

ON THE DEATH OF C. P.
—

Come gather round the place
 Where the early sleeper lies ;
 And lift the cov'ring up
 That veils him from our eyes.

The silken hair is thrown
 From the forehead, smooth and high ;
 The smile is on his lip,
 O ! wherefore did he die ?

Father ! he died, that thou
 Might'st meet him yet again,
 To loose the many bonds
 That would thee here detain.

Why should thy children stay
 With thee through all thy time ;
 Then thou might'st fondly dream
 They would be only thine.

Mother ! thy fair son sleeps,
 And he was dearly lov'd,
 God hath ask'd him at thy hand,
 And thus thy will hath prov'd ;

In mercy and in love—
 Was sent the chast'ning rod ;
 And thou wilt humbly bow,
 And give him back to God.