

L I N E S

On the death of the Widow of THOMAS MOORE, the Poet.

She has gone to sleep, for the hand of time,
Had furrowed her fair white brow ;
And the lone heart longed for its peaceful rest,
In the beautiful world of spirits blest,
Where the quiet waters flow.

The dim eyes watch with a placid smile,
For the angel of death to come ;
She is dreaming of *one* on that distant shore
So loved and loving, in days of yore,
In their peaceful, happy home.

Ah ! her tender spirit was strongly bound,
To the fleeting things of time ;
And all the glorious world above,
Forgotten and lost in the wealth of love,
Poured out at an earthly shrine.

For she ~~was~~ the chosen, beloved of him,
The "light of his home and heart ;"
To make his Eden a bower so fair,
That the "loves of the angels" centre there,
And joy to his soul impart.

'Twere easy to tell of Eden's bliss,
When we dwell in its charm'd bowers ;
Or to sing of the nectar of pleasure's cup,
If from day to day its bright drops we sup,
Beguiling the rosy hours.