

1829, Nova Iorque. Grace Seixas Nathan, “Reflections on Passing Our New Burial Ground”.

(David de Sola Pool, *Portraits Etched in Stone. The Early Jewish Settlers 1682-1831*, Nova Iorque, Columbia University Press, 1952, pp. 440-441.)

Reflections on Passing Our New Burial Ground

Within those walls made sacred to the dead
Where yet no spade has rudely turned a sod
No requiem chanted for a spirit fled
No prayer been offered to the throne of God.

There in due form shall holy rites be given
And the last solemn strain float so high in air
That listening Angels shall bear it to Heaven
And the soul of the just be deposited there.

Perhaps a head white as mountain snow,
When colder far than that its semblance wears,
May find a rest where weeping willows grow
And moisten the graves with the drip of their tears.

And there may the mourner solitary stray
In pensive mood to seek a mother's tomb
And giving range to mem'ry's early day
Sorrowing ask why has she gone so soon.

Forbear to question – in low submission bend
To Him who rules in graciousness of power,
Who calls the beings of his realms below
To place them in his own Eternal Bower.
Mortal, let this console – repine no more.