



Softly Woo Away Her Breath

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!
She hath seen her happy day,—
She hath had her bud and
blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks
away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!
She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above.
Seraph of the skies,—sweet
love!
Good she was, and fair in youth;
And her mind was seen to soar.
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, forevermore,—
Forever—evermore—



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