

Her vestal hand shall guard thy sacred urn,
 And there consume her days in endless grief—

With pious care she'll tend that hallowed spot,
 Where sleeps the youth for whom her bosom glowed—
 Nor shall that heart one moment be forgot,
 Where friendship, honour, truth and love abode.

Ah, no—for thee her anthem still shall rise
 To heaven's portals at the close of day—
 For thee, her fervent prayers shall reach the skies,
 When evening gems the deep blue starry way.

And while she tastes the balm heaven's hope must bring,
 And owns the path her blest Redeemer trod—
 Death seems disarmed of his envenom'd sting,
 And all her wishes centre in her God.

Oh ! may our hearts the grateful homage feel,
 And turn to Him who kindly bids us live :