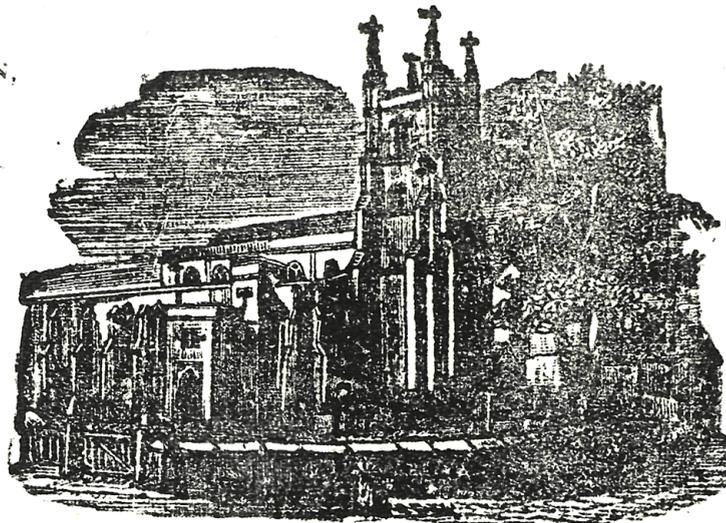


My Father's Grave

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My father's grave ! how cold the sound ;
Back from my heart the words rebound ;
My mind by grief is clouded o'er,
With thoughts of him who is no more

How oft he fondled on his knee,
His child while in its infancy ,
What chilling thoughts then must I have,
In weeping o'er my father's grave.

He watch'd my footsteps with delight,
And loved to have me in his sight,
And save me from each troubling wave ;
But now I weep above his grave.

He saw me in the prime of youth,
And pointed out the way of truth,
Which would my soul from sinking save,
When he lay mouldering in his grave.

He bade me turn from paths of sin,
And try the love of Christ to win,
And keep in view the lamb of God,
Who seal'd our pardon with his blood

Thus time flew on, until at length,
My father's frame, and manly strength
Began to fail, and death, grim death,
Came, and deprived him of his breath.

Death hover'd round his pillow'd head,
And closely watched his dying bed,

And poised the dart with fatal aim,
At him whose corse he soon would claim.

Now, hush, I hear the dread command,
For terror's King to raise his hand,
And strike at once the fatal mark,
And flee from earth the vital spark.

What tongue can tell, what heart divine,
Or who imagine what was mine,
To feel, yea feel with painful force,
The loss of him who steer'd my course.

My mother dear, for ever dear,
How oft thou shed the burning tear,
And kiss'd those cheeks as cold as clay,
While in his snowy shroud he lay.

A widow now, who was a wife,
Some days before in blooming life ;
A crowd of orphans at her feet,
With all the frowns of life to meet.

With weary steps and tearful eyes,
And bursting with heart-rending sighs,
His corse I followed to the ground,
Its resting-place till judgment sound

And oft upon that dreary place,
To God in prayer I turn my face,
And always there of Him I crave,
To rest me in MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

