

Not the tears of murmuring sorrow,
But of mingled hope and love ;
Tears through which we look not downward,
But through which we glance above.

Tears that glisten with the sunlight,
Of the day beyond the sky ;
Where the ones we love and cherish,
Live, and love, but never die.

Come away this lovely morning,
To the little new-made mound ;
Where 'neath earth's cold shroud we laid her,
Tender verdure clothes the ground.

Leaves from nature's graves respringing,
Resurrection truths declare ;
Telling that the form there buried,
Shall in beauty reappear.

Though in weakness and corruption,
Mouldering now in dust it lies ;
Yet in glory and perfection,
From the grave it shall arise.

Come with me this lovely morning,
To the little grassy mound ;
Spring breathes resurrection lessons,
Of the dear one 'neath the ground.