

Musings
Margaret Lee Houston

Oh I would linger yet awhile
Upon the green earth's shore
The stream of death is dark and wild
Its dismal waters roar.

Yet in my heart that scene of gloom
No terror can awake
Nor is it earth with all its bloom
That draws my spirit back.

No, there's an eye that fondly beams
Upon me in my sleep,
A form beloved that haunts my dreams
I think on him and weep

Oh I would linger with him yet,
Who knows the dark snares now
That may his lonely path beset
The grief, the tearless woe!

Yes, I would linger yet awhile
His lonely heart to cheer,
And break the artful tempter's wile
That would his soul ensnare.

Margaret wrote this poem after receiving a letter from Sam on the anniversary of her father's death. This poem expressed her feelings of deep despair and how her husband rescued her from the throes of depression.

Roberts, Madge T. *Star of Destiny*. Denton: University of North Texas Press, 1929