

THE SOUL'S QUEST

The heart is through the length of years
The rough wood drives away her tears
The blood-stains check all earthly fears

Through early dawn of dawn and psalm
She moves to show her soul's own calm
The cross her heart has slain



See years and hours to hours
And for my heart's truest hours
Pine for and seek for evermore

So in the present world we
Of holy deed and prayer away
She finds to-morrow and yesterday

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