

Lying with leaves that are shed;  
And scaling the Vast of Unsaid  
In all its beholding outspread—  
    O, grass-loitered feet,  
    And Spirit o'erfleet!  
Have ye woven the guise wherein ye shall  
    meet?

### BE SIMPLY BRAVE.

**B**E brave, O quivering Heart; be simply brave,  
    Though life has lost its happy zest,  
    Though duty seems a dull behest,  
When buoyant Hope, distraught by cruel stings,  
Lies like a laggard with poor, wounded wings.  
How high the courage hails when terror's rave—  
    Bold-bracing to defy or dare;  
    Perchance but borne of dark despair,  
Only to droop in weakness long before  
The lingering trial-toil be nearly o'er.

To gird with humbler fortitude each day,  
    Facing, unquelled, the haggard years—  
    Bearing in boon of traceless tears  
The anguish which that harsh unmasking gave—  
O, this is nobler—this is simply brave!  
Then take with tender touch what task thou may'st,  
    That others, haply, ne'er may know  
    Less weal because of thy keen woe;  
Lifting no craven spirit when ghosts of Love,  
Amid slain joys, with haunting tortures move.

Sorest the hidden wound; its ache so deep,  
    So sadly dumb; shrinking, alert,  
    Lest even kindness, prying, hurt—  
A yearning envy towards the open grief  
That claims in sympathy a soothed relief,