

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'wed. henceforth
of graves where your lov'd ones
will be first to repose my breast
not be peopled with a busy
room, but you you
call - I shall and the
cark of you crown to go peace
and the good, & the young and
beamless chambers my mansions will
call the child his lov'd parents
ther, the babe at thy breast shall
and sister for me to part
love to break from each tie of

