

Full many a spring to the meadows will bring
Scented blossoms to perfume the breeze,
And fine shades of green will returning be seen,
Breaking forth o'er the tops of the trees.

And then every fall to the forest will call
Finest tinges of yellow and brown ;
Yonder sun will rise encircling the skies,
And as often resplendent go down.

But, alas ! that voice no more bids us rejoice,—
Very silent its cadences now ;
And no rolling years can awake any fears,
O'er the tomb of that mouldering brow.

For his sun has set and his fate we regret,
While each sad bereft relative mourns ;
His warfare is o'er, he has gone to that shore,
"From whose bourn no traveller returns."

Ah ! many may mourn when a war ship is torn,
On the reefs of the raging billow ;
Yet some eyes will weep o'er the ashes that sleep,
In the shade of the weeping willow.
