

Thine has not died—through strife and sin,
Malice of leaguered foes,
Thy constancy its way would win,
Thy spirit firmer rose.
All Satan's power thou hast repelled,
And only kept in view
That which thy love-dreams first beheld,
The honoured and the true!

Whate'er the end, O woman fair!
Whether at last may break
The light of hope above despair,
Or even for thy sweet sake—
One truth is clear—God's gracious sign,
Till our last suns have set—
This love and constancy of thine
Shall be remembered yet!