

# The Voice

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BY MARY EMILY PLUNKETT.

(For *The Voice*.)

From this world of care and sorrow  
Weeping nights and toilsome morrow,  
In the silent church-yard blest  
Enter weary heart and rest.  
Morn here comes with dewy fingers,  
Evening lovingly here lingers,  
And mysterious brooding night  
Here unvails her orbs of light.

Mossy grave-stones, old and hoary,  
Tell some long forgotten story,  
Here a grave has sunken deep,  
While the cross bends as in sleep.  
See the trees no longer keeping,  
Their brown leaves are softly sleeping,  
Like some child that tired with play,  
Slumbering, casts its toys away.

Wood and vale no more are ringing  
With the merry voice of singing,  
Far along the gloomy sky  
Silently the swift birds fly;  
Like the dearly loved departed,  
Who has left us broken hearted,  
Speed they to a fairer home,  
Where chill winter ne'er may come.

See yon ivied chapel gleaming  
Through the trees, while music streaming,  
Through the ever open door,  
Its rich tide doth sweetly pour.  
Where the priestly chant is blending,  
Heartfelt prayer to heaven ascending,  
Prayer for all the dear ones blest,  
Who within the church-yard rest.