

Who best can drink his cup of woe.
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below -
He follows in His train."

I had rather be a full private in that
army. than a general in that of the
ecclesiastical Bird-o'-Freedom's; but
there were Huguenots and Puritans of
both stamps.



My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore.
Else earth is darkness at the core.
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to
choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent
draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

—In Memoriam.