

II.

THE RETURN.

Tell the church bells sad and slow,
Wail the trumpets, roll the drums,
Who is this that hither comes
With a mighty sound of woe ?

Fifty years have passed away
Since to Rome the Northland gave
The youth who played by Baltic's wave,
And he thus returns to-day.

Now they bear him to his grave,
Copenhagen's honored son,
All his glorious life-work done :
The Lord takes away ; He gave.

And amid the surging throng,
Racked by agonizing sobs,
Quivering with her deep heart-throbs,
Was she borne who waited long—

Waited long and faithful proved,
Trimmed affection's lamp to burn
Bright and clear for his return,
The Leander whom she loved.

Through the years came greetings fond,
Then the sudden words of woe :—
" All the meeting thou mayest know
Must be in the Great Beyond."

Strewn upon her hoary head
Are the snows of seventy years,
And her eyes are filmed with tears,
And her heart is with the dead.

Now the solemn rite is o'er,
They have borne him to the tomb,
Left him mid sepulchral gloom,
And life's tide returns once more.

As when ships go down at sea,
Soon the waves return again,
And upon the watery plain
No record of the loss may be ;

But to those whose precious freight
Perished with the foundered bark
All the future may be dark
With the sombre clouds of fate.

So when mighty souls go down,
Ships upon the sea of Time,
Sinking 'neath its deep abime,
Still may live their great renown ;

But in some fond, faithful heart
Still an aching sense of loss,
Every feeling doth engross,
And of life henceforth is part.

III.

REUNION.

To the tomb of Thorwaldsen †
Creeps a figure weak and old,
Falls upon the marble cold,
Kisses it—again—again.

All around is sculpture rare,
Trophies that his genius wrought,
Grand embodiments of thought,
All of great, sublime and fair.

Still her arms embrace the stone
Over her Thorwaldsen's breast—
Here her faithful heart finds rest,
Here she ends her life-long moan.

With her fingers, long and thin
Traces she the much-loved name—
None may now reproach or blame
Her fond, faithful love of him.

Calm she lieth, still and dumb
As babe upon its mother's breast—
None may now disturb her rest,
Her life guerdon now is won.

Hush ! nay, speak not, breathe no breath,
For these long-divided ones,
While Forever's current runs,
Are united now by Death.

Learned is now the mystic lore
Of the world beyond the tomb,
Vanished are Time's griet and gloom,
Love is love forevermore.

† In the celebrated Thorwaldsen Museum, at Copenhagen. The incident recorded is an historical fact.