

Not dead, but sleeping?—  
 Of the *clay*, 'twas spoken!  
 Sleep hath no power to bind the unfettered soul!  
 Earth cannot hold it in her narrow keeping,  
 Or its glad flight with mortal bonds control!

Nor dead, nor sleeping,—  
 With exultant soaring,  
 Upward it rose on swift rejoicing wings;  
 Sun, moon and stars triumphantly o'er-sweeping,  
 To the dear presence of the King of Kings!

True; yet he's sleeping—  
 So hath said the Saviour,  
 Naming the body's rest, not death, but sleep;—  
 Jesus, too, slept, the while His loved were weeping,  
 Yet woke, that Love thenceforth might cease to weep!

Sweetly, then, sleeping—  
 Thus, until the morning,  
 Gently to earth entrust the precious clay!  
 Calm shall it rest in God's most holy keeping,  
 And wake with singing *at the dawn of day!*

SALFORD, Sept. 20th, 1878.

