

The spirit pure unsullied bright,
Has found a genial clime;
And ranges o'er the plains of light
Beyond the floods of time.

She has joined the spirits of the lov'd
Who passed awhile before;
She waits to welcome home the friends,
She left on the wayworn shore.

Oh who could deem the star gone out,
That shines in Heaven's dome,
O who could deem the jewel lost,
That adorns the Saviour's throne.

Dear departed one! we mourn thy loss,
But would not call thee back,
From thy ethereal home to wander
O'er life's uncertain track.

Though much the church now mourns thy loss,
No sigh escapes thy breast,
For sorrow has no lot or part,
In thy eternal rest.

Asleep in Jesus, yes thou art,
And with Him thou wilt come,
When He with angels shall descend,
To take his ransomed home.

Weak is my effort, poor the tribute
I lay upon thy tomb,