

Thy soul shall find itself alone  
'mid dark thoughts of the gray tombstone  
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry  
into thine hour of secrecy:

Be silent in that solitude,  
which is not loneliness - for then  
the spirits of the dead who stood  
in life before thee, are again  
in death around thee - and their will  
shall overshadow thee: be still.

The night - though clear - shall frown -  
And the stars shall look not down,  
From their high thrones in the heaven,  
With light like hope to mortals given -

But their red-orbs, without beam,  
To thy weariness shall seem  
As a burning and a fever  
Which would cling to thee forever

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish -  
Now are visions ne'er to vanish -  
From thy spirit shall they pass  
No more - like dew-drops from the grass

The breeze - the breath of God - is still  
and the mist upon the hill  
shadowy - shadowy - yet unbroken,  
is a symbol and a token -  
How it hangs upon the trees,  
A mystery of mysteries!