

“IF CHILDREN, THEN HEIRS.”

Lord, Thou didst find me in a low estate,
 And on my brow didst lay thy mystic sign :
 Lo ! then, my churlish nature new-create,
 A princely rank and heritage were mine !
 And now Thy kind and prudent discipline
 Moulds my nonage. In simple tasks I wait
 Until the happy festal morning shine
 When I shall enter on my larger fate.

Sometimes in thought I see the gates unfolding :
 Soft splendours break about me : harmonies
 Not heard of mortal ears, my fancy please :
 Bright forms attend me : and Thou Lord, upholding
 My faint hear: with the mercy of Thy glance,
 Dost bid me to my rich inheritance.