

I think just how my shape will rise –  
 When I shall be “*forgiven*” –  
 Till Hair – and Eyes – and timid Head –  
 Are *out of sight* – in Heaven –

I think just how my lips will weigh –  
 With shapeless – quivering – prayer –  
 That you – *so late* – “*Consider*” me –  
 The “*Sparrow*” of your Care –

I mind me that of Anguish – sent –  
*Some* drifts were moved away –  
 Before my simple bosom – broke –  
 And why not *this* – if *they*?

And so I con that thing – “*forgiven*” –  
 Until – delirious – borne –  
 By my long bright – and *longer* – *trust* –  
 I *drop* my Heart – *unshriven*!