

Sister! thine earnest eyes  
Would gather ev'ry trace,  
That death in solemn stillness  
Hath left upon that face ;

How 'lovely ! O how lovely !  
Is thy brother in his sleep ;  
And thou wilt treasure all  
With mem'ry true and deep.

And wilt thou meet him, sister,  
In fairer loveliness ;  
Forget in joyous meeting,  
The day of deep distress ?

Kind brother dost thou weep  
For Charles' early doom,  
And wilt thou fail to meet  
With him beyond the tomb ?

Bow down thy heart in prayer,  
And make the call be thine ;  
Thus would his spirit say,  
If it could speak in time.

“ My brothers wake from sleep,  
My sister come to me ;  
My father, mother, kindred,  
Prepare for what I see.

\* Mother, thy children weep,  
Because their child is dead ;  
Thou weepest too, but soon  
Will every woe be fled.

\* Since deceased.