

Love's Trust - song lyrics

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LOVE'S TRUST.

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Words by Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse.

Music by W. C. Schrader.

If love is tender, truthful, pure:
If love be regal, loyal sure.
By all the world of land and sea.
Divided it could never be;
While south winds woo in soft replies,
The north winds wail to lullabies.
While summer's sun. when white doves fly
Across the cloud-fringed, azure sky.
Caresses morn's self tended flowers.
Dew-beaded in the early hours;
If love be tender, truthful, pure.
Love will, love will endure.

If love be steadfast trusted, tried,
Grown watchful, true, it needs no guide;
It fears no fate, nor wane, nor night;
It walks apace, self-crowned with light;
Though woe it gains sweet servitude;
Through weal it wins sweet solitude;
Though luckless years may sound their knell.
Through perfect chimes the marriage bell
Will swing the cadence to and fro,
Beside the thorns the roses blow;
If love be steadfast trusted, tried.
Love will, love will abide.

If love be fickle, wayward bold.
And grasp its buds ere flower unfold.
With empty hands it walks alone.
When chill winds sigh and sob and moan;
Through tearful vigils, tired with pain,
And cruel taunts of self-disdain,
Way-worn and wasted, all unblest.
Through fruitless hope that brought unrest,
Beating the sight of a wounded trust.
That, trailed its faith in clay and dust.
If love be fickle, wayward, bold,
Love will, love will grow cold.