

POST MORTEM LOVE.

AND is this dying?
 So calmly lying,
 No pain, no sighing
 Can touch her now;
 Nor woe nor weeping,
 So sweetly sleeping,
 Death's angel keeping
 Her pallid brow.

Her worth they measure
 By sorrow's leisure,
 And flowery treasure
 To deck her frame,
 Sweet tributes bringing,
 Her praises singing,
 Her honour ringing,
 They crown her name.

Kind thoughts upwelling,
 Her goodness telling
 As in her dwelling
 She lies in state,
 Regards they tender,
 Rich flowers they send her,
 And love's grace lend her,
 When 'tis too late.