

The drooping willow shades the spot,  
There birds sing their first lay,  
And there, in soothing loveliness,  
Flowers bloom and fade away.

There—there with anguish wild and deep,  
We laid the lov'd one down to sleep,  
While angels o'er her precious dust,  
Their watchful vigils ever keep.

In years gone by, with troubled soul,  
I oft the sacred spot have sought,  
To tell in prayer to mother's God,  
The sorrows of my lonely lot.

Tho' far from this lov'd spot I've strayed,  
To seek a home beyond the seas,  
I oft to it across the pathless deep,  
Am borne on memory's gentle breeze.

Blow gently, gales, around this hallowed spot  
Come not ye sweeping tempests nigh,  
And softly o'er my mother's sleeping dust,  
Ye winds your mournful requiem sigh.