Come To Me When I'm Dying

Come to me when I'm dying;
Gaze on my wasted form,
Tired with so long defying
Life's ever-rushing storm.
Come, come when I am dying,
And stand beside my bed,
Ere yet my soul is flying,
And I am cold and dead.

Bend low and lower o'er me,
For I've a word to say
Though death is just before me,
Ere I can go away.
Now that my soul is hovering
Upon the verge of day,
For thee I'll lift the covering
That veils its quivering ray.

O, ne'er had I thus spoken
In health's bright, rosy glow!
But death my pride hath broken,
And brought my spirit low.
Though now this last revealing
Quickens life's curdling springs,
And a half-timid feeling
Faint flushes o'er me flings.

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Come To Me When I'm Dying

Bend lower yet above me,
For I would have thee know
How passing well I love thee,
And joy to tell thee so.
This love, so purely welling
Up in this heart of mine,
O, hath it e'er found dwelling
Within thy spirit's shrine?

I've prayed my God, in meekness,
To give me some control
Over this earthly weakness
That so enthralled my soul;
And now my soul rejoices
While sweetly-thrilling strains,
From low, harmonious voices,
Soothe all my dying pains.

They sing of the Eternal,
Whose throne is far above,
Where zephyrs softly vernal
Float over bowers of love;
Of hopes and joys, earth-blighted,
Blooming 'neath cloudless skies,
Of hearts and souls united
In love that never dies.

'Tis there, 'tis there I'll meet thee
When life's brief day is o'er;
O, with what joy to greet thee
On that eternal shore!
Farewell! for death is chilling
My pulses swift and fast;
And yet in God I'm willing
This hour should be my last.

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Come To Me When I'm Dying

Sometimes, when day declineth,
And all the gorgeous west
In gold and purple shineth,
Go to my place of rest;
And if thy voice in weeping,
Is borne upon the air,
Think not of me as sleeping;
All cold and silent there:--

But turn, with glances tender,
Toward a shining star,
Whose rays with chastened splendor
Fall on thee from afar.
And know the blissful dwelling
Where I am waiting thee,
When Jordan fiercely swelling
Shall set thy spirit free.

by Effie Afton

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