

## SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

## MR. JAMES WYCOTT,

Who Departed this Life, April 6, 1865.

Picton, weep thy gentle dewdrops  
 O'er the sacred dust of one,  
 Who, from mid thy strong affections,  
 To the world of bliss hath gone;  
 Deep the springs of christian virtue,  
 Deep the principles of truth,—  
 Shone from out his silent spirit,  
 Early since bright days of youth.

Aged and grave, mid friends that love him,  
 Has this Christian pilgrim fell,  
 Left this chequered world of sorrow,  
 Bidding all a long farewell;  
 Deeply mild were all his actions,  
 Love of truth inspired the soul,  
 Whose devoted powers are chanting  
 Now where songs of millions roll.

Widow, weep thy crystal tears,  
 Let them down thy count'nance lave,  
 Oft to kiss the summer's flowers,  
 That may beautify his grave;  
 Weep with hope, that all his ashes  
 Yet in glorious bliss shall rise,  
 To meet Jesus his Redeemer,  
 When his throne comes in the skies.

Fare thee well, beloved spirit.  
 Oft we'll miss thee here below,  
 But thy soul is there enraptured,  
 Where heaven's joys eternal flow;  
 Hush my song! thy music blushes,  
 Dies to hear the song above,  
 As its glorious strains are breaking  
 Praises to the Saviours love!