

INVOCATION

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Let me lie down with a loftier thought  
Than passing of beast and leaf ;  
That the cry of human soul for soul  
Is greater than nature's grief ;

That man is nearer the mountains of God  
Than in those ages when  
He slept the sleep of the tiger and fox,  
And woke to the strife of the den.

And when from the winter of Thy wild death  
Thine angels of sunlight call,  
Waken me unto my highest, my best,  
Or waken me not at all.