

Forget Not the Dead
James Fields(1816-1881)
Modern Harp.

Forget not the dead, who have loved, who have left us,
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish;
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears:
Other joys may be lost, but their names should not perish,
While time bears our feet through the valley of tears.