

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;
 And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
 How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !
 To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here. 100

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
 And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
 And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
 And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun, 105
 And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done !
 But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
 And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !
 And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there ! 110
 O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !
 A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.
 Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in :
 Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be, 115
 For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
 There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet :
 But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
 And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign. 120

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call ;
 It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;