

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,  
and the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and  
since, as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations.

But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal  
beauty —

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-  
diction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of  
the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ,  
and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine  
wreathing around it