



The Last Sunday In England



**The emigrants kneel in the old parish Church.
For the last time, it may be forever;
They scarcely had known that it would be so hard,
The ties of a lifetime to sever.**

**For the last time they look on the ivy-clad walls,
For the last time they hear the bells ringing.
'Twas there they were married,
and now to that church,
How fondly their sad hearts are clinging!**

**They listen once more to the good Rector's voice,
They will try to remember his teaching;
And hope they may never forget what he says,
As they look in his face while's he preaching.**

**That voice they have heard by the bed of the sick,
That face they have seen by the dying;
At the altar, the font, and the newly dug grave,
The means of salvation supplying.**

**For the last time they stand
where their forefathers names
They read on the headstones and crosses;
There are newly cut names: and others so old.
They are covered by lichens and mosses.**

**Then a last look they take at a green little mound,
Where one of their children is sleeping.
And gather a daisy that grows at the head,
Then turn away silently weeping.**

**The neighbors are waiting to bid them "God Speed,"
To think of them each one professing;
At the gate of the churchyard the old Rector stands,
To give them his fatherly blessing.**

**He placed in their hands the best of all gifts,
A Bible and Prayer book, at parting;
They could not say much, but he knew what they felt,
To their eyes the warm tear-drops were starting.**

**"Keep these in your heart" as he gave them, he said,
"And trust to the cross of Christ only;
Then the Lord will be with you wherever you go,
And then you need never feel lonely."**

~ Author unknown ~

