

Hath Hope's soft ray grown dull and dim
And paled the brightness of your years?
I know your woe—for I have knelt
Beside the new made, grassy mound—
The anguish of bereavement felt
And moaned beneath the piercing wound.

Through the soft azur veil of e'en
The stars look down with watching eyes,
Beacons to life our souls to heaven
And tell of love beyond the skies
To tell, tho' earth is bright and fair,
Still Heaven must be our lasting home;
A land untouched by sin and care
Where pain and parting never come.

Not far away; scarce out of sight,
A shadowy veil, a misty cloud,
Is roll'd between us and the light,
From mortal eyes the bliss to shroud.

Oh, thou whose poet-mind can feel
The magic spell of beauty's powers
Let these, His "meaner works" reveal
That fairer life that shall be ours.
Where we shall find in fadeless bloom
The love Time's withering blast had slain,
Restored from death and from the tomb
To life, immortal life again.
And while we weep for earth-joys fled,
Or sigh to feel ourselves "alone,"
While fragrant memories of the dead,
Like perfumes round our path are strewn;
Let us not think them wholly lost;—
These flowers that glad the wondering vision,
Slept 'neath the winter storm and frost
Then sprung to beauty half Elysian.
Fair blossoms deck the orchard bough
The promise-fruit of harvest hours;
Nought have we but that promise now,
Yet faith already shows it ours.
Oh! sweet the light around our tombs,
Where promise-buds in faith are sown;