

The Sweetest Soul I Ever Knew

The sweetest soul I ever knew
I Had suffered untold sorrow,
Had wept full many a long night through
And feared the dark tomorrow.
Oh! she had seen her baby die
And seen her loved ones taken,
Full many a tear had dimmed her eye,
But her faith remained unshaken.

Her hair was white as the driven snow,
And her brow with care was lined,
But all untouched by the years of woe
Was the sweetness of her mind;
And all unharmed by the years of care
And the dreary nights of grieving
Was the gentle smile of that woman fair,
Still trustful, still believing.

Joy never produces a soul like this,
They come from the fires of anguish,
This perfect sweetness of mind they miss,
Who in rose-red bowers languish;
For out of the heartache and out of pain
And the suffering unabated,
The shattered hopes that were held in vain,
Was this wonderful soul created.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)