**Go to the Grave**

**by Nathaniel Hawthorne**

Go to the grave where friends are laid,

And learn how quickly mortals fade,

Learn how the fairest flower must droop,

Learn how the strongest form must stoop,

Learn that we are but dust and clay,

The short-liv'd creatures of a day.

Yet do not sigh -- there is a clime,

Where they will dwell through endless time,

Who here on earth their Maker serve,

And never from his precepts swerve.

The grave to them is but a road,

That leads them to that blest abode.

**The Darken’d Veil**

**By Nathaniel Hawthorne**

Oh, could I raise the darken'd veil

Which hides my future life from me,

Could unborn ages slowly sail

Before my view -- and could I see

My every action painted there,

To cast one look I would not dare.

There poverty and grief might stand,

And dark Despair's corroding hand,

Would make me seek the lonely tomb

To slumber in its endless gloom.

Then let me never cast a look,

Within Fate's fix'd mysterious book.

**Earthly Pomp**

**By Nathaniel Hawthorne**

Oh, earthly pomp is but a dream,

And like a meteor's short-lived gleam;

And all the sons of glory soon

Will rest beneath the mould'ring stone.

And Genius is a star whose light

Is soon to sink in endless night,

And heavenly beauty's angel form

Will bend like flower in winter's storm.

**Address to the Moon**

**By Nathaniel Hawthorne**

How sweet the silver Moon's pale ray,

Falls trembling on the distant bay,

O'er which the breezes sigh no more,

Nor billows lash the sounding shore.

Say, do the eyes of those I love,

Behold thee as thou soar'st above,

Lonely, majestic and serene,

The calm and placid evening's Queen?

Say, if upon thy peaceful breast,

Departed spirits find their rest,

For who would wish a fairer home,

Than in that bright, refulgent dome?

**The Ocean**

**By Nathaniel Hawthorne**

The ocean has its silent caves,

Deep, quiet and alone;

Though there be fury on the waves,

Beneath them there is none.

The awful spirits of the deep

Hold their communion there;

And there are those for whom we weep,

The young, the bright, the fair.

Calmly the wearied seamen rest

Beneath their own blue sea.

The ocean solitudes are blest,

For there is purity.

The earth has guilt, the earth has care,

Unquiet are its graves;

But peaceful sleep is ever there,

Beneath the dark blue waves.