

LOVE IS WITH ME TO THE END.

The lonely hours, that gently play
Like little, sun-kissed princes, young,
The silent, willow trees among—
In the bright courtyard of King Day.

I am content to gladly spend
With Life and Love these little whiles;
Life's walked with me, ah! many miles
And Love is with me to the end.
I care not what great storms arise
Or what great darkness fills the land,
So long as Love gives me her hand
I am content and sympathize.