

SONNET IV

TO . . . IN CHURCH

If I was drawn here from a distant place,  
'Twas not to pray nor hear our friend's address,  
But, gazing once more on your winsome face,  
To worship there Ideal Loveliness.  
On that pure shrine that has too long ignored  
The gifts that once I brought so frequently  
I lay this votive offering, to record  
How sweet your quiet beauty seemed to me.  
Enchanting girl, my faith is not a thing  
By futile prayers and vapid psalm-singing  
To vent in crowded nave and public pew.  
My creed is simple: that the world is fair,  
And beauty the best thing to worship there,  
And I confess it by adoring you.

BIARRITZ, Sunday, March 26, 1916.