

And grassy pathways, arch'd o'erhead  
With slowly waving trees,  
That downward lead to some blue lake  
Scarce ruffled by the breeze.

## IV.

That mound,—it is the lost one's grave ;  
And each calm sound and sight,  
In which, throughout her holy life,  
Her spirit took delight,  
Now meet around her place of rest.  
And what tho' vain the care  
That chose the loveliest spot of earth,  
And laid the slumb'rer there ?  
He who "hath borne our sorrows" smiles  
In pity on such deeds  
As soothe the bitter agony  
With which a lone heart bleeds !

## V.

'Tis morn ; the dew is on the grass,  
The lark is in the cloud,  
The early rays have scarcely kiss'd  
The flow'rs in slumber bow'd.