

OUR "SWEET SINGER."

Was there silence over yonder?
Did the angels cease to sing,
As they waited on in wonder
For the mandate of their King?
When the royal word was given,
By which all our hopes were crushed,
Was there silence up in heaven?
Were the Hallelujahs hushed?

When the shining golden sceptre
Touched the form we loved so well,
As we wished we could have kept her,
That she still with us might dwell;
While the messenger descended,
Calling her from us away,
While our knees in prayer were bended,
Pleading hard for her to stay;

Was there restless earnest longing
Mid the white-robed choral band,
As with eager footsteps thronging
At the gate they took their stand?
Was there overflowing gladness,
On each bright expectant face,
While *our* hearts were bowed with sadness,
And we mourned her vacant place?

Ah! methinks that when she entered
Those celestial courts above,
Every thought and eye was centred
On the object of their love,
That the silence then was broken
By triumphant bursts of song,
For the word the King had spoken,
Which had bid her join their throng.