

OAK HILL.

GRAND home of the dead! I mourn as I tread
Near the forms that crumble below;
How sad and how still the graves at Oak Hill,
In the quiet evening glow.

Here's an old, old stone, moss-grown and alone,
Where Time has left not a trace
Of the name it bore in the days of yore,
When the body ceased its race.

Vain, vain is the thought; no man ever bought
Exemption from final decay;
To live and to rot, and then be forgot—
The fate of the quick of to-day.

