

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith all undisproved,  
A little dust to overweep,  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake.  
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And giveth His beloved, sleep.

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the mummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose,  
Who giveth His beloved, sleep.

And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let One, most loving of you all,  
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;  
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'"