

## Morning

Come to me with the love I miss,  
With face aflame and eyes that shine;  
Make me to feel your soft, rough kiss,  
Pressed light against this cheek of mine.

Come to me when Death's kindly mists  
Are dimming eyes that look for you;  
Come, if weak nature still resists  
The iron clasp, the chilling dew.

O! hold me in your strong, young arms,  
When tired my spirit sinks to rest,  
Turn to sweet comfort wild alarms,  
Gather me, dreaming, to your breast.

Come in the radiant, new-found morn  
With lustrous eyes and quiet breath;  
Give me to know this soul reborn,  
Crown me a victor over death.

So shall we sail a sapphire sea;  
The tranquil streams shall roam beside;  
Our rest, deep as eternity,  
Our deathless love, as ether wide.