

The Beautiful Dead.

This poem is respectfully dedicated to those having lost friends, hoping that they may be comforted by its perusal.

They are gone from these shores—

The beautiful dead—

To the star-lit mansions that blaze overhead,
Gone silently home, oh! their sweet life is
sped—

They're gone from earth's battles—

The beautiful dead.

CHORUS.

Then water the flowers in the twilight sweet,
And plant a white rose where the beautiful
sleep.

They peacefully rest in their cold earthen bed,
While the dear birds chant to the beautiful
dead.

Let the sea rise in grandeur to kiss the bright
stars,

And crescents of fire circle around Mars;
The sky change to silver, to purple and red,
We soon will pass down to the beautiful dead.

Chorus.