

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

To mourn above thy earthy damp,
Lone and discreet.

And though that form we may not see,
That still, sweet face,
Our spirits shall converse with thee
A calm short space.

'Twill give us strength on our long tramp
To know that thou,
Who shared with us both joy and damp,
Art resting now.

In that great land our spirits go,
When we shall sleep;
Though but a call through rocks and snow,
The path is steep.

And hidden that no mortal tread,
May stumble through;
The soul its ashy shell must shed
To reach thereto.

We leave for woods without a track;
Rest thou until
Successive years shall see us back
As mourners still.

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