## AT THE GRAVESIDE OF WALT WHITMAN.

## FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS:

These are the words of Walt Whitman :

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Come lovely and soothing death, Undulate round the world, screnely arriving, arriving, In the day, in the night, to all, to each, Sooner or later delicate death.

Prais' d be the fathomless universe, For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious, And for love, sweet love—but praise ! praise ! praise ! For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet, Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome? Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all, I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach strong deliveress,

When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead, Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee, Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,

Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,

And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,

And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,

The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know, And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil d death, And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,

Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,

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