

Love Thyself Last

Ella Wilcox, 1896.

Henry Hayman(1820-1894)

Love thyself last.

Look near, behold thy duty

To those who walk beside thee down life's road;

Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,

And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last.

Look far, and find the stranger

Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;

Go lend a hand and help him out of danger,

To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last.

The vastnesses above thee

Are filled with spirit forces, strong and pure;

And fervently these faithful friends shall love thee,

Keep thy watch over others, and endure.

Love thyself last; and oh, such joy shall thrill thee,

As never yet to selfish souls was given.

Whate'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee,

And earth shall seem the ante-room of Heaven.

Love thyself last;

And thou shalt grow in spirit

To see, to hear, to know and understand.

The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it,

And all God's joys shall be at Thy command.