

Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home."

The Burial place is beautifully and correctly described in these sad and musical verses:

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along;
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When, filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land."

Coming out of the church and standing on the cliff looking down at the "gray stones," the "crag," and the sea with its "stately ships," one could readily recognize the scene of Tennyson's touching lines so closely allied to the "In Memoriam" as almost to form part of it:

"Break, break, break,
On the cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."