



THE DEPARTED HUSBAND.



I stood beside my husband's grave,
And mourned ;—
I felt so sad that he had gone,
And left me here alone,
Amongst the dead.—
I seemed to hear a voice within,
Speaking with accents dear,
Telling of Hope beyond the grave,
And calling me up there,
To Heavenly Mansions in the skies,
To dwell and be at rest
For ever with the blest.
Then I thought I saw an Angel's face,
Close by me where I stood,
And oh ! the face was fair to see,