

Elizabeth P. Elliott

(- 26 Jul 1856)

Elliott. On the 26th instant, in the 28th year of her age, Elizabeth P., wife of William A. Elliott.

On the Death of Mrs. E.P. Elliott

The shades of night had stolen away
From this earthly home of ours
And the golden ray of ineffable day
Smiled on our world of flowers
The sun rose up from the shadowy depths
Of the ocean rolling far,
And looked sublime from the heavenly clime
Where glimmered the morning star.

'Twas then when earth in its roseate hue
Seemed bright to the gazing eye;
That the mother's soul, to its Heavenly goal
Fled up through the azure sky.
'Twas then that the wife, the loved one fled
And it seemed as I thought the while
That the sun-sent ray was to light her away
To the sweets of the god head's smile.

Ah! Yes, though her heart pulse beats no more
In this world where flowerets bloom
Though the orphan's tear has gemmed her bier
And watered her silent tomb,
Though her eye is dimmed and her form is still
And she breathes on earth no more
Yet her spirit smiles through the lighted aisles
Of Alden's eternal shore.