

For my Friend E. S. B.

'Tis over, his joys, and the now, wreathed brow,  
Can scarcely conceal the mournful heart now,  
As the green turf has covered his from our view,  
And the farewell is spoken to me and to you.

With her eyes uplifted and her bright smiling <sup>face</sup>  
On the arm of her saviour, her hope then she pledged  
And with a kind look to her friends that stood by <sup>her bed side</sup>  
She said, "May good angels be ever your guide?"

But her bright sunny smile forever has fled,  
Yet firmly and proudly her farewell was said,  
Oh, woe! the word which love's bright chain <sup>sever</sup> could  
But, when it once parted, it was broken for ever!

From her friend S. M. Nisde