

And though my whole life has been one long sin,

I cannot get lower than there you know,
Down at the Blessed Saviour's feet,
Who loves me, and washed me whiter than snow.

Kiss me, my darling ; forgive me all ;

Oh, you have been such a dear good wife,
Never reproaching me, though I cast
Shadows so dark o'er your married life !

And May, should our baby so soon to come,

Again prove a son ; bring him up for God,
Teach him the taste of drink to shun,
Tell him the sad course his father trod !"

He spoke once again ; but she could not hear,

Save two or three words in a whisper low ;
But those that fell on her listening ear
Were, " wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."