

A WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

My beloved, why art thou so weary and sad?
One heart thou dost always make joyous
and glad.

The light of thy presence is dearer to me,
Than the gold of the earth, or the pearls of the sea.

My beloved, I care not what ill may betide,
So I can be near thee and watch by thy side;
We will conquer together the pain and the strife,
So be not down hearted then, life of my life.

My beloved, I give thee my soul and my all;
I am thine, I am thine till Death's Angel shall call;
And should God in heaven forbid thee to dwell,
I will follow thee down to the shadows of Hell.