

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death ! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore ;
 And bright, in heaven's jewelled crown,
 They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
 Shall change beneath the summer showers
 To golden grain or mellow fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
 And feed the hungry moss they bear ;
 The forest leaves drink daily life
 From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
 And flowers may fade and pass away ;
 They only wait through wintry hours
 The coming of May-day.

There is no death ! An angel-form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
 And bears our best beloved away,
 And then we call them "dead"

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
 And plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
 Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
 Sings now an everlasting song
 Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
 Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
 He bears it to that world of light,
 To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again ;
 With joy we welcome them the same,
 Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear, immortal spirits tread ;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—there is no dead !