



"THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS."

Somewhere throughout this barren land there waits you with outstretched hands
 The woman to mould your life anew, the woman who understands.
 You may never perhaps have met her, and though fate still holds you apart,
 There lingers in North, South, East or West this glorious glowing heart.
 She may be of comely beauty or even severely plain,
 She may live in a gorgeous palace or down in a backwoods lane,
 She may be a child of fortune or pauper in worldly wealth,
 She may be a buxom creature or cursed with a failing health:
 But somewhere there waits to welcome you, her lover from distant lands,
 This glorious, God-like creature, the woman who understands.
 And so if you wander friendless, though year after year slide by,
 If you sail like a human derelict, with never a harbor nigh,
 If fate should buffet you harshly and the outlook all seem blue,
 Remember this noble woman is somewhere a-watch for you.
 Ready to kiss the forehead that aches with the strife of things,
 Ready by sweet encouragement to soothe all the bitter stings,
 Ready by noble promptings to spur you toward your goal,
 Ready to cheer, encourage, condone, forgive, console.
 Willing to share your burden and shoulder the major part,
 Ready to brighten up your life and cheer the despondent heart:
 Ready to share your glory, and kinder, when 'neath defeat
 You struggle beyond one pit-fall to others you'll have to meet.
 So hasten your weary footsteps and lighten your air of gloom,
 Somewhere you'll yet encounter, this flower is all a-bloom:
 Fragrant and sweet and perfumed with a love that is most divine
 There waits to encircle the sturdy oak, this beautiful winding vine.
 And then as it trestles 'round you—the glorious rose-hued hours
 Will bring to the vine its beauty, its quota of buds and flowers;
 So leap with a joy unbounded and wrestle with luring fate,
 Triumph, succeed and conquer, by purging yourself of hate:
 Gaze on the silver lining, which, hidden in every cloud
 Brightens the dewy morning and tears from the night its shroud,
 For how, but with face a-smiling and heart that is lithe and true
 Could you dare to approach this heaven, with gate that's ajar for you?
 I see her, she's waiting for you, with suppliant outstretched hands,
 This gift of the gods, this angel, the woman who understands.