

Released

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

Oh, joy of the dying!
At last thou art mine.
And leaping to meet thee,
Impatient to greet thee,
A rapid and rapturous, sensitive, fine
Gayety steals through my pulses to-day,
Daring and doubting like pleasure
Forbidden, or Winter looking at May.

Oh, sorrow of living!
Make way for the thrill
Of the soul that is starting—
Onlooking — departing
Across the threshold of clay.
Bend, bow to the will
Of the soul that is up and away!