

There is no Heart's Content

There is no heart's content,
It is not to be found,
For I have sought in vain
The weary world around ;
And I will seek no longer,
As mine hours are vainly spent
In longing and in searching for
Sweet heart's content.

With the first dawn of reason—
The awakening of the soul—
My gentle mother taught me
Of that One who maketh whole,
My little hands she clasped in prayer,
My childish knee she bent,
But even then my childish soul
It knew no heart's content.

Wealth and honour, gaudy baubles,
Held before my wondering eyes,
Charmed my senses, lured me onward,
And to win a glittering prize,
Oh the folly I committed,
Folly that was all well meant,
For I was only seeking after
—Heart's content.