

Book of Epitaphs

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**Office of S. B. Sargent
Manufacturer of & Dealer in All Kinds of
Marble & Granite Work
Tilton, New Hampshire**

(The front and back covers of the booklet are missing. The title and date of publication are unknown, although the S.B. Sargent company is listed in an 1893 publication. The last half of the booklet is in German.)

This booklet, which begins on the next page, is presented on the Stone Quarries and Beyond web site in “References and Resources” in the “Cemetery Stones & Monuments” section of the web site.
http://quarriesandbeyond.org/cemeteries_and_monumental_art/cemetery_stones.html

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Office of
S. B. SARGENT
Manufacturer of & Dealer in
ALL KINDS OF
MARBLE & GRANITE WORK
Tilton, N. H.

EPITAPHS FOR CHILDREN.

- 1 Gone so soon.
- 2 Our loved one.
- 3 Only sleeping.
- 4 Gone to be an angel.
- 5 Gone to a better land.
- 6 Budded on earth to bloom in heaven.
- 7 Not lost but gone before.
- 8 Ah! where art thou, lovely.
- 9 He took thee from a world of care,
An everlasting bliss to share.
- 10 God blesses in an early death,
And takes the infant unto himself.
- 11 Whose all of life's a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away.
- 12 Beautiful, lovely, she was but given
A fair bud to earth to blossom in heaven.
- 13 Sleep on, sweet babe, and take thy rest,
God calls away when He thinks best.

EPITAPHS FOR CHILDREN.

- 14 Short pain, short grief, dear babe were thine;
Now, joys eternal and divine.
- 15 It was an angel that visited the green earth
and took a flower away.
- 16 On that bright, immortal shore
+ We shall meet to part no more.
- 17 No pains, no griefs, no anxious fear
Can reach our loved one sleeping here.
- 18 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
+ Whose waking is supremely blest.
- 19 Vision of beauty! fair as brief!
Only thy joy can calm our grief!
- 20 Happy infant, early blest,
Rest, in peaceful slumber, rest!
- 21 And thou, that brighter home to bless
Art passed, with all thy loveliness.
- 22 The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath--
All that it knew from birth to death.
- 23 Heaven benignly called thee hence
In all thy pure, sweet innocence.
- 24 Now not a sullyng breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.
- 25 A smile hath passed, which filled our home with
light;
A soul, whose beauty made that smile so bright.
- 26 Thine the halo of the skies
Thine the seraph's paradise.
- 27 The fairest bud that flowery nature knows,
Oft ne'er unfolds but withers ere it blows.
- 28 Spirit, rise! to thee is given
The light ethereal wing of heaven.

EPITAPHS FOR CHILDREN.

- 29 O! rose of May!
O! flower too soon faded.
- 30 Yes! thou art fled ere guilt had power
To stain the cherub-soul and form,
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
That never felt a storm!
- 31 No painful recollections rise--
His morn--it dawned so blest,
And, ere a cloud had dimmed the skies,
Sweet lamb, he was at rest.
- 32 Dear, lovely babe, to part with you
Hath racked our hearts with pain;
But though our loss is great, we trust
'Tis your eternal gain.
- 33 Not lost, blest thought,
But gone before,
Where we shall meet
To part no more.
- 34 A little flower of love,
That blossomed but to die;
Transplanted now above
To bloom with God on high.
- 35 Dearest child, thou hast left us
And thy loss we deeply feel;
'Tis the lord that has bereft us
Of one we loved so well.
- 36 'Tis Jesus speaks: "I fold," says He,
"This lamb within my breast,
Protection it shall find in me,
In me be ever blest."
- 37 Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given.
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.

EPITAPHS FOR CHILDREN.

- 38 Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.
- 39 The fairest flower we fondly love,
How soon it fades and dies!
But purer it will bloom above,
In bowers of Paradise.
- 40 And thou, my bird, hath spread thy plumes
In better, higher spheres;
Far from the dreary shade of tombs,
The bitterness of tears.
- 41 God in His wisdom has recalled
The precious boon his love had given,
And though the casket moulders here,
The gem is sparkling now in heaven.
- 42 Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home our child.



MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 43 In heaven.
- 44 Gone home.
- 45 At rest.
- 46 All is well.
- 47 Asleep in Jesus.
- 48 Beloved one, farewell.
- 49 Her end was peace.
- 50 Meet me in heaven.
- 51 For me to die is gain.
- 52 Christ is my hope.
- 53 Gone, but not forgotten.
- 54 His memory is blessed.
- 55 Forever with the Lord.
- 56 Death is another life.
- 57 The Cross is my anchor.
- 58 We will meet again.
- 59 Resting in hope of a glorious resurrection. +
- 60 Resting till the resurrection morn. +

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 61 He died as he lived—a Christian.
 62 Salvation through Christ the Redeemer.
 63 How many hopes lie buried here!
 64 Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.
 65 Jesus loves the pure and holy.
 66 Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.
 67 Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear.
 68 His record is on high.
 69 There is rest in heaven.
 70 With Christ in heaven.
 71 Meet me in the better land.
 72 Death is the crown of life.
 73 May he rest in peace.
 74 Weep not, he is at rest.
 75 He has gone to the mansions of rest. +
 76 Dying is but going home.
 77 Early plucked is early bliss.
 78 The lovely flower has faded.
 79 They are not lost—but gone before.
 80 A sunbeam from the world has vanished.
 81 I have found the shore of everlasting rest.
 82 Death is certain—the hour unseen.
 83 There are no partings in heaven. +
 84 The faithful are certain of their reward.

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 85 In thee, O, Lord, have I put my trust.
 86 Earth counts a mortal less,
 Heaven an angel more.
 87 By strangers honored
 And by strangers mourned.
 88 To live in hearts we leave behind +
 Is not to die.
 89 O, 'twill be sweet to meet on that blest shore,
 All sorrow passed all pains forever o'er.
 90 Go and dwell with him above,
 Happy in the Saviour's love.
 91 Death wings triumphant o'er mankind,
 Hope cheers the soul eternal bliss to find.
 92 His toils are past, his work is done,
 He fought the fight—the victory won.
 93 Weep not, father and mother, for me,
 For I am waiting in glory for thee.
 94 The sweet remembrances of the just
 Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.
 95 She was a kind and affectionate wife,
 A fond mother, and friend to all.
 96 God gave—He took—He will restore,
 He doeth all things well.
 97 Sleep on brother, thy work is done,
 Jesus has come and borne thee home. +
 98 Our darling one hath gone before,
 To greet us on the blissful shore.
 99 To him, we trust, a place is given
 Among the saints with Christ in heaven.
 100 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wake to weep!

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 101 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 102 In Paradise thou sharest bliss,
Ne'er to be found in world like this.
- 103 Faith points to hope above the skies,
Where virtuous friendship never dies.
- 104 She passed through glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise.
- 105 To angel form thy spirit's gown,
Thy God has claimed thee as his own.
- 106 Sleep, brother dear, and take your rest,
God called you home, He thought it best. +
- 107 Farewell, my wife and children all,
From you a father Christ doth call.
- 108 Rest, mother, rest in quiet sleep, ✕
While friends in sorrow o'er thee weep.
- 109 Yes, the Christian's course is run—
Fought the fight, the victory won.
- 110 Jesus has come and borne thee home,
Beyond the stormy blast.
- 111 Alas! she has left us, her spirit has fled,
Her body now slumbers along with the dead;
- 112 Our father has gone to a mansion of rest,
To the glorious land by the Diety blest.
- 113 Gone to inhabit fairer climes,
Where streams of bliss fresh issue from the
throne.
- 114 As a wife, devoted;
As a mother, affectionate;
As a friend, ever kind and true.
- 115 This simple tablet marks a father's bier,
And those he loved in life, in death are near,

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 116 The circle is broken,—one seat is forsaken,—
One bud from the tree of our friendship is
shaken.
- 117 To a glad dream of slumber, which wakens
in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from
this.
- 118 As a star that is lost when the daylight is
given,
She hath faded away to shine brightly in
heaven.
- 119 Evermore that turf lie lightly,
And with future showers,
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly,
Blow the summer flowers.
- 120 Peace be with thee, O, our brother,
In the spirit land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.
- 121 The holy dead! oh! blest we are,
That we may name them so,
And to their spirits look afar,
Through all our woe!
- 122 What dear one's voice is smothered here in
dust,
Till waked to join the chorus of the just—
Lo! one brief line an answer sad implies,
Honored, beloved and wept, here mother
lies.
- 123 The wind breathes low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gentle flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.
- 124 Gone before us, oh, our brother,
To the spirit land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 125 Death has been here and borne away
A brother from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
In youth and love, he died.
- 126 Our young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.
- 127 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever.
- 128 The seraphs round the shining throne
Have borne thee to thy rest,
To dwell among the saints on high,
Companions of the blest.
- 129 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy sweet smile has gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.
- 130 The soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.
- 131 And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.
- 132 Although he sleeps his memory doth live,
And cheering comforts to his mourners give
He followed virtue as his truest guide,
Lived as a Christian—as a Christian died.
- 133 The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 134 She's gone to world's above,
Where saints and angels meet,
To realize our Saviour's love,
And worship at his feet.
- 135 "Asleep in Jesus," oh! to see
What my waking form shall be:
To be like him will be my bliss,
For I shall see him as he is.
- 136 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 137 Though thy heart and flesh may fail,
Cast thy hopes above!
Anchored steadfast in the veil,
Trust his dying love.
- 138 Death is but to sleep in Jesus,
When this life is o'er;
And to sorrows, sins, diseases,
Never to awaken more.
- 139 He died in sure and certain hope of eterna
life, through the atonement and medita
tion of a crucified Saviour.
- 140 Thy virtue and thy worth
Shall fond remembrance cheer,
And ease the aching heart,
That drops the falling tear.
- 141 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red cross shield.
- 142 Naked as from the earth we came,
And entered life at first:
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 43 But is he dead? no, no, he lives!
His happy spirit flies
To heaven above, and there receives
The long expected prize.
- 44 Behold the pilgrim as he lies,
With glory in his view:
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu.
- 45 Life is a span—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 46 Lord, she was thine, and not mine own,
Thou hast not done me wrong:
I thank thee for the precious loan,
Afforded me so long.
- 47 There is a bright region above,
We long to reach its shore,
To join with the dear ones we love,
"Not lost, but gone before."
- 48 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod,
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.
- 49 As Jesus died and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.
- 50 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 51 Kind friends beware as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I:
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare, therefore, to follow me.

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 152 Affection's tribute here I raise,
'Tis all that I can do,
Till death shall close my earthly days,
Our friendship to renew.
- 153 Why should we start and fear to die.
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 154 In casting off this "mortal coil,"
I bid farewell to care and toil:
The dead in Christ are surely blest,
For they partake his heavenly rest.
- 155 Let me not murmur nor repine
Under these trying strokes of thine;
But while I walk the mournful road,
Be still and know that thou art God.
- 156 There are thoughts that never perish,
Bright, unfading, through long years;
So thy memory we cherish,
Shrined in hope, embalmed in tears.
- 157 To angel form thy spirit's grown,
Thy God has claimed thee as his own:
In Paradise thou sharest bliss,
Ne'er to be found in worlds like this.
- 158 Beneath this stone I've placed in trust,
Not the immortal, but the dust,
Of one on earth to me most dear,
Who learned in youth her God to fear.
- 159 In labour and in love allied,
In death they here sleep side by side,
Resting in peace—the aged twain—
Till Christ shall raise them up again

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

- 160 No more the world's pleasures allure,
Since Jesus hath called thee to rest:
On Zion's bright summit secure,
No foe shall thy spirit molest.
- 161 She sleeps in the valley so sweet,
But her spirit has taken its flight: +
Lo! her form is but dust 'neath our feet,
While she is an angel of light.
- 162 "Asleep in Jesus," precious thought! +
With peace and life eternal fraught:
He said—whose power upholds the sky—
Believing ye shall never die.



EPITAPHS FOR A SOLDIER.

- 163 Rest, soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er.
- 164 A friend to his country and a believer in
Christ.
- 165 Nobly he fell while fighting for liberty.
- 166 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest.
- 167 A brave spirit lies buried here, who died
A glorious death in his country's cause.
- 168 He has the soldier's recompense—
His is a patriot's grave,
Where calm in death reposes
Our noble true and brave.
- 169 Rest, soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
- 170 Died on the field of battle;
'Twas noble thus to die;
God smiles on valient soldiers—
His record is on high.

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

- 171 The morning cometh.—*Isaiah* xxi. 12.
- 172 He giveth his beloved sleep.—*Psalms* cxxvii. 2.
- 173 He is not dead, but sleepeth.
- 174 She hath done what she could.—*Mark* xiv. 8.
- 175 Thy brother shall rise again.—*John* xi. +
- 176 He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—*Rev.* xxi. 7.
- 177 In my Father's house are many mansions.—+
John xiv. 2.
- 178 There shall be no night there.—*Rev.* xxi. 25.
- 179 Behold, I come quickly.—*Rev.* xxii. 7.
- 180 The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—*Psalms* cxii. 6. +
- 181 I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh.—*Numbers* xxiv. 17.
- 182 The Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.—*Numbers* x. 29.
- 183 There is but a step between me and death.—*1 Samuel* xx. 3.

SELECTION FROM SCRIPTURE.

- 184 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.—*Matt.* v. 8.
- 185 I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith.—*2 Tim.* iv. 7.
- 186 He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom.—*Isaiah* xl. 11.
- 187 Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.—+
Luke viii. 52.
- 188 He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—*Heb.* xi. 10.
- 189 It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.—*1 Samuel* iii. 18.
- 190 For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.—*Gen.* iii. 19.
- 191 Let me go, for the day breaketh.—*Gen.* xxxii. 26.
- 192 Thou art to pass over Jordan this day.—*Deut.* ix. 1.
- 193 I know that my Redeemer liveth.—*Job.* xix. 25.
- 194 I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.—*Psalms* xvii. 15.
- 195 The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Romans* vi. 23.
- 196 Surely the bitterness of death is passed.—*1 Samuel*, xv. 32.
- 197 Peace be unto thee; fear not.—*Judges* vi. 23.
- 198 As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—*Deuteronomy* xxxiii. 25.

SELECTION FROM SCRIPTURE.

- 199 He shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.—*John xi. 24.*
- 200 I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—*John xi. 25.*
- 201 Is not this laid up in store with me, and sealed up among my treasures?—*Deuteronomy xxxii. 34.*
- 202 The Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.—*Deuteronomy xxxii. 9.*
- 203 Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.—*Numbers xxiii. 10.*
- 204 The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but but the Lord looketh on the heart.—*1 Samuel xvi. 7.*
- 205 Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—*Rev. ii. 10.*
- 206 Preserve me, O God; for in thee do I put my trust.
- 207 Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—*Matt. xxiv. 42.*
- 208 Them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.—*1 Thes. iv. 14.*
- 209 Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—*Matt. v. 8.*
- 210 There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.—*Job. iii. 17.*
- 211 Their bodies are buried in the dust, but their names shall live for evermore.

SELECTION FROM SCRIPTURE.

- 212 For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.
- 213 Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.—*Matt. xxiv. 44.*
- 214 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.
- 215 Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for He shall pluck my feet out of the net.
- 216 Look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.—*Luke xxi. 28.*
- 217 Not my will, but Thine, be done.—*Luke xxii. 42.*
- 218 Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. *Luke xxiii. 42.*
- 219 Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.—*Luke xxiii. 46.*
- 220 Why seek ye the living among the dead?—*Luke xxiv. 5.*
- 221 Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—*John iii. 3.*
- 222 Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.—*Luke xviii. 16.*
- 223 O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!—*Deuteronomy xxxii. 29.*
- 224 Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord.—*Deuteronomy xxxiii. 29.*

SELECTION FROM SCRIPTURE.

- 225 Take good heed unto yourselves, that ye love the Lord your God—*Joshua* xxiii. 11.
- 226 O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.—*Judges* v. 21.
- 227 Let all Thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.—*Judges* v. 31.
- 228 Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you.—*Deuteronomy* xii. 9.
- 229 Fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things He hath done for you.—*1 Samuel* xii. 24.



Grabschriften.

- 1 Was der Tod getrennt, vereinigt das Grab.
- 2 Hoffnung und Wonne blüht auch aus Schmerzen!
- 3 Das Grab ist der dunkle Pfad zu lichten Sphären.
- 4 Tod ist nur Verwandlung der sterblichen Natur.
- 5 Nur hier, wo er ruht, werde ich einst Ruhe finden!
- 6 Im Grab ist Ruh.
- 7 Hier erwartet den Frühling der Auferstehung.
- 8 Das Loos ist mir gefallen auf's Lieblichste, mir ist ein schönes Erbtheil worden.
- 9 Der Höchste hat die Saat gestreut
Zur Erndte für die Ewigkeit.
- 10 Sein Leben war ein Augenblick
Ein Frühlingstraum sein Erdenglück.
- 11 Aufblüh'n, Hinwelken, Staubwerden,
Das sind die Gesetze der Natur.
- 12 Engel die an Gottes Thron erkoren,
Sind für fromme Eltern nie verloren!

Grabschriften.

- 13 Du warst so fromm, voll Liebe, treu, bescheiden
Mit Dir entflohen unsre Lebensfreuden.
- 14 Die gerechten Seelen sind in Gottes Hand,
In des Friedens ew'gem Vaterland.
- 15 Die Blume prangt und fällt dann ab,
So blüht der Mensch und sinkt ins Grab.
- 16 Gottesfurcht, Herzensgüte, schöne Sitten bildeten
die liebliche Gestalt zur trauten Gattin, zur
zärtlichen Mutter.
- 17 Was menschlich erwuchs, blühet hier göttlicher
und reift!
- 18 „Schaut aufwärts!“ ruft der tröstend fromme
Glaube:
Der Geist ist dort,—die Hülle ruht im Staube.
- 19 Selig sind die Todten, die in dem Herrn sterben,
Denn ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach.
- 20 Das stille Grab erschreckt den Frommen nicht;
Er hofft auf Gott und fürchtet kein Gericht!
- 21 O selig wenn der große Tag erscheint,
Der ewig ihn mit seinem Gott vereinet.
- 22 Nach überstand'nen schwerem Leiden
Bin ich versetzt in hohen Freuden.
- 23 Guter Mann hier meine Thränen,
Sind die Blumen auf dein Grab.
- 24 Unter der Erde ist Schlaf, über der Erde ist Traum,
Aber dort oben ist Seligkeit.
- 25 O fasse Muth, Trauernder! die Reise ist bald vol-
lendet, es ist ein Gott.
- 26 Alles in der Natur stirbt, alles in der Natur lebt,
Nichts ist auf immer todt.
- 27 Vertrauensvoll laßt Gottes Weisheit walten!
Des Todes Saat muß ew'ge Frucht entfalten.

Grabschriften.

- 28 Das Irdische mag im Staub vergehen,
Für Geister giebt's ein Wiedersehen.
- 29 O denket es warte der Himmel auf euch!
Dann scheidet ihr gerne vom irdischen Reich!
- 30 Er schied hinüber in das ewige Licht!
Sein Wirken bleibt—Erinnerung schwindet nicht.
- 31 Hier, wo der Geist sein Staubkleid fallen läßt,
Beweint das Kind des Vaters Aschenrest!
- 32 Hier ist un're Lösung: „Untergehen!“
Dort ruft Gottes Engel: „Auferstehen!“
- 33 Sie war ein stilles, gutes Kind,
Fromm—wie Gottes Engel find.
- 34 In zarter Kindheit rief sie schon
Der Herr zum Dienst an seinem Thron.
- 35 Im Lande, wo's kein Scheiden giebt
Vereint Gott, die sich hier geliebt.
- 36 Ob die Hütte auch zerbricht,
Gottes Bau vergehet nicht.
- 37 Im Himmel labt nach Trennungsschmerz
Des Wiedersehens Lust das Herz.
- 38 Sinkt der Leib hinab zum Staube,
Führt zum Schauen uns der Glaube.
- 39 Nach Todesschmerz und Grabesruh'
Führt Christus uns dem Himmel zu.
- 40 Der Glaube führt durch Todesschmerz
Zum Himmel auf das fromme Herz.
- 41 Bricht im Tod das Menschenherz
Eilt die Seele Himmelwärts.
- 42 Auferstehung, — ew'ges Leben,
Wird der Seele Jesus geben.

Grabschriften.

- 43 O selig wenn der große Tag erscheint,
Der ewig ihn mit seinem Gott vereinet.
- 44 Eine weiße Rosenblüthe
Pflanzt ein Freund auf deine Gruft;
Schlumm're, wie von Huld und Güte,
Eingewiegt in ihrem Duft.
- 45 Jezo werd' ich schön geschmückt,
Mit dem weißen Ehrenkleid,
Mit der goldnen Ehrenkrone,
Steh' ich da vor Gottes Throne.
- 46 Die gerechten Seelen sind in Gottes Hand,
In des Friedens ew'gem Vaterland.
- 47 O bilde Du ein Leben
Den Geist zur Ewigkeit!
Was nützt ein eitles Streben?
Schau hier—Vergänglichkeit!
- 48 Nimmer sie Dein vergessen,
Bis in die Hülle sinkt hinab,
Und die Schmerzen, die sie pressen,
Endet neben dir das Grab.
- 49 Du gingst dem Tode froh entgegen,
Zum Himmel war dein lezter Blick;
Dort lohnet Dich des Vaters Segen,
Dort blühet Dir das ew'ge Glück.
- 50 Das Sterbliche muß sich zum Grabe wenden;
Du willst, Natur! daß es in Dunst zerfließt;
Doch niemals wird der Tod das Leben enden,
Das ewig ist,—das Ewigkeit umschließt.
- 51 Den Glauben an die ew'ge Liebe,
Die kein Geschöpf verläßt,
Den haltet am Grabe fest!
Was wärst du, wenn er dir nicht bliebe?
- 52 Hier schloß sich des Verklärten Blick,
So war es, höchster Gott, dein Wille:
Hier nahm die Erde seine Hülle,
Der Himmel seinen Geist zurück.

Grabschriften.

- 53 Hoheit, Ehre, Macht und Ruhm sind eitel!
Eines Weltgebieters stolzer Scheitel
Und ein zitternd Haupt am Pilgerstab
Deckt mit einer Dunkelheit das Grab.
- 54 Gott gab dem Menschen Unsterblichkeit,
Die Seele kann nicht untergehn!
Weil Gottes Hauch den Geist beseelt,
Muß Lebendes auch fortbestehn.
- 55 Wand'rer lese: was auf diesem Grabe
Einfach, aber wahr, als Denkmal steht:
„Nüchlich war sein Leben!“—Wand'rer sage!
Ist's ein Zeugniß, das der Sturm verweht?
- 56 Wiedersehen! himmlisches Entzücken!
O! wie herrlich lohnst den Dulder du!
Hoffend kann ich auf den Hügel blicken,
Nicht auf ewig schließt dein Grab dich zu!
- 57 Selig, wer an Grabes-Finsternissen,
Die ein Strahl der Gottheit schwach erhellt,
Sich erhebt mit ruhigem Gewissen
Zu dem Glauben an die bess're Welt.
- 58 Unfers Daseins schlummernde Gebeine
Hüllt das Dunkel der Vergangenheit;
Moos bedeckt die Schrift am Leichensteine
Und der Name stirbt im Lauf der Zeit.
- 59 Hier, wo Bretter Fürsten gleichen,
Wo bei dem Herrn der Diener ruht,
Weicht der Arme nicht dem Ruhme,
Denn da gilt kein Rang noch Gut!
- 60 Nur dem Frommen ist es eigen,
Wenn sich Todeskämpfe zeigen,
Daß er sterbend fröhlich spricht:
Mein Gewissen quält mich nicht!
- 61 Schnell muß alles Schöne schwinden
Zu des Lebens Blüthenzeit.
Herrlicher wirst du es finden
In dem Land der Ewigkeit.

Grabschriften.

- 62 Alle Erdenpilger wallen
Jeder Stunde näher ihrer Gruft;
Und in diesen stillen Hallen
Ruh'n sie, bis sie der Vater ruft.
- 63 Wir sind ewig nicht geschieden
Von dem Bund, der uns umschließt;
O Gedanke, der mir Frieden
In die wunde Seele gießt!
- 64 Liebe die auf Erden uns vereinet,
Blühet ewig in dem Himmel fort;
Wo kein Auge mehr ob Trennung weinet,
Und vereinigt reine Seelen dort.
- 65 O! kein Körperstäubchen kann verderben:
Es vermodert und erneuert sich!
Deine Seele konnte hier nicht sterben:
Engel führten in den Himmel dich!
- 66 Im Morgenglanz, im Abendschein
Wird segnend Sie aus Himmelshöhen
Herab auf Ihre Kinder sehen;
Drum strebet fromm, wie sie, zu sein!
- 67 Dort über jenen Sternen,
„Dort ist das Land der Ruh!“
So ruft am düstern Grabe
Religion uns zu.
- 68 Glauben, Zweifel, Freuden, Leiden,
Ist der Menschheit irdisch Loos.
Jenseits blühen ew'ge Freuden
In des Himmelsvaters Schoos.
- 69 Nicht Wünsche, noch Seufzer, noch Thränen,
Kein himmelaufflehender Blick
Kein Opfer von blutigen Thränen
Erlausen Gestorb'ne zurück.
- 70 O Friede, Friede ihm! die Engel winken!
Zum Lande auf, wo seine Palme blüht;
In's finstere Gras muß' seine Hülle sinken,
Weil hell dem Geiste dort das Leben glüht.

Grabschriften.

- 71 Hier, wo Millionen sanken,
Hier, wo sich jede Fackel senkt,
Hier, hier! ermuntert der Gedanke:
Daß dieser Weg zum Himmel lenkt.
- 72 Uns're Thränen fallen auf den Hügel,
Der geliebte Leberreste deckt;
Doch des Glaubens goldbeschwingter Flügel
Trägt uns aufwärts, wo kein Grab uns schreckt.
- 73 O ruhe sanft—der Pilgerreise müde!
Dein Sterben war der Weg zur Seligkeit;
Dein Lebensfreund, der reine Seelenfriede,
Nahm lächelnd Dich zur frohen Einigkeit.
- 74 Wie ein sanfter Schlummer, der die Müden
Nach der Tagesarbeit überfällt,
So des Frommen Tod, er schläft im Frieden
Sanft hinüber in die bessere Welt.
- 75 Alles wechselt Alles geht vorüber!
Kurz ist uns're Spanne Erdenzeit,
Auch der müde Wandrer ging hinüber
Auf der Wallfahrt in die Ewigkeit.
- 76 Hier verläßt der Mensch das Irrgewinde,
Dieses Lebens dornenvolle Bahn,
Und der Geist befreit von morscher Binde,
Schwingt sich triumphirend himmelan!
- 77 Deine Hülle ist hier aufgehoben
In dem stillen Garten der Natur;
Dorthin hat die Seele sich erhoben,
Wo versieget jede Thränenspur.
- 78 Des Geistes Kraft und Hülle
Versinket nicht ins Grab,
Es leget nur die Hülle
Der Sternenpilger ab.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W X Y Z .,;!?
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
w x y z 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V
W X Y Z .,;!? 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N N O P O R S T U V W X Y Z
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z .,;!?
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A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R
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A B C D E F C H I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z .,;!?
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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O

P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v

w x y z . , ; ! ?