

Yon mound in Mount Pleasant
They guard round and beneath,
But thy loved ones can bear
It the spray and the wreath.

O, what guardianship sweet
Is there tending that sod,
Thy beloved ones below
And those dwellers with God ;
And thy parents can say
There is gain with our loss,
Even mystery's clear
Through the light of the cross.

Thou wert ours on earth,
Thou art ours in Heaven,
Thou wilt bear us relief
When sorrows are given ;
Thou wilt share in our joy,
With all intercourse free,
We have had, we still have,
And we'll ever have thee.

Thou art singing with friends,
We have yearnings to know,
They have clasped thee and kissed
Thy celestial brow ;
Thou hast told them we're all
Coming upward to dwell,
But are staying to do
Our allotted work well.