

THE RELEASE

LANGUID thou art lulled to such depth of
sleep

Pale body where within I did abide,
Closed eyes, still hands, and lips that silence
keep,

Since I have risen casting thee aside.

Long hast thou agonised that thou must lie
All silently with thy long travail done,
Greatly it grieved thee that the flesh should
die,

Even though my eternity be won.