

Thou'rt "awa, awa," from the bursting spring time,  
 Tho' o'er thy head its green boughs wave ;  
 The lambs are leaving their little footprints  
 Upon the turf of thy new-made grave.

And art thou "awa," and "awa" forever —  
 That little face,—that tender frame,—  
 That voice which first, in sweetest accents,  
 Call'd me the mother's thrilling name,—

That head of nature's finest moulding,—  
 Those eyes, the deep night ether's blue,  
 Where sensibility its shadows  
 Of ever-changing meaning threw ?

Thy sweetness, patience under suffering,  
 All promis'd us an opening day  
 Most fair, and told that to subdue thee  
 Would need but love's most gentle sway.

Ah me ! 'twas here I thought to lead thee,  
 And tell thee what are life and death,  
 And raise thy serious thought's first waking  
 To Him who holds our every breath.

And does my selfish heart then grudge thee,  
 That angels are thy teachers now,—  
 That glory from thy Saviour's presence  
 Kindles the crown upon thy brow ?

O, no ! to me earth must be lonelier,  
 Wanting thy voice, thy hand, thy love ;  
 Yet dost thou dawn a star of promise,  
 Mild beacon to the world above.