

There had been something in his face that night
That thrilled our hearts with fear,
An undefinable, mysterious light,
Which told us Heaven was near.
He had a deeper lustre in his eyes,
His smile had seemed more bright,
Till, looking in his face, all Paradise
Seemed opened to our sight.

Soon chimed the clock. And scarcely had it ceased,
Than tolled the chapel bell,
As though for some long-suffering soul released,
Its slow funereal knell,
And on its ebon wings the rising gale
Swept landward from the sea,
And mingled with the chapel bell's long wail
Its own sad symphony.

We found him lying lifeless, as he said,
Before the altar, prone,
Nor laid our sinful hands upon the dead,
But left him there alone,