

THOUGHTS

BEFORE THE

INTERMENT OF A FRIEND.

FAREWEL! farewell! and art thou gone!  
 And canst thou cheer my sight no more!  
 Ah! long alas shall I bemoan,  
 What earth can ne'er restore.

That eye, a feeling heart disclos'd,  
 And was my fond delight to see;  
 But now it is for ever clos'd,  
 Nor more shall beam on me.

The gentle accents of that tongue,  
 The sound of that beloved voice,  
 Where oft my pleas'd attention hung,  
 No more can me rejoice.

That heart, once open to my view,  
 No generous aim can now complete ;  
 That heart, so tender and so true,  
 Alas ! has ceas'd to beat.

That head, where bright ideas play'd,  
 Unus'd from studious thought to shrink ;  
 No more its charms to me shall spread,  
 It ceases now to think.

No circulating blood to warm,  
 But pale and lifeless seen,  
 Is that once animated form,  
 That spoke a soul within.

That form so dear, now lifeless clay,  
 We mingle with the dead ;  
 To joys beyond what we can say,  
 Be its lov'd spirit fled.