

# THE SOWER.

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AFTER the joys of earth,  
After its songs of mirth,  
After its hours of light,  
After its dreams so bright,  
What then ?

Only an empty name,  
Only a weary frame,  
Only a conscious smart,  
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,  
After this weary frame,  
After this conscious smart,  
After this aching heart—  
What then ?

Only a sad farewell  
To a world loved too well,  
Only a silent bed  
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell  
To a world loved too well,  
After this silent bed  
With the forgotten dead—  
What then ?

Oh ! then—the judgment throne !  
Oh ! then—the last hope gone !  
Then, all the woes that dwell  
In an eternal HELL !