

VII.

“Far fitter watch than I,” he says,
“Art thou, oh happy child !
Lovely as she who sleeps below,
Smiling as once she smiled !
Far better than these burning thoughts,
This wild tho’ speechless sorrow,
The heart that from a lily’s bell
A dream of joy can borrow !
Yea ! rest thou still upon her grave,
Sing on thy merry lay,
Although the echo of her voice
Hath died from earth for aye !

VIII.

“Mine eyes are dry,—my heart is sear’d,—
Life hath no hope nor joy,
Yet there are blessings in thy face,
Thou free and gladsome boy !