

Phebe Sanderson

(- 5 Oct 1861)

The Evening Star, October 1861

On the Death of Mrs. Phebe Sanderson

Again has a matron of the land
In sadness left her station;
Again one more of those relics grand
Of the past has lingeringly left her stand
And hidden adieu to the nation.

Yet, why should we grieve that her voice should cease,
And her smile should lose its beauty;
She performed that noblest work of peace--
She fulfilled a mother's duty.

And why should the aged one moan and weep,
And the young ones vent their sorrow
In terms; Both her spirit immortal sleep
In a long, long slumber of darkness deep,
Or will it wake on the morrow?

Though her form be still, and her eye, once bright
With love, be no longer giving
A pleasure to all with its softened light,
Her influence still is living.

Aye, that will last while memory lives,
To relieve our minds of sadness--
To point our steps to the path that leads
To her and to endless gladness.--M.D.