

On The Death Of W. C.

Thou arrant robber, Death!

Couldst thou not find

Some lesser one than he

To rob of breath, —

Some poorer mind

Thy prey to be?

His mind was like the sky, —

As pure and free;

His heart was broad and open

As the sea.

His soul shone purely through his face,

And Love made him her dwelling place.

Not less the scholar than the friend,

Not less a friend than man;

The manly life did shorter end

Because so broad it ran.

Weep not for him, unhappy Muse!

His merits found a grander use

Some other-where. God wisely sees

The place that needs his qualities.

Weep not for him, for when Death lowers

O'er youth's ambrosia-scented bowers

He only plucks the choicest flowers.