

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 !