

IN MEMORIAM: H. B.

By "GRETA ROWELL."

THOU who did'st love the mountain's lofty peaks,  
Their rugged summits clad in dazzling white,  
The sound of running water o'er the fells,  
The mountain torrents sheathed in sparkling ice;  
Rest, rest in peace: Thou hast thy dearest wish.  
No trim churchyard shall claim thy whitening bones,  
Nor gloomy bier encase them from the wind  
Nor hide them in the dark imprisoning earth.  
The wheeling gulls shall sing thy requiem  
There where the deepest snows enwrap thee round  
And shrouding mists enfold thee from above.  
There shalt thou feel the gentle lash of rain,  
And snows shall fall on thee as lightly warm  
As angel forms that lulled thy spirit, worn  
With buffeting in rain and mist and snow,  
And bore it to the Eternal Hills of God.  
Thou hast the "windswept boulder" for thy bier,  
The foaming torrent chants thy dirge anew  
As o'er the rocky ridge it falls in spate;  
The mournful stags re-echo it to the fells;  
The distant valley hears it, in the wind  
That sweeps in tumult toward the noisy town  
Whose hum and turmoil drown its lingering sound.  
Brave heart, that wrestled dauntless to the end.  
The tremulous dawn exults to greet thee, there  
Where a few pale, lingering stars their vigil keep  
Around thy lonely corpse, since sundown set  
A glow upon thy still, unruffled brow.  
The gentle night wind fans thy still, cold cheeks  
And whispers, "Weary traveller, rest in peace!"