

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.

\* \* \* \* \*

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 ;