

For am I not beyond the power to fight ?

These wasted limbs have hardly strength to
seek

This sheltered spot, where in the shadowy light

My mouldering corpse shall own my courage
weak.

Courage ? The demon Hunger soon can wrest

The power to struggle from its victim's breast.

Fold thy warm arms about me, mother-earth,

And of thy pity let the little leaves,

Which in their death seek thee who gave them
birth,

Gather upon me, while the cold wind grieves

In moaning requiem. To the great Unknown

Which is not worse than this, I pass alone.