

Away from home, and 'tis growing late,  
He's gone away to the "Beacon Light;"  
And knowing he goes too often there,  
Sadly troubles poor May to-night.

The shadow ! the shadow ! she sees it now ;  
Already it darkens her married life ;  
But bravely she's seeking to bear it well,  
With all the love of a good true wife.

You ask, what shadow looms o'er her home ?  
Turn back, and listen with me  
To her earnest pleading with him to-night,  
As soon as they rose from their early tea.

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