

**IN MEMORIAM,  
A POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649272013

In memoriam, a poem by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ANONYMOUS**

**IN MEMORIAM,  
A POEM**



# In Memoriam.

A Poem.

by

*The Author of "England and Australia,"  
"The Lost Child," "English  
Country Sabbath,"  
Ec., Ec.*



London :

Saunders, Otley, and Co., Conduit Street.

1861.

*280. c. 15.*

LONDON:

F. Shoberl, Printer, 37, Dean Street, Soho, W.



## In Memoriam.

---

BLESSED Redeemer of our race,  
Both perfect God and man we know,  
Dwelling in all ethereal space—  
For we are told that it is so.

Invisible, Immortal Being !  
'T is true that we no longer see  
Thee face to face, as thou wert seen,  
Or hear Thy voice, as those with Thee :

But yet we mark Thy winter's rain,  
We know it is not sent to harm ;  
And joy in Thy autumnal grain,  
We watch Thee in Thy thunder-storm :

We know earth is not Thy sole dower,  
And though Thy once heard voice is mute,  
We view Thee in the first spring flower—  
Thy voice still speaks to us in fruit.

Thou wishest every morn good morrow,  
In joy and gladness, in its mirth,  
As Thou art with each in its sorrow,  
For Thou art over all Thy earth :

There dwell'st Thou in the midst, at prayer ;  
Thou answerest when we ask in faith,  
We feel it as we enter where  
Thou art, for so the Scripture saith.

Strong in Thy wrath, and terrible,  
For in Thy lightnings we view  
(Which speak from earth to us of hell)  
Thy power, and yet Thy goodness too.



The Father in Thee we adore,  
Who sent Thee from His Throne above  
To see Thine own, and ope the door  
From fount of His eternal love.

And now, O Lord, as in our youth  
We loved to hear and read Thy Word,  
So faith and hope, found in Thy truth,  
Let nothing ever more disturb.

And when it please Thee to remove  
This mortal into that to be,  
Then welcome with Thy beam of love—  
Swallow up Death in Victory !



## In Memoriam.

M. W. H.

Obit 1854.

---

Dearly are all our pleasures bought,  
For now and then a tear will rise,  
But then we cannot chain down thought—  
We brush it off, it is not wise.

We take a book, it has no charm  
To soothe the spirit into rest,  
We put it by, it cannot warm  
The heart that is no longer blest.

And what are tears that oft drop whole,  
Those pearly treasures of the heart ?  
They are the dew-drops of the soul  
That from the inner spirit part.