



Forever

**Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.**

**For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.**

**Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change -
A dear communion that will not grow strange;
The anchor of a love is death.**

**The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.
For her who died long since, ah! Waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.**

**Thank God for a dear friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Though twenty years of death.**

John Boyle O'Reilly
(1844-1890)

