

TIRED.

So tired waiting,—

Waiting for the end,
The end of all this useless, thankless, striving,
This long, long weariness that we call "living"—
The end of dreams that bring such sad awaking
Of disappointment, and the heart's slow breaking,

So tired waiting,

Waiting for the end !

So tired waiting,—

Waiting for the night
That ends the heart's delirium and fever,
When all its fears are lulled to rest, forever ;
The still, sweet night, with starlight shining over,
And we, asleep, beneath the blooming clover !

So tired waiting,

Waiting for the night !

So tired waiting,—

Waiting for the end
Of all misunderstandings and soul-hunger,
When lack of love shall trouble us no longer,
When a white shroud shall cover up our faces,
And better people fill our vacant places.

So tired waiting,

Waiting for the end.