

Franciscan Aspiration

by

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Would I might wake Saint Francis in you all,
 Brother of birds and trees, God's Troubadour,
Blinded with weeping for the sad and poor;
 Our wealth undone, all strict Franciscan men,
Come, let us chant the canticle again
 Of mother earth and the enduring sun.
God make each soul the lowly leper's slave;
 God make us saints, and brave.

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The Arbor

