

Or by the sounding shore,  
Or yet by towering hill,  
Beneath the moon:  
Whose organ voices o'er  
The burdened soul resound  
In solemn tune:—  
*'Be strong,*  
*Be still.'*

But there where green graves lie,  
And all Life's panoply  
Turns fast to dust,  
Oft shall I stay  
To mark the way  
Of mortal man and wonder why  
The increasing years increasing travail bring:  
And trust  
To hear above the invocal clay  
Some voice vouchsafe reply:—  
*'Though Death seem King of kings*  
*And layeth low both great and small,*  
*Fear not his coming, O weary heart,*  
*Fear not at all,*  
*Nor weep!'*