

T H O U G H T S .

WHERE will they lay my head
When my spirit has passed away?
Among the silent dead,
Where shall my dwelling be?
Will it be in the spot I love so well,
In a corner of some sequestered dell?

Or, will it be far away,
In some lone and desert spot,
Where my resting place shall be.
Unnoticed and forgot,
Where the requiem of my death shall be
Sung by the leaves of the forest tree?

I would not weep, if I knew
That Ocean would be my grave,
Where the wild winds fiercely blow.
And the scattered waters rave,
If I thought that my ransomed soul would fly
To that land of beauty beyond the sky.

THE END.