

Fortune and Providence are in my fold,
marvellous is my being just now,
with you lying beside me here
like life lying beside death;
sun lighting up the dark,
thistle glistening like a rose,
the poison withdrawn from the apple,
the miry clay turned into pure gold.

How pitiful the state I'd be in
if I were to lose you, my love:
my health and my heart would break
with the end of my light and day;
dawn would be like the middle of the night,
laughter like the mocking of death,
my barge would be on the reefs of grief,
a sordid end to the world of songs.

*It was you who gave me reason,
it was you who gave me a berth,
it was you who gave me direction
and an anchor and port for my boat;
you are like the bog-cotton of the moor,
like the guinea of the bard in my pocket,
you are like a bird on the wing,
without fault, without blemish, without wrong.*

I could not bear to consider now
how I would be without you,
like a ship all lost in a storm,
like a vessel sinking to the very bottom;
like a child without mother or guide,
like a slave without hope or expectation -
my darling, you are my rudder,
my sail, my harbour, my world.

It was you who gave me reason, etc.

But while I have living breath,
I will sing high your praise:
I will carve down in rhyme
the root of your love and care:
you followed the Skipper aboard,
you bowed at the Rock of Glory,
you accepted Christ as God,
and like a gift came the rest of the story.