

EXULTATION

I.

I had been wishing for a missive sweet
From thee, my own, and as each day wore on
To eve, I have in hope and expectation gone
Afoot, well nigh a league, thy gift to greet;
But Fate my ardent wish did seem to cheat,
And my poor heartstrings play upon.

II.

Yet Fate can even to us sometimes be
In kindly mood, and gentle in its might;
Whereof in witness stands my joy this night.
Elation, such as is in verity
Born of that love which I do bear to thee,
Pervades my being, and my soul doth light.