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To my precious Madge on her Fortieth birthday
October twenty 1852
Was a glorious day for me and you,
Great joy there was at our family hearth,
That to a daughter I had given birth.

We had four boys, bright and strong,
But still our hearts did always long,
For a little daughter, gentle and fair,
Who in old age for us would care.

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After ten long years had passed,
My wishes were realized at last,
When on that bright October day,
Close to my heart the sweet child lay,

All that I hoped of love and joy..
I have formed in her, without alloy,
For in the cradle of the babe
Faries their rarest gifts had laid

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And now she is my guiding star,
In all my wanderings near and far
Eyes, hands, and feet, my constant star
She is my moon by night, my sun by day.

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