

Slowly, slowly, very slowly, shall the better nature  
rise  
Over all the flaws and weaknesses and faults that I  
despise ;  
Many things shall cease to trouble me that vexed me  
oft before,  
And the frets and jars shall lessen, I shall hear the  
music more.

Like the music of the raindrops shall that music  
swell and grow,  
And it will not stop or falter, in its progress calm and  
slow,  
And this short life shall be ended, while the discords  
still decrease,  
But some time they all will die away and I shall be  
at peace.