

Pleading.

To thy silent home, my darling by the lonely moaning
sea,

Have I come to-day to greet thee — let thy spirit lean
to me.

Let thy spirit lean with comfort while I rest my throbbing
head

On the grave-grass green above thee, here among the quiet
dead.

I have come to thee for healing, for my soul is worn
with strife,

Sick with loneliness and sorrow, failing neath the
stress of life.

Dull my efforts grow and feeble, I have lost all strength
and aim,

Black the heavens loom above me, God is but an empty name.

Gone the courage that upheld me through so many bitter years,
Shame has come upon my manhood — but thy grave will
hide these tears!

Dear the world is strong & cruel — I am roosted in the fray,
From despair's dark waves of horror I have fled to thee to-day.

From the stormy world of silence, out of Death's eternal peace,
Let thy spirit lean with soothing — bid the tumult round
me cease.

Give me back my faith in heaven, bind my soul unto the right,
Let the radiance of thy blessing shine upon my starless
night.

Darling, God is love and wisdom — so the priests & sages
say —

In my anguish I have cursed him — teach me once
again to pray.

Far above a star is gleaming where black storm-clouds
hung before —

Love, be thou my guide & day-star till I safely reach
God's shore!

(This is 20 lines in the metre of Locksley Hall, written for
Atlanta)