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CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1854.

NO. 37.

Boetical.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING. BY MRS. HALE.

Buy me in the morning, mother,
Oh Tlet me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night,
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'The a thought of terrible fear!—
And you will be here, alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here.
So have me in the morning mother,

So bury me in the morning, mother, And let me have the light Of one bright day on my grave, mother, Ere I am alone with night.

You tell me of the Savior's love, mother-You tell me of the Savior's love, mother—I feel it in my hear!,
But oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part!
Forever to part, when here, mother,
The sool is fain to stay.
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And Heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And-let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with night.

Never unclasp my hand, mother, Till it falls away from thine— Let me hold the pledge of my love, mother, Till I feel the love divine, The love divine-oh! look, mother,

Above its beam I see,
And there an angel's face, mother,
Is smilling down on me!
So bitly me in the morning, mother,
When sunbeams flued the sky— For death is the gate of life, mother, And leads to light on high. ONWARD.

Cease this dreaming! Cease this trembling
Still unwearied struggle on!
Though thy strength should almost fail thee,
Onward is the word slone.

Dare not tarry, though the Present Scatter roses in thy way!
Though to thee, from out the ocean,
Syrons sing their luring fay!

ARALISIE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1864.

1807. B. OD THE SAMPLONS.

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