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HUMILITY

Barbara Irwin

Contact with virgin nature is to me
An antidote for human flattery.
Trees do not step aside or bow ;
The rose regards me glance for glance,
Affecting no delighted trance
To see me pass. The waters go
With musical indifference and show
The face I bring with ever careless art ;
And stars return my gazing with a glance,
A twinkle only ; they do not pretend
A joy they do not feel, or condescend
From heaven's height to claim a humble friend.