

## HEAVEN

Not with the haloed saints would Heaven be  
For such as I;  
Who have not reached to their serenity  
So sweet and high.

Not with the martyrs washed by holy flame  
Could I find place,  
For they are victors who through glory came  
To see God's face.

Not with the perfect souls that enter there  
Could mine abide,  
For clouded eyes from eyes all cloudless fair  
'Twere best to hide.

And not for me the wondrous streets of gold  
Or crystal sea—  
I only know the brown earth, worn and old,  
Where sinners be.

Unless I found those who to me belong,  
My dear and own,