

# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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## PARTING HYMN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF BRADFORD ACADEMY.

1851.

SISTERS, ere we all are parted, no more to meet again,—  
Yet once before we sever, we raise our mournful strain;  
'Tis our farewell to the gladsome, but forever vanished past,  
'Tis the dirge of happy moments, now flitting by so fast.

Oft a voice with ours has blended, whose tones are hushed to-day,  
For death hath stood beside us, and called the loved away;  
Then the silver cord was loosened, and a sister left our band,  
To join the song of angels within the better land.

Flowers have bloomed and snows have whitened since, first united here,  
We all have drank together of Wisdom's fountain clear;  
In our pleasant, sunny pathway, we have tarried side by side;  
May we to our goal be tending, when we are severed wide!

Still our memories shall cherish the teachings day by day,  
The kindly counsels given to guide us on our way;  
Long may winter yield to summer, and the summer's bloom grow old:  
But the love that warms our spirits can never be made cold.

And thou, O seraph sister! whose place is vacant here,  
From heaven where thou dwellest thy spirit hovers near;  
To the class-mates whom thou lovest e'er a guardian angel be!  
In the blessed Saviour's presence may we all meet with thee!

We may tarry here no longer; dear sisters, fare ye well;  
Hope pointeth to the future, and Faith each fear shall quell;  
Be our emblem for that future still the stars that gem the sky,  
And we all, a band unbroken, forever shine on high!



## SLEEP GENTLY.

O GRAVE on the green hill-side,  
Our treasure we've given to thee!  
She sleeps in the palm of her beauty's pride,  
Within sound of the surging sea.

### CHORUS.

Sleep gently, sleep gently on earth's green breast,  
Thy spirit, sweet sister, in Christ doth rest!

We thought that her smile would greet  
The friends who are met to-day;  
But God sent his angel to guide her feet  
To the realms of the blest away.  
Sleep gently, etc.

We hoped on her pure young brow  
A bridal rose-wreath to see;  
But Death kissed her lips, ere they breathed the vow,  
And said: Come, thou fair one, with me.  
Sleep gently, etc.

Love wept, but he had no power  
To stay the glad spirit's flight,  
So he plumed his wings on the self-same hour  
For his own native land of light.  
Sleep gently, etc.

O grave on the green hill-side,  
Guard softly the beauteous clay!  
O spirit no longer to dust allied,  
How bright is thy dwelling to-day!  
Sleep gently, sleep gently on earth's green breast,  
Thy spirit, sweet sister, in Christ doth rest!



### [Anonymous]

#### *Parting Hymn of the Graduating Class of Bradford Academy 1851*

[Bradford (now Haverhill), Massachusetts?: no publisher] 1851

Broadsheet. Single blue-gray folded leaf. Slight age-toning, about fine. Anonymous poem on the left side, and a hymn of the right side. apparently issued for graduation ceremonies for a girl's school in Bradford, Massachusetts. A gloomy untitled graduation poem, presumably by a member of the class, that begins: "Sisters, ere we all are parted, no more to meet again, - Yet once before we sever, we raise our mournful strain; 'Tis our farewell to the gladsome, but forever vanished past, 'Tis the dirge of happy moments, now flitting by so fast"; and which proceeds to bemoan the death of a classmate. The hymn titled *Sleep Gently* also about the dead classmate, makes the poem seem comparatively cheerful. One of America's earliest co-educational institutions, the Academy switched to educating women exclusively in 1836. *OCLC* locates a single copy, at Brown. [BTC#390853]