



## **Greenwood Cemetery**

How calm they sleep beneath the  
shade  
Who once were weary of the  
strife,  
And bent, like us, beneath the  
load  
Of human life!  
The willow hangs with sheltering  
grace  
And benediction o'er their sod,  
And Nature, hushed, assures the  
soul  
They rest in God.  
O weary hearts, what rest is  
here,  
From all that curses yonder town!  
So deep the peace, I almost long  
To lay me down.  
For, oh, it will be blest to sleep,  
Nor dream, nor move, that silent  
night,  
Till wakened in immortal strength  
And heavenly light!



[Rosycompany.co.uk](http://Rosycompany.co.uk)