

All Is Well

Henry Scott Holland

Death is nothing at all,

I have only slipped away into the next room,

I am I, and you are you,

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still,

Call me by my old familiar name,

Speak to me in the same easy way which you always did,

Put no difference into your tone;

Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without effect, without the shadow of a ghost on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely unbroken continuity,

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am just waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner.

All is well.

Henry Scott Holland