By Sara Teasdale

Life has loveliness to sell,

    All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,

    Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children’s faces looking up

Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,

    Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,

    Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit’s still delight,

Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,

    Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace

    Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy

Give all you have been, or could be.