

THE STOIC HEART

Though Disappointment chill my heart,
And fondest hopes at length mislead,
Though Hate let fly his poisoned dart,
And Friendship fail me in my need,
I would not let the world discern
The secret fires that in me burn.

I know that I must bear alone
The misadventures of my life,
That I must hush the coward moan
When storms calamitous are rife,
And call to aid my native pride
When those who know me not deride.

I feel 'tis reprobate to show
The tokens of distress and dread,
And yet my confidence is low,
And bowed in terror is my head,—
It would be well for me if I
Were only privileged to die.