

*Jairus' Daughter*

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER

LIFELESS she lay, so spiritually fair,  
Death to the pallid brow had only given  
A holy calm such as the angels wear,  
A long, last smile flung back to earth from heaven.

Her father knelt, bowed down by helpless sorrow,  
In the deep, speechless woe of grief and love,  
Grief which can know no day of rest, no morrow,  
Which time may dim, but never can remove.

And there, 'mid sighs and whispers of distress,  
Loud sobs of woe and murmurs of despair,  
Was one whose soul was steeped in bitterness—  
A woman's childless, breaking heart was there.

Oh! weeping mother in thine anguish wild,  
Can that be death which wears such lovely seeming?  
"Speak but one word, awake, awake, my child!"  
Fond mother! 'tis a sleep which knows no dreaming.