

One Friend indeed remains,—
But He, past wind and weather,
Among His seraphs' strains,
Has forgotten her altogether. .

A sudden gush of bells
Across the world is welling,
A voice that sinks and swells
In a joy too sweet for telling :

And lo ! celestial balm
Breathes lily-fragrant o'er her,—
All comfort and all calm,
They are shaping themselves before her.

Sinful and undefiled,
They spread their arms to each other,—
The Mother towards the Child,
And the Child towards the Mother.