

24 FOR THE CONSECRATION OF A CEMETERY

This verdant field that smiles to Heaven
In Nature's bright array,
From common uses set apart,
We consecrate to-day.

"God's Acre" be it fitly called,
For when, beneath the sod,
We lay the dead with reverent hands,
We yield them back to God.

And His great love, so freely given,
Shall speak in clearer tones,
When, pacing through these hallowed walks,
We read memorial stones.

Here let the sunshine softly fall,
And gently drop the rain,
And Nature's countless harmonies
Blend one accordant strain;

That they who seek this sacred place,
In mourning solitude,
In all this gracious company
May have their faith renewed.

So, lifted to serener heights,
And purified from dross,
Their trustful hearts shall rest on God,
And profit by their loss.

Sources:

Pamphlet South Natick (MA), September 15, 1863.

Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, 1875.

Alger Street, 1964.