

LOVE'S PROGRESSION TRIED AND TRUE
THIS TENDER TALE DEPICTS FOR YOU

SUNDAY
CALL

LITERARY
SECTION
MAY 17, 1903

When your cheek had lost its dimples
And your hair its ruddy hue;
When your eyes had lost the sparkle
Of two shining drops of dew;
When your form was like a Venus
And your cheek was like a peach,
And we wandered 'neath the starlight
And sweet vows were breathed by each,
Well I loved you — and I deemed not
That such mighty love could grow,
For I loved you very dearly
In those years so long ago.

When I saw your sweet, bright patience
Through those many years of care;
How you labored for our children —
Labored on with whitening hair;
When I saw your pain lined features —
Heard your wild despairing sob
As the cold earth struck the coffin
Of our first born baby, Bob —
Then my love became eternal
And looked forward to the day
When there will be no more parting
And the mists have rolled away.



When within the quiet shelter
Of our first small humble home
We had passed a year together —
Just we two there — all alone;
When that ray of light broke on us
And close nestled to your breast
The little lad found haven
In our paradise of rest —
Then a mighty light dawned on me
And my heart — rent to the core —
Cried aloud, and I was conscious
That I never loved before.

As you silent lay before me
And I say my last good night,
Fifty years of tender memories
Surge across my tear-dimmed sight
And in mournful retrospection
I recall my words of cheer
As our fledgelings, one by one, wise,
Left the nest and made it dear —
And I know that never yet, KATE,
Have I loved you as today
While I wait the time up yonder —
When the mists have rolled away

