

“When scarce is seized some borrowed prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!

“When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah, then, how easy 'tis to die!

“When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

“When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then to die.”