

Jones Very

(1813-1880)

On Visiting the Graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau (1886)

Beneath these shades, beside yon winding stream,  
Lies Hawthorne's manly form, the mortal part!  
The soul, that loved to meditate and dream,  
Might linger here unwilling to depart,  
But that a higher life has called away  
To fairer scenes, to nobler work and thought.  
Why should the spirit then on earth delay,  
That has a glimpse of such bright regions caught!  
And near another, Nature's child, doth rest, --  
Thoreau, who loved each woodland path to tread;  
So gently sleeping on his mother's breast!  
Living, though numbered with the numerous dead.  
We mourn! But hope will whisper in the heart,  
We meet again! and meet no more to part.