

Fell gently on the scanty earth.

Among the heaped-up stones that lay,
And soon a tiny birch had birth,
And grew in stature day by day.

The sun, the shower, the passing wind,
All helped the youthful tree to grow;
Its little roots ran far to find
Subsistence in the depths below.

Years passed, until at last the tree
Sundered the stones, and made the grave
Yawn wide, that hoped eternally
The ravages of Time to brave.

Vain was the exercise of skill
To seal the grave of Caroline;
And vain is every human will
That strives to break the law divine.