



FUNERAL HYMN.

BY JOHN BOWERING.

Clay to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle—for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God.

Dust to dust, and clay to clay!
Ashes now with ashes lay!
Earthly mould to earth be given,
For the spirit's fled to heaven.

Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noon-day's glance,
Search this mortal countenance.

Deep the pit, and cold the bed
Where the spoils of death are laid;
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.

Look loft! the spirit's risen—
Death cannot the soul imprison;
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there and comfort too;
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.



Knodle, Printer. Boonsboro, Md.'

Bowering, John

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B2935