

# God'S World

Edna St Vincent Millay

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!  
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!  
Thy mists, that roll and rise!  
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag  
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag  
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!  
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,  
But never knew I this;  
Here such a passion is  
As stretcheth me apart, -- Lord, I do fear  
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;

My soul is all but out of me, -- let fall  
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.