

Not all the years that I have spent of life,
To gain this rare hearts ease,
Do I lament, nor would I thee possess
Anew, for perfect peace;
And I have no regret, just mem'ry sweet
Of all my bosom's pain,
Which now, as joy, I squander at thy feet,
And live my youth again.

For in that time of hope, with doubt and fear
Lest I should not be thought
By thee full worthy of thy priceless trust,
My soul, tho' oft distraught,
Hath, by its searching trial, with faith grown
strong,
And proven thus, to thee
And thy sweet service now doth it belong
On to eternity.