

O Sweet of Face.

O SWEET of face, your soul is wondrous
fair,

The soul that shines so steadfast in your eyes,
Like the soft light that down far valleys lies
In summer time, the blue of Heaven is there,
But holier, with the look that angels wear,
Selfless in service and in sorrow wise.
Before such radiance all evil dies,
As worldly thoughts before the hush of prayer.

Through such as you the world shall be
redeemed,

Truth shall foul falsehood, wrong and crime
outpace,

O perfect woman, mother, friend, the race
Beholds through you a day of poets dreamed ;
And looking on your loveliness, it seemed

I saw your purpose glowing from your face.