

MY OLD SWEETHEART

The tempest may madly rage without,
We have lasting peace within;
And confidence ne'er gives place to doubt,
Nor concord to noisy din.

She will soon return again to me,
From her visit in the West,
And the dear face that I long to see
Will be nestling on my breast.

And I will feel as in olden time,
With a love not dreamed of then;
No happier man in any clime
Is known to the sons of men.

And when we part at the silent tomb,
'Twill be but a passing day
Before we meet where there is no gloom,
And sweethearts forever stay.

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Full forty-six years of wedded life,
Enjoyed with my sweetheart here;
They were happy years, devoid of strife,
And full of Christian cheer;
Then her Master called her spirit home,
And I am left to walk alone.