**Symbols**

I watched a rosebud very long  
Brought on by dew and sun and shower,  
Waiting to see the perfect flower:  
Then, when I thought it should be strong,  
It opened at the matin hour  
And fell at evensong.

I watched a nest from day to day,  
A green nest full of pleasant shade,  
Wherein three speckled eggs were laid:  
But when they should have hatched in May,  
The two old birds had grown afraid  
Or tired, and flew away.

Then in my wrath I broke the bough  
That I had tended so with care,  
Hoping its scent should fill the air;  
I crushed the eggs, not heeding how  
Their ancient promise had been fair:  
I would have vengeance now.

But the dead branch spoke from the sod,  
And the eggs answered me again:  
Because we failed dost thou complain?  
Is thy wrath just? And what if God,  
Who waiteth for thy fruits in vain,  
Should also take the rod?