

The Lure of Earth

HEAVEN and song and gold,
And lights that swim—
Ah, for the earth of old!
My cherubim
Together lie in fold
There—he by him.

Surely a moment past
I climbed the stair,
And saw the moonbeams cast
On flaxen hair,
And stooped—a kiss—my last—
On foreheads fair.

Some captive fancy, caught
In waking hours,