

“Because of all these things, hear me who pray !
Lord, grant me of Thy bounty one more day
To worship Thee, and thank Thee I am living.
Yet if Thou callest now, I will obey.”

*At
Matins.*

(The Body's hand tightly the Soul did hold ;
And over them both was shed the sun's red gold ;
And though I knew this day had in its giving
Unnumbered wrongs and sorrows manifold,

I counted it a sad and bitter thing
That this weak, drifting Soul must alway cling
Unto this Body — wrought in such a fashion
It must have set the gods, even, marvelling.

And, thinking so, I heard the Soul's loud cries,
As it turned round and saw the eastern skies)
“O Lord, destroy in me this new-born passion
For this that has grown perfect in mine eyes !

“O Lord, let me not see this thing is fair,
This Body Thou hast given me to wear, —
Lest I fall out of love with death and dying,
And deem the old, strange life not hard to bear !

“Yea, now, even now, I love this Body so —
O Lord, on me Thy longest days bestow !
O Lord, forget the words I have been crying,
And lead me where Thou thinkest I should go !”

(At the edge of the open dawn I saw them stand,
Body and Soul, together, hand-in-hand,
Fulfilled, as I, with strong desire and wonder
As they beheld the glorious eastern land ;