

Joseph to Emma

Emma Lou Thayne

Out of the night of holy election,
Out of the silence, the eloquent silence
Only believing whispers to me:
Follow the guiding of soul-felt selection,
Knowing by wisdom and innocence
A seeing far higher than eye can see.

Oh, Beloved, know of your holy election—
Lady, elect are you to be.
Lady, first lady, my youthful selection
Will bind us like bark to the tree.

In ages, in others,
In joy and despair
My life lies within you,
Your soul holds me there.
The God who rescues from dark and confusion
Will carry you, light you by holy election
You, Emma, be mindful of loving selection.

Be mindful, be faithful,
Stay, Emma, stay.