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NOT TO BE REPRODUCED  
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As this thin thread upon thy neck shall lie  
So on thy heart let my poor love abide,  
Not noted much and yet not cast aside,  
Since it may be that fear and mockery  
And shame, earth's tyrants, the thin thing shall try  
Nor burn away what little worth may hide  
Within its pettiness, till fully tried  
Time leaves it as a thing that will not die.

Then hearken! Thou, who forgett'st day by day  
No chain for me, but arms I need'st must wear,  
Although at whiles I deem them hard to bear,  
If thou to thine own work no hand wilt lay —  
— That which I took I may not cast away,  
Keep what I give till death our eyes shall clear.