

Too much thou gavest, naught I was denied,
No burden in my empty arms was laid,
My small love weakened thy strong love
beside,
Earth's very fullness on my spirit weighed.

Weak was my soul, it could not learn to
grieve
For those who wept, unfeeling of their pain,
Pale hands, untoiling, eager to receive
Without a will to give to earth again.

My soul could never gain on unfledged wings
Beyond the silver fretting of the stars,
'Twill die upon the breeze that lightly springs
Before the golden gate of day unbars.