

Six summers only had she seen,
Six summers and a little more,
When God did call her from our home,
To meet the friends that's gone before.

No more we'll see her loving eyes,
Nor hear her sweet and gentle voice,
That filled our home with happiness,
And always made our hearts rejoice.

Her pretty toys are laid away,
No more she needs her little chair,
All earthly things have passed and gone,
Her Heavenly Father called her there.

Now Death has called another home,
Her little cousin, fair and young,
Has left us all to mourn her loss,
And gone to join her round the throne.

"Dear mother, do not weep for me,
Dear father, do not heave a sigh,
Dear friends, 'tis but a little while,
And we will all meet bye-and-bye.

"With care I'll watch the little road,
And when God calls you for his own,
I'll meet you at the golden gate,
And gladly welcome you all home."

When many years have passed away,
This poor and simple little rhyme,
May bring to memory one so dear,
Who lived with us so short a time.

—ANNIE E. GERROND