

No higher hope I hold than this,
That one may say when I am dead,
"He reckons not of death's cold kiss;
His song shall answer in his stead."

And thus a changeless trust I keep
My guiding star in stormy years,
Or when I wake or when I sleep,
That bids me through all doubts and fears

To stake my soul upon the die,
And write some lines that will not rust, —
A great heart-hunger not to lie
Forgotten when my bones are dust.