

On the city beside me silent,
 Where the graves lie calm and green—
 With silver it touched the willows,
 It gleamed like gold on the waves,
 And lit with a heavenly brightness
 That garden of quiet graves.

II.

But within my heart was no brightness,
 No answering sunshine there—
 But a weary questioning spirit,
 World-worn and oppressed with care—
 For the scenes that were most familiar
 Were saddest of all to see,
 And the voice had been hushed for ever
 I longed for to welcome me,—
 A darkened and alien window,
 Where the home-light beamed of old,
 And a waste for the garden tended
 By little hands long cold.
 All sights and sounds but made keener
 The pang that had slept before—
 And I said, "to the great world-city
 I will go on my way once more,
 But first one hour in the church yard
 I will walk in the sunset fair :
 Peradventure to keep as a relic
 The thoughts that may meet me there."

III.

By the church yard slope, the river
 Red with the sunset-wine,
 Past sombre cypress and willow
 Wavered a golden line—
 And I thought as I heard it murmur
 How oft as the years had fled,
 It had joined with the funeral service,
 And blent with the mourner's tread,—
 A dreamy and soothing murmur,
 Familiar it seemed and dear,
 Like the voice of an unseen presence
 Whose message I needs must hear.