



Turn Again To Life

If I should die and leave you here
a while,

Be not like others sore undone,
Who keep long vigil by the silent
dust.

For my sake turn again to life
and smile,

Nerving thy heart and trembling
hand to do

Something to comfort other
hearts than thine.

Complete these dear unfinished
tasks of mine

And I perchance may therein
comfort you.



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