

from Mount Auburn's a voice and
chosen me out as the home for you
the bustle of life ye have rendered
th ye have hall'ed. henceforth
of graves where your lord ones
will be first to repose my bre
not be peopled with busy
rooms, but of you you
call - I will call and the ma
ark of you crown to go peace
and the good, & the young and
dreamless slumbers my mansions will
all the child his lord parents, p
ther, the babe at thy breast shall
and sister for me, are to part
love to break from each tie of

