

But food of dreams love cannot satisfy,
Nor mem'ries feed the starving heart; thus I,
Love-lorn, with weary wings toward heaven soar,
Beating for entrance 'gainst God's golden door.

Longing for thee, earth's ways in dreams I tread,
By thy white hand along its pathways led,
Counting the hours till on celestial strands
I'll kiss again thy lips, thine eyes, thy hands.