

So I cried to Him just ere you came,  
O my Son, my Son, little Son!  
More loudly protesting the flame  
As I knew in my heart it was done.

Did I cry for some girl I had known,  
Some curious way all these years,  
Since I thought that I went forth alone,  
Now remembered in bodings and fears?

I know not! Nay only I know  
I was strangely, infinitely tired—  
In the heart of my out-thundered woe  
Peace, only peace, I desired.

For O Son, my Son, little Son!  
I dreamed of that hour when I hurled  
From my couch at the day-break to run  
Till I came to the edge of the world.