



“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.”

FROM THE GERMAN, BY REV. FP. JAMES, C. C. C.

I.



AUTUMN winds are singing Nature's death song,
 And her foliage dead becomes her pall;
 Yellow leaflets—lifeless dreams of spring-time—
 Over many lonesome graves now fall.
 Sadly we are warned by Nature's last sigh
 That we must die!

II.

Plaintive tones through cypress trees are whispering
 Cries of anguish, by some souls distressed,
 Burning in the purging flames of Justice
 Ere they're freed to enter Peace and Rest.
 Let us join our prayers with Nature's last sighs
 That they may rise!

III.

Courage! Upwards points the Christian tombstone,
 To direct to heav'n our weary eyes.
 Those whose ashes rest beneath the cold sod
 Hold their souls in peace above the skies.
 Hopeful tidings—whisper Nature's last sighs
 That we shall rise!

IV.

Yea, to those whom death from us hath parted,
 In whose mem'ry sad our souls now weep,
 Faith doth tell us, we shall be united
 After this our transient final sleep.
 Nature's dying breezes whisper words sweet
 That we shall meet!