

It's not so much because of all I see.
But more because that beauty falls on thee.

For each may take such beauty for his own,
And sift the things which mean most to his mind,
To build a world no other thoughts have known,
Until each meets the soul that is his kind.

And thus, 'tis why, all beauty that I see,
Is only so, because it is to thee.