



adelma von vay



Caroline Corner

IN MEMORIAM

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Prispevki k odkrivanju zgodovine ezoteričnih tradicij - v izvorniku

*(Written through the hand under control at the pacing away
of young, beautiful, and universally beloved.)*

Say not she is dead; she lives on for ever
In vast realms of heav'n so peaceful and bright,
Cared for by angels — lost to you never,
Only o'ershadowed to moital's dim sight.

Though like the rosebud so fragile and fair,
Broken and chilled by autumn's cool blast.
Her spirit unfettered, disburdened of care,
Her joys know no ending, earth's trials are past.

At times when the clouds are gathering low,
Hope fails to illumine and gladden the way,
Her sisterly sympathy richly doth flow
And encircles the shades with a silvery ray.

She comes with the first soft tints of the morn,
She comes 'mid the strife and turmoil of life,
She stands by your side when tired and worn.
And warns by impression when danger is rife.

She comes with a step so noiseless and still,
When trouble is nigh or temptation is strong,
Breathing kind blessings — His word to fulfil, —
Turning the wand'rer from pathways of wrong.

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She smiles when she sees hearts noble and great.
She breathes words of cheer and beckons them on:
 To the fallen she sighs — “It is not too late,”
And shows how forgiveness can always be won.

Then why should you say that your clear one is dead?
 She is lost to you now for ever and aye?
Though her fleshly sorrows and passions are fled,
 She lives on in a land still fairer than day.