

Sursum

HUSH, vex me not ! The soul
Makes her own creed ;
Borne to an unseen goal,
Whate'er impede,
A shrine she keepeth whole,
Though the heart bleed.

The lingering shades of night
Now melt away,
And, see ! the blind grows white
With dawning day,
And soon shall ruddy light
Flood sky and spray.

Come, wheel my chair again
The window near ;
What murmur in my brain
Grows yet more clear