

## A Roadway

Let those who will stride on their barren roads  
And prick themselves to haste with self-made goads,  
Unheeding, as they struggle day by day,  
If flowers be sweet or skies be blue or gray:  
For me, the lone, cool way by purling brooks,  
The solemn quiet of the woodland nooks,  
A song-bird somewhere trilling sadly gay,  
A pause to pick a flower besides the way.