

THE PROMISE

Your hands were dimpled soft and white
When first I met you, love.
For labor's task they seemed too slight.
I begged that I might have the right
To be for life your guardian knight.

Your faded face deep lines doth wear,
Your eyes are dim from tears,
Your form is bent from anxious cares,
Your hands the marks of toil do bear;
Yet you to me are now more fair.

I promised you a life of ease
When first I met you, love.
You've toiled for me and sought to please,
And to fresh hope oft gave the lease.
Not while life lasts will my love cease,
And I have given you love.