

Liners on the death of the Rev. Simon Douglass.
He is gone and is laid beneath the cold ground,
The cloth of the shroud cover his head;
We hear not his voice, from him not a sound,
And where he once trod, no more will he tread.
We can gaze not again in his lustrous eyes;
For he cannot see us, nor can he hear;
We cannot recall him, in vain our sighs,
Though still we do grieve & shed the last tear.
Like an innocent babe, he breathed his last breath,
Softly and holy and gently and calm,
As he taught in life, so he taught in his death,
The power of Religion, its source & charm.
Angels from heaven, sweet angels of light,
Swooped around him & hovered above;
For his face was serene, pleasant and bright,
And death left upon it a halo of light.
So learned, so pious, useful and kind,
Loved by his children, by friends so revered,
That 'tis a bereavement to be left behind,
How so where he taught us & pleasantly cheered.
His aged limbs rest on the damp, dark tomb;
Those who have seen him shall see him no more,
But in our hearts, in verdure and bloom,
His memory lives, and will live evermore.
His spirit immortal the grave cannot bind,
But freed from the earth o'er cerulean heights,
Glorious, triumphant, renewed, unconfin'd,
It soars to the heavens, in heaven alights.
Then Oh if we weep for ourselves let us weep,
The good who are dead have but gone to their rest,
And if we would follow, like them we must keep
That path that leads to the mansions of bliss.