

At Eben.

TOO weary to dream,
 Too languid to pray,
 Though with dreams and with prayers
 I would fill the whole day ;
 For I love to dream,
 And I fain would pray ;
 But I work the whole day,
 And dream when I may,
 And scarcely have ever
 A moment to pray.

This toiling, plodding,
 Prayerless elf ;
 Or, this soulful, mindful,
 Inner self ;
 Thro' numberless hours,
 Or moments few,
 Which is the false,
 And which the true ?
 For I love to dream,
 And I fain would pray ;
 But I work the whole day,
 And dream when I may,
 And scarcely have ever
 A moment to pray.