

William A. Richardson

(- 23 Aug 1860)

Richardson. In this city, on the 23d inst., William A. Richardson. The relatives and friends of the deceased are requested to attend his funeral (tomorrow) the 25th inst., at 3 o'clock p.m., from his late residence 405 on M street north.

Richardson. In this city on the 23d inst., William A. Richardson, in the 43d year of his age.

Father!

I see no more that love-lit brow
No more that beaming smile—
That loved one's form, it molders now,
Far from a weeping child.
Though long we mourn, yet still our hearts
Melt, melt in loving tears;
The husband, father, friend, has gone—
Death in our hearts appears.

Cold love but call one moment back
Of life's fast-fleeting breath,
Or, warm the clay which molders now
In the cold arms of death.
O then I'd use that power divine
And wake the life again—
Recall my father from the grave;
But no! the wish is vain.

The dead when once on death's dark sea
The soft gales waft them o'er,
To you bright land, far, far away,
Bright Canaan's happy shore.
No more their spirits wander back,
No more in sorrow roam
But upward, upward wing their flight
To dwell with Christ and home.

They're vain, the tears of sorrow now,
And vain the deep-drawn sigh;
He dwells with God's bright angels now,
No more, no more to die.
Where tears no more shall silent fall,
Nor streams of sorrow pour,
Where sick and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.