Grieve not for Me.

There is a sorrow in my heart,
The world may never know;
A pang that never will depart,
Till death shall lay me low;
Yet light and cheerful still I seem,
No signs of sorrow see;
I wear to all, a smiling mien,
That none may Grieve for me.

My sufferings soon, I know must end,
For life is on its ebb,
The Autumn leaves that first descend,
Will find me with the dead.
I wish my fall may be like theirs,
From lamentations free;
I ask no unavailing tears,
No friends to Grieve for me.

Grieve for themselves, that they are left,
A thorny world to tread,
But not for him who goes to rest,
Among the quiet dead;
For there, no dreams disturb the mind,
Tho' dark the mansion be,
And if in faith I sink resigned,
Why need they Grieve for me?

O, if they knew my soul's unrest,
The agonies I bear;
If they could view my inmost breast
And see the vulture there,
They would not chain me to their woes,
But freely let me flee;
Nor break their own pure hearts' repose,
By Grieving after me.

Around my bed, no brothers bow,
No sisters, vigils keep;
No mother bathes my aching brow,
Or fans me whilst I sleep;
Alas! I would not have them near,
Sad would their presence be,
I could not bear their plaints to hear,
Or see them Grieve for me.

But there are those I dearly love,
Whose pilgrimage is o'er,
Called to the shining realms above,
Where sorrow is no more;
I humbly hope, O, God to find,
A home with them and Thee;
And strengthen Thou each suff'ring mind,
That vainly Grieves for me.