

# The PINEHURST OUTLOOK

## A PINEHURST MORNING

*The east its violet robe had shed,  
When near a casement, in a tree,  
"Get up! Get up! Thou slug-a-bed!"  
A mocking bird made mock at me.*

*Then something stirred within my brain;  
I was awake, alert and keen  
Who had been drowsy as the train  
That puffs and crawls from Aberdeen.*

*Again the mocking-bird:—"Get up!  
See how the waiting morning shines!  
Go forth and taste its golden cup  
And hear the wind within the pines!"*

*So at this lyrical command  
I felt that I must needs obey;  
Then the wind took me by the hand  
And led me down a winding way.*

*And ever, wheresoe'er I went,  
By open field or close confines,  
The wind on its clear instrument  
Made music for me in the pines.*

*And if I chanced a flower to find  
Beneath a leaf or spray or fir,  
Down from the pine trees came the wind  
To act as my interpreter.*

*"The arbutus shows," he cried in mirth,  
Seeing me pluck a blossom fair,  
"How sweet in Carolinian earth;  
I show how tonic is its air."*

*What better comrade could I chose  
Divining more than man divines  
Of nature and its brimming cruse,  
Than the rare spirit of the Pines.*

*Hear then a last applause word  
From one who drained morn's golden  
cup!  
My thanks are to that mocking-bird  
Who cried to me—"Get up! Get up!"  
—Clinton Scollard*