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“Oh nothing, nothing like that, Jeanie, but what sayeth the blessed Word ?

“God speaketh once, yea, twice, unto man when never a voice is heard.’

“And He’s given a word unto me, Jeanie—a word and a holy thought,

Of something I’ve never found upon earth, and something I’ve always sought ;

Of something I never thought that I’d find till I found it in heaven above ;

Its Love He has given to me, Jeanie, His everlasting love !

“I’m old, Jeanie, poor and old, and I’ve had to work hard for my bread :

It’s long since father and mother died, and ye know I was never wed ;

And the most of my life’s been spent in Place, and in places where I’ve been,

If I’ve heard a little talk about love, its been work I’ve mostly seen.

“And in summer the days were long and light, and in winter short and cold,

Till at last I was good for work no more, for you see I’m getting old ;

And I knew there was nothing left for me but to come to the House, and I cried,

But if I was not good for work, what was I good for beside ?