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on 206  
"Adieu," the Poet saw my vanished Star,  
thy duty & thy happiness were one.  
Work is heaven's best; its fame is sublunar:  
The game thou dost not see, the work is done.  
For thou I am content that these things are;  
More than content were I my race being run,  
might it be true of me, though none thereon  
Should miss regretful - while he lived he shone

autograph for Miss Simpson

Jean Ingelow

Nov 26<sup>th</sup> 1881