As this thin thread upon thy neck shall lie
So on thy heart let my poor love abide,
Not yet the deed and yet not cast aside,
Since it may be that fear and mockery
And shame, earth's tyrants, the thin thing shall try
Now how away what little work may hide
Within its pettiness, till fully tried
Time leaves it as a thing that will not die.

Then heaven! Thou, who forget day by day
No charm for me, but same I needs must bear,
Although at whiles I deem them hard to wear;
If thou to time our work, no hand will lay—
—That which I task I may not cast away,
Keep what I give till least our eyes shall see.