

In the Churchyard, at Barrytown.

Here, lies the gentle humorist, who died,
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
A simple stone with but a date and name
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved, and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame,
With times that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to ring with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory, like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.



Henry W. Longfellow.

Jan 13. 1877.

