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Why Grieve?

Struck in life's rosy promise, the child sinks low
Fast nears the unknown eternal shore ;
In vain these tears, in vain the anguished prayer—
The parents' rending grief—naught now avails
To stay the march of Death's grim empire :
His seal is there, set 'gainst the day of doom—
The listless hanging hand, the bosom's tremulous fall,
The fevered eyes' unconscious fading glow.

Why is this young life's harvest garnered now ?
Ere yet the childish mind, in knowledge formed
And faculties refined, has come to know
His high estate—man's kingship in the world ?
Or felt that longing of the soul, unted by aught of earth—
The hunger for God and immortality ?
Ere yet the virtues gained and merits won
By years of labored pain, had fit him more for rest ?