

With a Birthday Gift

How many years I know
 I do not ask you care,
 The ^{days} years behind are golden
 The ^{be shown} days before are fair.
 This word alone to give thee
 As one who looketh back
 Think not too much of time,
 Nor count the earth a leak,
 Time was not made for sorrow,
 And joy is not confined
 To the eternal narrow
 Or the incarnate mind
~~himself alone for ^{future joy} ~~the world~~~~
~~and the eternal day~~
 Nor count the earth a ~~leak~~ ^{spring}
~~Count not the earth a ~~leak~~ ^{and mean}~~
~~that ^{the} ~~earth~~ ^{is} ~~leak~~~~
 The few better years of light
 As well as heaven and on our way
~~He ^{the} ~~offering~~ ^{flowers}~~
~~we ^{the} ~~golden~~ ^{flowers}~~
 He gives us ^{the} ~~joy~~ ^{bright} ~~flowers~~ ^{by} ~~day~~
 and rest

Count not the earth accurs'd I pray,
For he that giveth light,
Still offers flowers by the way,
And rest wh' may be!

Count not the earth accurs'd
For he who giveth light
Still offers flowers by the way.

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