
Philander Chase Letters

11-11-1853

"Lines inscribed to the Memory of Bp. Chase"

Bassett

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From
Mrs. Jamieson

KOL 53 11 11

Lines inscribed to the memory of
Bishop Chase.

Bury me not with pageant and pride
The rich and the great and the gay beside
But let me lie low in the my chosen shade
With graves of the lowly around me made
For all unbefitting
The graves deep repose
Are the pomp & the pride
Which the world bestows.

Lay me to rest in my chosen spot
Where the surging waves of strife reach not
Where gentle hands a flower may plant
And birds of the bower my requiem chant
Nestle that creep by gloom shade
Gently lay me to rest
With the green arch above
And the turf on my breast

Lay me to rest for beneath the sun
My course is finished, my race is run

No earthward throbbings my heart now distress
And no gloomy doubts my spirit oppress.
But calm as the chambers
Of innocence blest
Do I sweetly recline—
On the Saviour's breast.

Calmly I sink to the peaceful tomb
It bears for me no shadow of gloom
But round it there gathers a halo bright
And shining ones to its precincts invite
They wait for my spirit—
They come to me now
Soft breezes unearthly
Are fanning my brow—

Servant of God! What honors are thine—
Lowly and meek like thy Master divine—
No lofty dome need be reared to thy name—
Thy labors of love speak thy unsought fame—
Rest, Rest from thy labors
Receive thy reward—
The rest that remains to

The people of God.

Wm Bassett

November 11th 1853

