

THOU NOBLE SOUL

Thou, noble soul, which upward speeds
its way,

Be not drawn back by strings of earthly
gain,—

But ever onward in thy glad'some lay
Remember sweetest ends bring deepest
pain.

Thou, noble soul, whose day is now,
but, dawning,

Let not an evil cloud obscure thy morn—
But, in the waking hours of fairest
morning;

With silver chimes, the Holy word
adorn.

Thou, noble soul, who wills that nothing
more,

Of earthly treasure, shall avail or
count,—

But, only that which enters Heaven's
door

Shall be accepted as thy true account.