

Constancy

When starlight blends with morning's hue,
I miss thee as the flower the dew!
When noonday's length'ning shadows flee,
I think of thee, I think of thee.

With evening, memories reappear –
I watch thy chair, and wish thee here;
Till sleep sets drooping fancy free
To dream of thee, to dream of thee!

Since first we met, in weal or woe
It hath been thus; and must be so
Till bursting bonds our spirits part
And Love divine doth fill my heart.

Mary Baker Eddy