

Where all is life. by John P. Silvernail, Rochester

1 It has not been my lot to tread
 Along the paths of glorious Time
 Where buried lie the immortal dead
 Who flourished in Earth's natal prime
 Not mine to muse on Helicon
 Nor walk in rapturous reverie
 Where "the mountains look on Marathon
 And Marathon looks on the sea"
 Not mine to catch the Muses' strains
 Above the moist Boeotian plains
 Nor listen with my soul on fire
 To rapt Apollo's rhythmic lyre

2 But I have walked where none but God
 Had gazed the enchanted scene along
 Where never human foot had trod
 The dim-aisled forest shades among
 Where rocky ramparts rose around
 Aspiring to the height of Heaven
 I've stood 'mid silence so profound
 It seemed that to my eyes I were given
 To see Earth in her primal morn
 Ere sound and life and love were born
 Have seemed to lose all sense of space
 And meet my Maker face to face

3

Within those peaceful solitudes
 No "Thanatopsis" ere is heard
 But Nature's mighty interludes
 And Nature's God's omnific word
 For, as in Eden, long ago
 He walked at evening's fragrant hour
 So here 'neath mellow sunset's glow
 Show fair the footprints of His power
 Where rotting rock yields to the touch
 Of rootlets' soil-creating clutch
 While bright the snow-capped summits shine
 Above the ascending timber line

4

Each breeze, each rain-drop and each ray
 That streams from forth the vernal sun,
 Speaks of a resurrection day
 And tells of labor just begun
 In these new Edens of the earth
 No graves are found all, all is life
 Even as when Time first had its birth
 Ere brother's hand was raised in strife
 Prithivi-like the earth brings forth
 All forms of grace and matchless worth,
 While everything breathes prophecy
 Of something yet about to be

5th Thro' all her frame the embracing God
 Sends thrills of wondrous ecstasy
 Till, all transformed, the lifeless clod
 Smiles, blooms and brightens gloriously
 Glad flowers spring with fragrant breath
 And climbing vine and budding bee
 Proclaim such triumph over death
 That song birds wake their minstrelsy;
 Each leaf responds to zephyr soft,
 The torrent lifts its voice aloft,
 While everything in Nature saith;
 "There is no death! there is no death!"

6 Never, where ruined empire sleeps
 And buried greatness, turned to dust,
 Still its unbroken silence keeps
 Wealth storied urn or marble bust,
 May it be mine to walk and dream,
 Recalling all their vanished pride
 Until once more to live they seem,
 And walk in grandeur at my side
 Nor where the radiant sons of men
 Have been resolved to earth again
 Till earth seems but the burial place
 Of Adam's sin-cursed mortal race

7 But oh! what joy to breathe the air
Where God's unfinished gardens shine
Where myriad forms rise new and fair
Beneath this touch divine
To watch a new creation spring
Where funeral dirge was never sung,
And hear resounding echoes ring
The mountain crags among
While glaciers grind their grist of rock
Mid avalanche roar and earthquake shock
Till Nature's transformation scene
Shows rocky ranges robed in green

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