

Battles for the loyal free.  
What is fame or spoil to me?  
For they seek to make me bear  
Honors which thou may'st not share.  
Back I'd throw my all on earth—  
Were we once more round our hearth;  
But thy spirit would not stay—  
Only brother passed away.

“ And I shall not win thee back  
From the grave's benighted track.  
Music from the forest trees,  
Whispers of the sighing breeze,  
Fain would bid my soul rejoice;  
But—I wait another voice.  
Yet the angel's harp and string,  
Answer with their quivering,  
To the tones I miss this day—  
Only brother passed away.

“ Yonder rolls the splashing bay;  
Yonder heaves the lake's white spray;