

The Bride Immortal
by George E. Deakin

What is the message that the passing years
Have borne to thee upon their fleeting wings?
What is the story of thy silent soul?
What are thy dreams of tender holy things?

Has thou kept homely vigil at Love's shrine
And dreamed of holy love, that never dies;
Till Time has stolen from those lips of thine
The roses, and the Love-light from thine eyes?

Oh! Do not droop, for know, thy soul was planned
And fashioned by an Architect Divine.
He framed thy heart, He lit the sacred fire,
He will not fail thee in His vast design.

For thee, the orange blossom there shall bloom
Thy Bridal Hymn, an angel's chant shall be
Somewhere, in God's great universe of souls
Thy Mate is waiting! And he waits for thee!

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