

TO A "WEEPING WILLOW" IN GRIMSBY  
CEMETERY.



BENEATH the mossy bosom of  
 the sod,  
 With slow and reverend hands  
 we laid to rest  
 Our loved ones side by side.  
 Sweet thought of God  
 That raised thy head, child of our  
 mother's breast.  
 Thy pendant frondlets droop so kindly o'er,  
 And sigh amid the sough of summer  
 breeze ;

While softly surging wavelets on the shore  
 Are murmuring sweetly, minor symphonies.  
 Kind sympathizer, burden-bearer, friend ;  
 Love, like an autumn mist, rests on thy leaves,  
 In unshed tears ! with ours thy love doth blend  
 While the fell Angel gathers up his sheaves,  
 Thy beauteous fringe, thy heavenly drapery,  
 The sleeper mantles, as love's mystery.

*Grimsbly,*

O. G. LANGFORD,  
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