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## COME MORIR ?

HE leaves the earth, and says, enough and more  
Unto thee have I given, oh Earth. — For all  
With hand free and ungrudging gave I up, —  
But now I leave thy pale hopes and dear pains,  
The rude fields where so many years I've tilled,  
And where no other feeling gave me strength,  
Save that from them my home was aye in view,  
For only transient clouds could hide from me  
My spirit's home, whence it came, where should go ; —  
Enough, more than enough, now let me rest.

J.