Of all my loves this is the first and last

That in the autumn of my years has grown,

A secret fern, a violet in the grass,

A final leaf where all the rest are gone.

Would that I could give all and more, my life,

My world, my thoughts, my arms, my breath, my future,

My love eternal, endless, infinite, yet brief,

As all loves are and hopes, though they endure.

You are my sun and stars, my night, my day,

My seasons, summer, winter, my sweet spring,

My autumn song, the church in which I pray,

My land and ocean, all that the earth can bring

Of glory and of sustenance, all that might be divine,

My alpha and my omega, and all that was ever mine.