



The Tabernacle Door.

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*They tell me of grand seraphic prayer,  
They speak of the light that is gathered there,  
They say that to mountain heights above  
Fly up the eagles of holy love ;  
I hear them, but never ask to soar  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

*I open a book of inspired thought,  
Treasures that saints may have dearly bought :  
At another time, in another place,  
It might be a fount of the richest grace,  
But I close the volume and read no more  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

*It is not praise, it is scarcely prayer,  
I only think of Him dwelling there.  
The Heart that is never strange or cold,  
The love that is always new and old,  
Till cares and sorrows can vex no more  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*