

## TO MY OWN SOUL

(Composed at Ridgely Manor, New York, in 1899.)

Hold yet a while, Strong Heart,  
Not part a lifelong yoke  
Though blighted looks the present, future gloom.

And age it seems since you and I began our  
March up hill or down. Sailing smooth o'er  
Seas that are so rare —  
Thou nearer unto me, than oft-times I myself —  
Proclaiming mental moves before they were!

Reflector true — Thy pulse so timed to mine,  
Thou perfect note of thoughts, however fine —  
Shall we now part, Recorder, say?

In thee is friendship, faith,  
For thou didst warn when evil thoughts were brewing —  
And though, alas, thy warning thrown away,  
Went on the same as ever — good and true.