

Still hands that giving were so oft denied,
Tired feet that trod with little ease the day,
Canst thou not resting now be satisfied,
The while thy soul goes shining on its way?

I am made strong by that which tried thee so,
By loves, and hates, and by thy grieving
fears,

I am grown strong and splendid by thy
woe,

And thou hast shrived me in thy fallen
tears.

But now like to a harassed, wind-blown leaf
Thou fallest, softly, with no stir nor sound,
For thou wert but the close enshielding sheaf
Which for an earthly space thy spirit bound.