

When from loved brows the death-dews starting,  
Warn us the closing hour is nigh,  
We watch the pallid lips slow parting,  
Dreading to hear them faintly sigh—  
Farewell!

Oh! happy land, where echo never  
Wakes to the now too common word;  
There kindred souls no fate shall sever,  
And those who enter in have heard  
The last Farewell!