

# **MEMORIAL SONNETS**

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Memorial Sonnets by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

**MEMORIAL  
SONNETS**



## MEMORIAL SONNETS.

So brach ich wohl mit Grund in meinem Garten  
Die Blumen aller Farben, aller Arten,  
Und bring' sie dir, zu wildem Strauch gereiht;  
Dir ist ja meine Lust, mein Hoffen, Loden,  
Mein Lieben, meine Treu, mein Ruhm, mein Neiden,  
Dir ist mein Leben, dir mein Tod geweiht.  
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*Sheldon fund*

I.

WHEN 'mid the gloom and silence of the night  
I start from troubled sleep, and look in vain  
For the dear head that ne'er will rest again  
Pillowed upon my shoulder—the dim light,  
Low burning, cheats with shadowy forms my sight,  
And many a strange delusion haunts my brain ;  
But nought can fill the void or ease the pain,  
Or give me back my love, my lost one bright.  
Then doth it seem as if, with feet of lead,  
Old Time were crawling through the weary  
hours,  
Reft of his wings, and shorn of all his powers ;  
As if the sun had now for ever fled  
From heaven, and earth would ask no vernal  
showers,  
No summer blooms, and all the world were dead !

II.

**Y**ET who am I, that one poor, private  
grief

Should o'er the face of Nature cast a pall ?

My lot is but the common lot of all,

And life is full of sorrows, long or brief.

Alas ! to me this thought brings no relief !

The weight of woe doth not more lightly fall

On the crushed heart, because it may recall

Some kindred woe a brother deems the chief.

How can it heal my wounds, to know or tell

That other wounds are bleeding like to these,

And far and wide, wherever mortals dwell,

Amid their halls and temples, fields and trees,

A sigh is floating upon every breeze,

And every passing moment hears a knell ?



### III.

ON the whole house hath fallen a heavy  
doom ;

The servants only whisper when they meet :

Gone is the genial light, the natural heat,

And round us hangs the chill breath of the tomb.

My very dog wanders from room to room,

Whines at closed doors, and, crouching at my  
feet,

Doth oft with eager, piteous looks entreat

For the dear mistress to return, with whom

He ne'er grew tired of play. If he so pine,

Missing the gentle voice and soft caress,

What lasting, bitter anguish must be mine,

When every instant will the mind impress

With loss of something I can scarce define,

Yet do not therefore feel its absence less !

IV.

**F**RIENDS proffer comfort, each in his own way,  
With kind condolence, letter, message, talk—  
Prescribe the healthful air, the pleasant walk,  
And change of place to lure blind Care astray.  
Thanks to them all! and on some future day,  
Should life resume its reign, I will not balk  
Their good intent. But now the withered stalk  
Droops to the ground, and bears no promise gay.  
My thoughts are with the dead—the calm, still face,  
The silent lips which mine so oft have prest,  
The cold, cold form, the pale limbs full of grace,  
Clothed in pure white, sweet flowers upon her  
breast,  
Deep hidden from the eyes of all her race,  
And laid within the sheltering earth at rest.

V.

AH, little ring! that clasped her finger round  
Through many a changeful, many a happy  
year!

Poor hoop of gold! to me thou art more dear  
Than all the wealth in California found.  
Pledge of a union which no time can bound!

Emblem of love which outlives hope and fear!  
I gazed upon the coffin and the bier,  
And then on thee, till all my soul was drowned  
In floods of tears!—Yet solace will I seek  
In this mute symbol of true vows held fast,  
Believing that such ties are not so weak  
That Death can loose them. Even as in the past,  
So in the future will their influence speak,  
And, blest by Heaven, in Heaven itself will last.