To a Bereaved Mother

I

Oh, say not that your little son
is dead;
The word too harsh and much too
hopeless seems,
Believe, instead,
That he has left his little
trundle bed
To climb the hills
Of morning, and to share the
joy that fills
Yods pleasant land of dreams.

II

Nay, say not that your little son
is dead.
It is not right, because it is
not true.
Believe, instead,
He has but gone the way that
you must tread,
And smiling, waits
In loving ambush at those
pearly gates,
To laugh and leap at you. (over)

III

No knight that does you service
Nor idle is this young knight gone before
Can be dead,
Believe, instead,
Upon an envoy's mission he has sped
That doth import
Your greatest good; for he at heaven's court
Is your Ambassador;