

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