

Mother

Moonlight creeping o'er the river
To the grave I know,
Sadly tells me that the Present
Will be long ago.

For all joys the pale Destroyer
Shall in time o'erthrow,
And my Treasure shall be buried
In the long ago.

Sigh, O ever-flowing River,
Sigh while sorrows last ;
Soothing, quavering voice of Nature,
Sigh till death is past.

Till the song triumphant cometh
To the earth below,
And the trembling voice of Sorrow
Shall be long ago.