

And there thou met the crucified,
 Who bade thee in his love confide,
 And to thy wounds a balm applied,
 From his cleft side.

And if at times a glistening tear
 Would in thy placid eye appear,
 And like a dew drop tremble there,
 A mother's fear—

For children circling round thy heart,
 For some whose souls would feel a dart,
 Rending endearing ties apart,
 With painful smart.

Who mourn thy loss, but bow in faith
 Before that sovereign voice, which saith,
 Shall not the judge of all the earth
 Do right in death.

Nor would we by our parting tears,
 Recal thee from those radiant spheres,
 Where endless cycles measure years,
 To mercy's heirs.

Yet will every coming morrow,
 Touch some latent chord of scrow,
 And in memory's mirror show
 A form we know.

Some kindred friends thou'lt meet above,
 Among those fadeless forms of love,
 Who all the mystery will solve,
 Of thy remove.

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