

MY DARLING'S COLD BED.

Cold, cold is the bed where my darling lies sleeping;
And cold is the white shroud that mantles her grave;
Cold howl the winds o'er her cold, lonely resting-place;
Yet she sleeps there as sound as the green painted
wave.

The winter's cold storms have no power to disturb her,
The rush of the river cannot break her repose;
The lays of the warblers ne'er enter her dwelling,
So deep is her sleep, free from pleasures and woes.

There she will rest with the flowers waving o'er her,
And there she will sleep throughout sunshine and
storm;
Dreamless oblivion encircling her narrow bed,
And her deep sleep unbroken until that great morn

Oh! bright were the days she was here for to cheer me,
And merry the prattle that fell from her tongue;
Sweet her caress as dew from an angel's cup,
But cruel death claimed her, my darling, so young.

Lone is my heart now, it's torn and it's broken,
Shattered the life cords that throb feebly now;
There's a sad, aching void now somewhere in my bosom,
But humbly to Heaven's will I'm trying to bow.

Sleep on, my darling, and sweet be your slumbers;
Sleep on, loved one, I'll soon follow you home;
I know your dear voice will be first for to welcome
Me home to the Eden shores, there ever to roam.