

But I, when thus my husband's frame  
Within my arms I twine,  
Can mock Corruption ! *Gunga's* stream  
Our ashes will enshrine.

Ah ! know'st thou not great *Brahma's* power  
Shields those who thus expire ?  
Ah ! know'st thou not our *Camdeo's* flower  
Uninjured meets the fire ?

Wreathed with its petals flames in vain  
To harm me shall arise ;  
I scorn their power—I laugh at pain—  
We mount into the skies !

There warm this silent heart will beat  
Responsive to my own ;  
Those lips resume their accents sweet—  
But for a moment flown.

We go in endless love to dwell  
To bask in *Brahma's* smile—  
Friends, kindred, lower world—farewell !  
Place fire upon the pile !