

LOVE is not all, in this broad world of ours,
Not all, though lives lie waste, though hearts may
break,
And souls have perished, all for Love's sweet sake.
But as in gardens there are other flowers
Than roses, so in life are other powers
Less passionately perfumed that can take
Firm hold on lives left bare of love, and make
The world seem greenly clad through winter hours.
The sober ivy clasps a ruined wall,
It keeps it fair, and shields it from decay ;
And though God's Providence at times deprives
Our hearts of Love, yet round our broken lives
He twines some surer good ; and in this way
He gently teaches us—Love is not all.

