

Which oft had sounded in their ears, in admonition or in praise.  
 Their sorrow, not like transient cloud, whose shadow for an instant  
 lies,

Blackening the verdant vales of June, then in a moment onward flies.  
 'Tis such as weighs the loftiest down, when they behold their noble  
 dead,

And' realize that life is o'er, that all that was *their friend* has fled.  
 In that cold form, serenely calm, they still his lineaments may trace,  
 But now loved tones unheeded fall, no answering smile illumines the  
 face.

The soul, that glorious spark divine, which was, *and is* the real man,  
 Has cast aside this garb of clay, which lies so mute, so pale, so wan.  
 Now from their very sorrow, springs a joy which is the Christian's  
 own;

The soldier who had fought so well, is placed before his Sovereign's  
 throne.

No more the weary, toilsome march; no more the conflict with the  
 waves;

No more to feel the serpent's fangs, no more to weep o'er new-made  
 graves.

But in the presence of his Lord, for evermore he sits him down,  
 And he who bore the cross so long, now wears the victor's glorious  
 crown.

Radiant with stars, which far surpass the brightness of the rising day,  
 They speak of souls, who, by his words, were led to own Jehovah's  
 sway.

This thought, of his supreme delight, has soothing power amid their  
 grief;

Oh! may his spotless mantle, falling, rest upon their youthful chief.  
 Oh! may the Church, through all the land, thrill with a purer, warmer  
 flame;

Still, in her earnest war with ill, keep ever bright her honored name.  
 And those few silvery-headed men, who watched with him our coun-  
 try's rise,

May they, too, find a lasting home, with him, beyond the arching  
 skies.