

The Little Cares Which Fretted Me
Elizabeth Browning(1806-1861)
Secular melody.

The little cares which fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may come,
I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass,
Among the new mown hay;
Among the hushing of the corn,
Where drowsing poppies nod,
Ill thoughts can die, and good be born,
Out in the fields of God.