

## MY BELOVED

*I loved her in her womanhood,  
And wondered at her growing charm—  
(God grant it bring her not to harm)  
I trusted her as still I could  
And loved her in her womanhood.*

*And still what time the night-wind blows  
Across the primal-planted plain,  
I see her rise through cloud and rain  
To all the fulness beauty knows,  
And feel my questionings are vain.*