

1884 MCB

Farewell to Mrs. Peter McBride.

ON LEAVING ST. JOHN'S.

God shield thee lady, should the tempests rave,
In anger round thee on the tumeless wave,
Speak with the voice that stilled before its wrath,
Spread His right arm protecting o'er thy path:
With thee as with His favored people stay,
A light by night, a pillar'd cloud by day;
Make rough ways smooth, earth's choicest blessings shed,
In rich abundance daily on thy head:
For all thy gentleness and sympathy,
May God in tenderest love, remember thee:
How much we'll miss thee, it were vain to say,
Sunshine came with thee to the grave, or gay,
Thy soul rose far above earth's petty pride,
Benevolence with thee walked side by side,
Sorrow or suffering with thee still would plead,
Nor haughty look—nor near thy generous deed,
Hence every selfish soul would keep thee here,
Formed to adorn a higher—wider sphere,
Humbly we bow and check the starting tear.
Farewell, dear lady, should thy thoughts e'er roam,
(As mine oft do) back to thy childhood's home,
May thy bright present charm the past away,
Or gild its dark clouds with its sunny ray;
I said I would not write thee one word sad,
But suit my rhyme to measure light and glad;
In vain—I've tried—with me there seems to dwell
A plaintive murmur in the word "FAREWELL,"
Which never can be breathed without a sigh,
Nor written but a tear will drop close by.
Blest above all our earth's bliss must be,
Heaven's bright re-union for Eternity;
Where not one farewell sound can ever come,
Mid all the millions in that happy home;
Well may we call this life one sad farewell,
And turn on changeless scenes awhile to dwell;
O may we meet there when earth's wandering's past,
We breathe the farewell which must be our last.

CEAD-MILLE-FAILTHA.

St. John's, NEWFOUNDLAND, June, 1864.