

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Colman, late Missionary to the East.
Sarah Hall - March, 1823

'Tis the voice of deep sorrow, from India's shore,
The flower of our churches is wither'd—is dead;
The gem that shone brightly will sparkle no more,
And the tears of the Christian profusely are shed.
Two youths of Columbia, with hearts glowing warm,
Embark'd on the billow, far distant to rove;
To bear to the nations, all wrapp'd in thick gloom,
The lamp of the gospel—the message of love.
But Wheelock now slumbers beneath the cold wave,
And Colman lies low, in the dark cheerless grave.

Mourn, daughter of Arrakan, mourn!
The rays of that star, clear and bright,
Which so sweetly on Chittagong shone,
Are shrouded in black clouds of night,
For Colman is gone!

At that sorrowful hour—that moment of wo,
When his cheek, lately glowing with health, was all pale;
And his widow, disconsolate, feeble and low,
Was sad, and no Christian reply'd to her wail;
Did not angels, of sympathy, shed the pure tear,
As they gaz'd, from their thrones far beyond the blue sky?
Oh, no! for the seraph of mercy was near,
To bid him rejoice—wipe the tear from her eye.
They saw, and with rapture continued their lays—
"How great is Jehovah! how deep are his ways!
"The spirit of love from on high,
"The hearts of the righteous has fir'd;
"Lo! they come, and with transport they cry."
'We will go where our brother expir'd,
And labour and die!'

O Colman! thy father weeps not on thy grave;
Thy heart-riven mother ne'er sighs o'er thy dust—
But the long Indian grass most sweetly shall wave,
And the drops of the evening descend on the just.
Cold, silent, and dark, is thy narrow abode—
But not long shalt thou sleep in that dwelling of gloom;
For soon will be heard the great trump of our God,
To summon all nations to hear their last doom!
A garland of amaranth then shall be thine,
And thy name on the martyrs' bright register shine.
O! what glory will burst on thy view,
When are plac'd, by the Judge of the earth
The flowers which in India grew
By the care, on the never pale wreath,
Encircling thy brow!