

He held her dying hand, and pressed
 A kiss of love upon her brow,
 While dewdrops of affection's tears,
 Did o'er his cheeks profusely flow,

She sank and then revived again,
 And shouted, "Death where is thy sting!"
 I see the throne and hear the throng,
 Of those seraphic spirits sing;
 Come on she said, and beckoned Grey,
 That Jesus had come thither nigh,
 To take her raptured spirit home,
 To those celestial thrones on high.

Her parents came, one soft farewell
 Was said, and then her beauteous clay,
 Betokened that her soul had fled,
 To that eternal world of day.
 A halo bright of glory glowed,
 A moment on her holy brow,
 As though the heaven within had left,
 Its imprints on the clay below.

And Oswald listened there a while,
 And said, O! hear the music sweet,
 That from that holy seraph throng,
 Doth now my tender spirit greet;
 He showered his kisses on her clay,
 And wept the sorrows of his breast,
 For many a day were Hattie's bones,
 In holy quietude bid rest.

And I will go, he said, and tell,
 The triumph of the Christian faith,
 To lift the troubled human soul,
 Beyond the darkest shades of death;