

Sympathy

The tear another's tears bring forth,
The sigh which answers sigh,
The pulse that beats at other's woes,
E'en though our own be nigh,

A balm to bathe the wounded heart
Where sorrow's hand hath lain,
The link divine from soul to soul
That makes us one in pain, —

Sweet sympathy, benignant ray,
Light of the soul doth shine;
In it is human nature giv'n
A touch of the divine.