

I think I shall not tell my hiding-place,  
For ye know not the path ye would pursue,  
And it is late our footsteps to retrace.

Too weak am I, and now not one of you —  
So weary are ye of each ancient way —  
Retaineth strength enough to seek a new ;

And ye are blind — knowing not night from day ;  
Crying at noontime, “ Let us see the sun ! ”  
And with the even, “ O for rest, we pray ! ”

O Blind and fearful ! Shall I, who have won  
At last this little portion of content,  
Yield all to be with you again undone ?

Because ye languish in your prisonment  
Must I now hearken to your bitter cry ?  
Must I forego, as ye long since forewent,

My vision of the far-off open sky ?  
Nay ! Earth hath much ungiven she yet may give ;  
And though to-day your laboring souls would die,  
From earth my soul gaineth the strength to live.

O COVERING grasses ! O Unchanging trees !  
Is it not good to feel the odorous wind  
Come down upon you with such harmonies