

## **I Would Have Been Born in Nature's Day**

*Santayana, George, 1863-1952*

I would I had been born in nature's day,  
When man was in the world a wide-eyed boy,  
And clouds of sorrow crossed his sky of joy  
To scatter dewdrops on the buds of May.  
Then could he work and love and fight and pray,  
Nor heartsick grow in fortune's long employ.  
Mighty to build and ruthless to destroy  
He lived, while maskèd death unquestioned lay.  
Now ponder we the ruins of the years,  
And groan beneath the weight of boasted gain;  
No unsung bacchanal can charm our ears  
And lead our dances to the woodland fane,  
No hope of heaven sweeten our few tears  
And hush the importunity of pain.