

Silence.

If all this gracious speech of ours was still
And on the world a sudden silence fell;
If hushed forever was the raucous yell
Of all the harsh discordant sounds that fill
The world with clamour; if the dancing rill
Made melody no more in woodland dell;
Nor song of birds, nor any music, fell
Upon the listening ear on plain or hill:

I think our loss would not outweigh our gain.
Silence might cleanse the world from hurtful lies
And bring soft ease to many a fevered brain
Until mankind, grown simple, kind, and wise,
Should find new gospels in the sun and rain
And win the secrets of the starry skies!
