

To My Sweetheart and Wife

(Note: This has been used as a lyric for Ethelbert Nevin's
"Canzonetta," more commonly known as "Venetian
Love Song."—R.A.H.)

Aye, beauteous petalled rose,
Kissed by the morning's dew;
Betake your flight this very night
To one more fair than you.
The liquid sphere that nestled here
Within your chalice sweet,
Howe'er so fair cannot compare
With her whom you shall greet.

Aye, beauteous petalled rose,
I wish that I were you,
For when you greet my lady sweet,
I know what she will do.
Unto her breast with tears caressed,
She'll press you to her heart,
Her nectared kiss will be your bliss
When you my love impart.

—1899

The Law of Perpetuity

True morality in social service lies.
Those who live for Self cannot hope
To attain Life's most precious prize.
For selfishness is self-pervasive.
We live as we get and give.
The happiest men are they who serve
That others may happier and better live.
For this is the Law of Perpetuity.

—1925