

Those blightings which visit man's dwelling,  
Unharmful thy spirit had past;  
And thy heart of affection was swelling  
With a trust which we trusted would last.

O how hath the gifted one perished!  
The strings of his lyre are unbound,  
And the friendship affection had cherished,  
Hath kissed the dark dust of the ground.

Time's shadow can claim no reviving;  
All, all is most mute in the tomb:  
There none for the mastery is striving,  
And only destruction shall bloom.

Had years been allotted thy spirit,  
Earth's records thy name had upborne;  
But death has enshrouded thy merit;  
And those who have known thee must mourn.

So uncertain is life in its glory,  
So certain our heritage—death:  
To-day but repeats the sad story,  
Existence seems only a breath.

How quickly some enter the portal  
That leads from this strange world of dreams:  
Trust in CHRIST, and thou shalt be immortal,  
Where glory is all that it seems.