

## **Song**

by Edith Wharton

Let us be lovers to the end,  
O you to whom my soul is given,  
Whose smiles have turned this earth to heaven,  
Fast holding hands as we descend  
Life's pathway devious and uneven,  
Let us be lovers to the end.

Dear, let us make of Time a friend  
To bind us closer with his cares,  
And though grief strike us unawares  
No poisoned shaft that fate can send  
Shall wound us through each other's prayers,  
If we are lovers to the end.

Let us be lovers to the end  
And, growing blind as we grow old,  
Refuse forever to behold  
How age has made the shoulders bend  
And Winter blanched the hair's young gold.  
Let us be lovers to the end.

Whichever way our footsteps tend  
Be sure that, if we walk together,  
They'll lead to realms of sunny weather,  
By shores where quiet waters wend.  
At eventide we shall go thither,  
If we are lovers to the end.