



- 2. Slowly grief departeth, slowly wounds are healed; slowly joy returneth, slowly blanks are filled.
- 3. Is there no high region where life never dies, where the love remaineth in beloved eyes; –
- 4. where no stars are falling, where no thunders chide, where no sun is scorching, and no streams are dried; -
- 5. where no winter freezes, and no spoiler strips July's summer roses from beloved lips; –
- 6. where no foreheads wrinkle, and no locks are grey; where we see no dear ones dying day by day; –
- 7. where the deathbed moaning is a thing unknown, where no hands are graving names upon the stone; –
- 8. where the May is endless, and the noons all clear; where the beauty shineth round the summer year; –

- 9. where the love-linked circle never snaps in twain, and the household mirror taketh on no stain; –
- 10. where no picture, hanging on ancestral halls, bright with mellow sweetness, long lost love recalls; –
- 11. where no garden flower-plots weed-bewildered stand, and the untrained roses show the broken band?
- 12. Yes, there comes a region where our life shall be health in all its freshness, immortality! –
- 13. where the breathing fragrance on the holy hills, tender and untainted, heavenly strength distils; –
- 14. where the grave is rifled of its precious store, and each mound is levelled, to be raised no more.

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