

Woman's Love

To worship silently at some hearts shrine
And feel but paint not all its fire in shine
To pray for what hearts hopes when shine are gone
Nor let its after chillness dim shine own.
To hold that one with every fault more dear
Than all that whisper fondness in shine ear.
To joy thee in his joy and silently
Meet the upbraidings of his angry eye:
To bear unshrinking all the blood of fate
Save that which leaves thy sorrow desolate
Nor deem that woe which thou canst feel is still
Borne with him and for him through every ill
To smile on him nor weep save when apart
God and God only looks into thy heart:
To keep unchanged thy calm pure quiet love
If the inconstant doth a new one prove,
To love all round him as a part of him
E'en her he worships, though shine eye be dim
With weeping for thyself to pray that not
One cloud may darken o'er that earthly lot
With the affection of true hearts to see
His happiness which doth not hang on thee
Oh this is woman's love its joy its pain
And this it hath been felt and felt in vain.

October 14th 1843.

Saturday Evening

