

Woman

"When the meek Redeemer's eye
Closed upon hound Calvary,
And the blood drops from his brow
Spickled - woman, where wert thou?
Kneeling by his cross, and there
Breathing forth thy soul in prayer,
When the sacred rites were done,
Constant as creation's sun.
At the sepulchre wert thou,
With aching heart and throbbing brow!
Meek, and gentle, loving, mild,
O'er faith thou art beguiled.
And in life's wild wilderness,
Was man, woman's sorrows queen?
Quick thy bosom is, so feel,
Even thy vengeance is, as steel;
Nay should wrong the portion be,
Thou wilt rise in majesty!
But in love's domestic hour,
Sweet is thy smile as pumkin's flower.

Woman, let thy influence fall
Rightly, on the hearts of all;
Who would think thy little hand
So much empire would command!
Know that there are charms more sweet
Than when orchard graces meet;
Give those gentle sweets to wind,
And make a charming mint within.
When, however dark I see thy,
However sad my destiny,
All ask of Him who rules above,
The day-star of a woman's love."

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