

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light  
70 You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the  
pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.  
75 I shall not forget you. mother, I shall hear you when you pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now ;  
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;  
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
80 You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;  
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;  
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,  
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

85 Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for evermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green ;  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor ;  
90 Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden more ;  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set  
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother : call me before the day is born.  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
95 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.