
THE END

No more shall those eyes look upon us
No more shall we hear that sweet voice
Which as sounds of some liquid-like music
Made the hearts of her children rejoice.

It soothed every trial and sorrow
With sweet, gentle accents of love
Its tone seemed to draw down upon us
The spirit of peace from above.
But the smile that was light in our darkness
Is still on the pale lovely face
Which ever in life seemed to mirror
Her soul's spotless beauty and grace,

Ah! calm be thy rest, dearest Mother,
For well was thy life's labour done,
And closely thou followed thy Jesus
Till Zion's bright glory was won!
The works of thy zeal shine resplendent
More bright than the world's proudest fame,
And high in the archives of Heaven
Have angels recorded thy name.

Thou'lt live in the hearts of thy children
As long as life's journey shall last,
And they live in the fond, holy memories
Of the sweet saintly life that is past!
Nor time with its ruthless destroying
Shall dim the remembrance so dear,
Of virtues, that like crystal fountains
E'er sparkled before us so clear.