Mogensen 2

The Rose Still Grows Beyond the Wall

With Deepest Sympathy

Meyer

Near shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride
It followed the light through the crevice-length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay, let us faith and hope receive —
The rose still grows beyond the wall.