

Think not of the honours that men quickly pay,
Or the praises they loudly proclaim;
For these like their givers are gone in a day
And with them will perish thy name.

But do thou be steadfast while Life's tempests roar
And watchful thy brother to save;
And thou'lt find when thou comest to Heaven's fair
shore
That true fame does not end with the grave."

He vanished from sight never more to return,
But his sweet voice still rings in my ear;
And the truth that he taught me a bright light shall
burn,
My path to illumine and cheer.