

To My Husband -- Dec. 1844.

Dearest, the cloud hath left thy brow,
The shade of thoughtfulness, of care,
And deep anxiety; and now
The sunshine of content is there.

Its sweet return with joy I hail;
And never may thy Country's woes
Again that hallow'd light dispel,
And mar thy bosom's calm repose!

God hath crown'd thy years of toil
With full fruition; and I pray,
That on the harvest still his smile
May shed its ever gladdening ray.

Thy task is done; Another eye
Than thine, must guard thy Country's weal;
And Oh! May wisdom from on high
To him the one true path reveal!

When erst was spread the mighty waste
Of water fathoms wide and far
And darkness rested there, unchased
By ray of sun or moon or star.

God bade the gloomy deep recede
And so young earth rose on his view;
Swift at his word, the waters fled
And darkness spread its wings and flew.

The same strong arm hath put to flight
Our Country's foe--the ruthless band
That swept in splendid pomp and might,
Across our fair and fertile land.

The same almighty hand hath rais'd
On these wild plains a structure fair
And well may wondering Nations' gaze
At aught so marvelous and rare.

Thy task is done. The holy shade
Of calm retirement awaits thee now,
The lamp of hope relit hath shed
Its sweet refulgence o'er thy brow.

Far from the busy haunts of men
Oh! may thy soul each fleeting hour
Upon the breath of prayer ascend
To Him who rules with love and power!

Presented to me by my cousin,
Franklin Williams of Houston, Texas,
who has the original in his possession.
J.H.W. 1/6/33.

Mrs. Houston wrote this and sent it to
Genl. Houston at Washington, D.C. in 1844.