

My Husband's Picture
Margaret Lea Houston

Dear gentle shade of him I love,
I've gazed upon thee till thine eye
In liquid light doth seem to move,
And look on me in sympathy!

And oh that smile! I know it well.
It minds me of the eve in May,
When soft the rising starlight fell
Upon the flowers at close of day.

And first my trembling lips did own
They love returned, that holy hour.
Sure Nature smiled in unison,
Through every tree and vine and flower.

As now I gaze upon that form,
Against those clouds of threatening mien,
In bold relief, as if no storm,
Could ever scathe that brown again.

An image starts within my mind,
As if a shadow from the past,
On some sweet dream of olden time,
Has suddenly my heart o'ercast.

Yes--yes, it must be so! The same
Proud form of majesty, the one
That o'er my girlish vision came,
And that my heart hath loved alone.