

Occupants of the Old Graveyard

THE LATE JOHN SMITH

Lines Written on the Death of a Much
Esteemed Friend

Now folded are those willing hands
That toiled for many a day;
And placid lies that manly form—
Grim death has called away.

The wintry storms will soon be o'er,
And zephyr's breeze will bring
The warbling songsters to our door
At the approach of spring.

Wild flowers will deck the meadows fair
In various forms and hue,
'Mid fragrance from the damask rose
Wet with the morning dew.

Though nature smiles on all around,
Unfolds her mantle green.
Alas! it has no charm for me,
Like former springs I've seen.

I see him in his morning walk
Along the crowded street,
I see his kind familiar smiles
When friends around him meet.

With charity his outstretched hand
Oft needy ones had blest,
More generous heart could never beat
Within a human breast.

Three score and ten years do sum up
The pilgrimage of man;
If strength permit he reach four-score,
What then, " 'Tis but a span."

Then dry that fount of crystal tears
That trickle down thy cheek,
Lull the emotion of my breast
That chokes me when I speak.

Grim death has called our friend away
Beyond our reach and sight,
Aloft on angel wings I trow
To dwell in realms of light.