



In The Cemetery.

I.

DEAREST Mother! as we lingered
In the grave yard old and quaint,
When the sun's last radiance gilded
Grave of many an unknown saint.

II.

O! the sunset was so lovely!
Tints of crimson, violet, gold—
One might think "The gates" were opening
Heaven's glories to unfold.

III.

Youth and age with reverent footstep
Press the still unfaded grass,
Little children hush their laughter—
Two and two—they come—they pass.

IV.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness
Save the softly murmured prayer,
Or the plaintive "*Miserere*"
For the loved ones resting there.