

The Clod & the Pebble

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Brightly.

“Love seek-eth not It- self to please, nor for it- self hath an- y care,
but for an- oth- er gives its ease, and builds a Heaven in Hells de- spair.” So
sung a lit- tle Clod of Clay trod- den with the cat- tles feet,
but a Peb- ble of the brook war- bled out these me- tres meet:
“Love seek- eth on- ly Self to please, to bind an- oth- er to Its de- light,
joys in an- oth- ers loss of ease, and builds a Hell in Heavens de- spite.”