

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the
walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,
the consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it
1340 forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night
time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of
wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while
a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets
1345 dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom
of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such
terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of
an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that
1350 shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its
earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who
are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the
fever,