

Calmly, our healthful spirits slumber

On youth's unruffled wave ;

Tho' soon upon our grave

Affection's wail may sound in sadest number.

When neath the sod our mould'ring bones are

sleeping,

O ! may sorrow mark the spot,

And love forget it not,

But still around our graves, be hallow'd vigils

keeping.

Arround our current gay, blooms each fav'ring

gift of heaven,

And love enchanting smiles,