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I never knew,
Until this hour, just what I meant to you;
I knew a brave and steadfast love was mine,
But what the measure of that love might be
I never knew,
Until you died for me.

I never cared,
O'er greatly, how the world around us fared;
Secure within the shelter of your heart.
Now will I live for all, in memory
Of all you dared
Before you died for me.

I never guessed
What wealth was mine, that you should love me best;
Until I came to face the world alone
And marvel mutely in what great degree
I have been blessed
That you should die for me.

Oh, you who went
Beyond, with fearless gaze and head unbent,
And would not wait for me, since England called,
Be near me ever, till once more I see
And join, content,
My love who died for me.

S. M. Isaacson.

Winnipeg, Man.

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