

And now there comes the blessing
And we two are as one,
For each other love confessing
Until life's journey's done.

Beside a death-bed, sighing
I kneel with Madeline,—
For May, our child, lies dying
When frost is on the vine.

And now the burial's over,
The mourners gone away,
We feel that bleak October
Succeedeth sunny May.

But yet true love, as ever,
Is warm within our hearts;
The bleaker path together,
We'll journey till death parts.

Our locks are thin and hoary,
Our footsteps weak and slow,
Yet murmuring love's sweet story
On to the end we go.

Asleep within her casket,
I weep o'er Madeline—
And though 'tis wrong to ask it,
I pray that hers were mine.