

Him who recks not of man's burden,
Glory's call or honour's guerdon,
Empires' rise or fall.

18

Therefore hail to thee, dark king,
Royal Death ! who yet shalt bring
Rest to Nature racked with feeling,
Bring mankind thy gift of healing,
Nothingness to all.

19

Like some conscript called to strife,
All unsought of me came life ;
All unsought the mind perceiving,
Doubting, striving, loving, grieving,
Asking God for rest.

20

Standing now beside my bed,
Fold thy wings around my head ;
Touch me with thy soothing finger
Where the last pulsations linger
In my troubled breast.