

*FANCY AND IMAGINATION*

OUR Fancy roams with earth's revolving scenes  
And gathers solace from the things of time,  
E'en as the bee draws from the passing flower  
Its sweetness, moving on from bloom to bloom.  
But fond Imagination finds no rest,  
A pilgrim, lost awhile upon this earth,  
Yet ever striving through the things of time  
To reach her native land, her home in heaven