

IN MEMORIAM

Lines written on the late James Golding, Mayor of
Brampton.

October winds blow chill and bleak,
Sweet summer rains are o'er,
While music from the leafy bowers
Now charm our ears no more.
The quivering leaf falls from the tree,
The meadows tinted brown,
While from our midst death's called away
The Mayor of our town.

When rein of power's laid down,
That heart that burned with friendship's
glee,
Those eyes which glowed sublime,
Honor and truth his guiding star
Along the march of time.
For him we shed a silent tear,
When rein of power's laid down,
Far-seeing with perception clean,
The Mayor of our town.

The old graveyard is wrapt in gloom,
Where our departed lies,
Our souls are led to solemn thought
And soar beyond the skies.
We saw beneath that mound of clay,
Him gently lowered down,
But not the soul, 'tis gone to God—
The Mayor of our town.

A few short years, through faith we hope
To join that mighty train
That's pressing to the seat of bliss,
The immortal crown to gain.
So let us dry the crystal tears,
Our cheeks now trickled down,
Until we meet in realms of bliss,
Late Mayor of our town.