

# To the Not Impossible Him

HOW shall I know, unless I go  
To Cairo or Cathay,  
Whether or not this blessed spot  
Is blest in every way?

Now it may be, the flower for me  
Is this beneath my nose;  
How shall I tell, unless I smell  
The Carthaginian rose?

The fabric of my faithful love  
No power shall dim or ravel  
Whilst I stay here,--but oh, my dear,  
If I should ever travel!