

## Self Dependence.

Meary of myself, and sick  
Of lacking  
What I am and what I  
ought to be,  
At the vessel's prow I  
stand, which bears me  
Forward, forward, o'er the  
starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire  
O'er the sea and to the stars I  
send:

"Ye who from my childhood  
up, have calmed me,  
Calm me, ah, compose me to  
the end."

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" Ah, once more," I cried,  
" ye stars, ye waters,  
On my heart your mighty  
Charm renew;  
Still, still let me, as I  
gaze upon you,  
Feel my soul becoming  
vast, like you."

From the intense, clear, star-  
sown vault of heaven,  
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,  
On the rustling night-air, came  
~~the~~ the answer:

" Wouldst thou be as these are?  
Live as they!"



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" Unaffrighted by the silence  
round them,  
Undistracted by the sights  
they see,  
These demand not that the  
things without them  
Yield them love, amusement,  
sympathy.

" And with joy the stars per-  
form their shining  
And the sea its long moon-  
silvered roll.  
For alone they live, nor pine  
not with noting  
All the fever of some differing  
soul.

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" Bounded by themselves  
and unobservant  
In what state God's other  
works may be,  
In their own tasks all  
their powers pouring,  
These attain the mighty life  
you see."

Oh, air-born Voice! long since  
sincerely clear  
A cry like thine in my  
own heart I hear.  
"Resolve to be thyself; and  
know that he  
Who finds himself loses his  
misery."

Matthew Arnold