

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

125 For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear ;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
130 And then did something speak to me—I know not what was
said ;
For great delight and wondering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, 'It's not for them : it's
mine.'
And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
135 And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
140 But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret ;
There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife ;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

145 O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may
shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine,