

O brow, O lips, O eyes,
 O changing, eloquent looks,—
 A soul could be satisfied with you,
 As the hart with the water-brooks.

If souls could be satisfied—souls—
 Where all is passing and vain !
 Where we drink, and thirst, and drink,
 But only to thirst again.

Where God makes the gladness short,
 And the lamentation long,
 And brief the interludes
 For laughter in life's sad song ;

Lest, haply, Earth's blinded ones
 Should mistake their heaven for His,
 And forego the world to come
 For a little joy in this.

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Just as the meeting streams
 Leap up to join for ever,
 One streamlet is turned aside,
 And gathered to the river—

To Death—the dark, cold river,
 Who hurries on with his prize ;
 Cry Alas ! for all earth's longings,
 That cannot enter the skies !

Cry Alas ! for divided hearts,
 For the dreams that are only dreams ;
 “One taken, the other left,”—
 Ah, saddest of human themes !

“Equal unto the angels !”
 Let us keep our human pain,
 If joys of humanity
 Can never be-felt again.

I hear a spirit wailing :
 “Heaven is no heaven to me,
 While I strain my eyes with gazing
 O'er the parapets for thee ;

“Mid the holy Hallelujahs
 I stand at the golden gate,
 And listen for my earth-lover,
 Who must come at last—though late.

“And the love of the Archangels
 Cannot wean my soul from him,
 Who was mine in a world of shadows,
 Where all love and light are dim.”