

For they have watched from lofty eminence
And kenned the far-off strife ! Thus much man
knows :

All perished on the deep ; all passed away
As a dream fleeth at the morning-hour,
Nor leaves a trace, save in man's memory ;
All coffined in the ark they trusted to,—
While sullen waves boomed requiem o'er the dead.

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Tears are flowing from eyes that rolled in gladness ;
And tears are wasting pale the bloom of beauty ;
Unwonted tears trickle adown the furrows
Which Time hath ploughed in the wan cheek of age ;
And tears from widowed wives rain sorrow down
Upon the parted lips of smiling babes.
Full many a haughty heart, now smitten by
Affliction's rod, pours forth its gush of grief
Which, through a desert world, the mourner's feet
Followeth,—like the rock-born stream of old :
But bearing on its waves no healing balm.

Yet was there one of that bereavéd band
Who sorrowed not, as those that have no hope ;