

My Prayer.

Ye who have struggled with me in the strife,
Ye who have braved the conflict, fought and bled,
My comrades on the battle-field of Life,
Deal with me gently after I am dead.

Remember not my many frailties,
My faults and failings, though they are not few,
Nay, countless as the sands beside the seas,
Still would I ask forgetfulness from you.

It may be that some comrade's heart hath bled,
Sore wounded by some careless shaft of mine,
But let not anger live against the dead,
"To err is human, to forgive Divine."

And if your wrath is fierce and vain would live,
Remember that I also suffered wrong,
Yet found it in my power to forgive.
Though Hate is mighty, Love is still more strong.

One virtue I can surely call my own,
Perchance, with it, my life has not been vain ;
My ears were swift to hear another's moan,
My eyes were swift to weep for others' pain.