

Of all those hard and bitter days,
When we were pulling different ways ;
And all my grief, long unassuaged,
And the internal war that raged
Taking my heart for battle-ground
And leaving harder than it found.—
She looked at me with loving eyes,

But in those eyes were tears as well,
And more of sorrow than surprise ;

I kissed the tears before they fell !—
What joy when undivided life
Is led by loving man and wife !

At work again, and well and strong,
And happy as the day is long !—
And rather long it seemed at first
To be away from dearest Rose,
I'd been so petted and so nursed—

But men must work—for so it goes,
And even with my charming wife
I should not like an idle life.

Some pleasant drives were those we had—
And Rose admired my appetite !
One's convalescence is not bad
With all around you gay and bright.