

That could befall me ! Yet it had to be.
We said " good bye " beneath the old oak tree ;
Our vows exchanged ; your lustrous eyes so bright
To me seemed full of loving, heavenly light ;
And in their clear, deep depths, I could divine
That I was yours and you were ever mine.

And so I went. But still there comes to me
Thy voice, in silver bells of memory ;
At times I hear it with its sweet refrain—
Telling me bravely " we shall meet again " ;
And so we shall ; these words will ever cheer,
Until I see her whom I love so dear.

When I return I know your love for me
Will be as true as ere it used to be ;
What though your hair has lost its golden sheen,
And I more sorrows of this life have seen ;
Still in our hearts as has been all along,
Will ring the chimes of love's grand old sweet song.

And sweeter then, tho' long sad years have passed,
Our love will be, because we know at last
That to each other we have been so true