

A SONG OF DEATH.

DEATH is here and death is there

But the shattered shaft and dome,
Emblem of a stern despair,
Mark that utter sorrow, where
Faith yet wants a home.

Yonder with the blue-veined lid

Closed o'er eyes whose light is o'er,
Like twin angels that forbid
Beauty to be widowed,
Though they come no more ;

So he sleeps ! The day is fair,

Summer breezes come and go,
Gambol with his curling hair,
And no wail of sorrow bear
On their sunny flow.

Give the flower unto the earth,

But salt tears will blight its bloom ;
All that in him was of worth,
Let it find in thee new birth,
Not a shrouded tomb.

Bury him at morning time,

When the dew is on the grass,
Then the fox-bells ring a chime,
As from out some warmer clime
Morning breezes pass.