

THE GRANDFATHER'S DIRGE IN HIS 74th YEAR.

Lamented babe the tuneful Muse,  
 Inspired by thee will not refuse,  
     To chant a funeral song ;

'Tis grief that strings the tuneful wire,  
 'Tis sorrow tunes the sounding Lyre,  
     To waft the sighs along:

Thy span of life alas too brief,  
 Was long enough to cause the grief,  
     Which falls upon the mind.

In thee we viewed a perfect child,  
 Lovely, gentle, meek and mild,  
     The sweetest of thy kind.

For God had given thee a face,  
 So fair, so pure that we could trace,  
     Thou wert for Heaven designed.

With such God fills each vacant seat,  
 Whence fallen angels formed retreat,  
     And that by force resigned.

For babes like these He chose a place,  
 Where glorious messengers of grace,  
     In heavenly joy repose.

These messengers are always sent,  
 To inspired mortals who repent,  
     God's mercy to disclose.

Descending from their heavenly spheres,  
 They catch the penitential tears,  
     Composed of fear and love.

From contrite hearts they bear the sighs,  
 Returning to their native skies,  
 To reach the throne above.  
 Then to the Godhead they declare  
 The pure sincerity of prayer,  
     Poured forth by men below.

And thus their sins being wiped away,  
 By the clear gleam of God's bright day,  
     They're made as pure as snow.

Then to the children they relate,  
 Their mournful parents' atject state,  
     And bid them intercede.

The children's prayers are then revealed,  
 And all their parents' pangs are healed,  
     For God records their deed.

Thou child revered and most beloved,  
 By all thy friends the most approved,  
     Amongst thy young compeers,