**Nature**

By: Henry David Thoreau

O Nature! I do not aspire  
To be the highest in thy choir, -  
To be a meteor in thy sky,  
Or comet that may range on high;  
Only a zephyr that may blow  
Among the reeds by the river low;  
Give me thy most privy place  
Where to run my airy race.  
  
In some withdrawn, unpublic mead  
Let me sigh upon a reed,  
Or in the woods, with leafy din,  
Whisper the still evening in:  
Some still work give me to do, -  
Only - be it near to you!  
  
For I'd rather be thy child  
And pupil, in the forest wild,  
Than be the king of men elsewhere,  
And most sovereign slave of care;  
To have one moment of thy dawn,  
Than share the city's year forlorn.