

I am weary of beholding
 Life's bright visions fade away—
 Weary calling on love's idols
 In this darkened land to stay.

I am weary, *very* weary
 Of ambition's cruel sway,
 Wearing out the heart's young gladness,
 Giving joys that pass away.

I am weary—oh, so weary
 Of the struggle after fame,
 Let me sleep when it is over
 In a grave without a name.

I am glad that I am passing
 From the tumult and the strife,
 Thankful that my heart is laying
 Down the bitterness of life.

Joyful that my soul hath given
 Up its struggle to be brave ;
 Loved one, when thy friend is resting,
 Wilt thou sorrow o'er her grave ?

ONLY RESTING.

Only resting 'neath the willow,
 After all her toil and pain,
 Sleeping on her grassy pillow
 Till the morn shall break again.

Not an earthly morn of sorrow
 Where the sickly breezes sigh,
 But an everlasting morrow
 With a bright and cloudless sky.