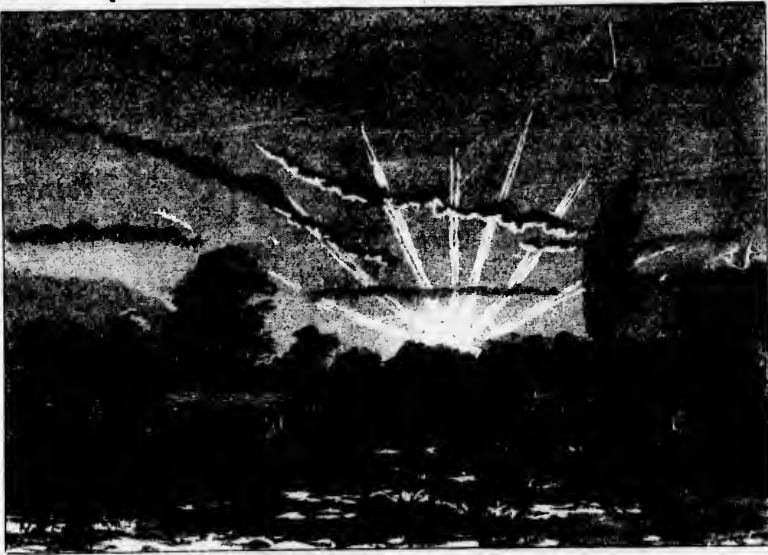


# MAY.



## RESURRECTION.

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Come with me this lovely morning,  
To the graveyard's sacred mound:  
Bring some fragrant little flower,;  
For the dear one 'neath the ground.

Do not bring a wild field flower—  
She among them never strayed;  
No, nor one culled from the garden,  
Flowers with which she never played.

Bring the little grave a flower,  
From the rose beside our bed;  
That exhaled its kindly odors,  
Round her little *living* head.

Come away with me this morning,  
To the graveyard's little mound;  
We may weep as once did Jesus,  
For the dear one 'neath the ground.

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 truth 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.