



RESIGNATION

I am a stranger and a sojourner on earth
As all my fathers were:
Helpless, I stumbled through the gates of birth,—
I know no homeland here.

My wine of life in bitterness is pressed,
Trode out with many a sigh:
Oh, for the cup of joy, full-brimming, blest,
To quaff before I die!

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Out of the greyness of the sullen skies,
The deeper night foregathers:
With the day's dying, my passion dies,
—I turn unto my fathers.