

Thus mused the bride that star-lit eve,
Thus filled with bliss, thus spoke Geneve,
Her head was crowned with roses sweet,
And diamonds flashed far o'er the deep,

Her dark hair set with pins of gold,
And robes ten thousand charms unfold,
Sweet lady bliss without alloy,
Sits now enthroned, thy sweetest joy.

Her eyes are set in deepest blue,
They rest dear George in pride on you,
Arm linked to arm they paced the deck,
Nor dreamed such joy could have its check,

[round,
Thus bride and groom swopped round and
No trust like theirs on earth is found,
Her face is flushed with heavenly hues,
And brightness floods the land of blues.

Her heart is strong though frail the dust,
Thats hastening on to God, her trust,
Dear lady look far out and see,
How dark the waves twixt home and thee.

"Excuse me George, my own sweet love,
I wish to see the lights above."
Then flew she to the vessels side,
There standeth gazing; heavens sweet bride.