

II.

Some give to God, and then take back the gift ;
They would keep something for their very own ;
They too, love God, but love not Him alone.

Your love for Him knew nought of this pretence :
He was your life, your every act and thought ;
To do His will in every thing you sought.

His yoke was ever sweet, His burden light,
To you, His spouse, who gave Him all your heart,
That day that saw you from your loved ones part.

And now if but those golden years could speak,
How eloquent the tale they would unfold,
That only at the Judgment may be told ?

God's angels keep the list of all thy deeds,
And Christ remembers what thou hast essayed ;
In His good time thou shalt be full repaid.

Five times ten years of building for the Lord ?
From hearts that love thee glad Te Deums rise ;
The sweet Laudate echoes from the skies.

Five times ten years of faithful service wrought ?
Our joy is full, and fervently we pray
God's choicest blessings follow thee alway.