

Ah, that door ! Why wilt Thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me ?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty ;
Many-fingered ivy-vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine ;
Weeds of years and years before
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking ! knocking ! What ! still knocking ?
He still there ?
What's the hour ? The night is waning,—
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest !
Ah, this knocking ! It disturbs me,
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest !
Give me rest,
Rest,—ah, rest !

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee ;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping ;—
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over,—
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming !