

LONGING.

J. R. Lowell.

Rosseter G. Cole.

mp Brightly.

Of all the myr - iad moods of mind That thro' the soul come thro' - ing, Which

mp

one was e'er so dear, so kind, So beau - ti - ful as Long-ing? The thing we long for,

that we are For one tran - scen - dent mo - ment; Be - fore the Pres - ent,

dim. *mp*

poor and bare, Can make it's sneer - ing comment. 2. Still thro' our pal - try stir and strife Glows

dim. *mp*

down our wished I - de - al; And Long-ing moulds in clay what Life Carves in the mar - ble

Re - al; To let the new life in, we know, De - sire must ope the

dim.

por - tal; Per - haps the long - ing to be so, Helps make the soul im - mor - tal.

dim.