

Who saw him die?
I, said the fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.

Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
I'll sav amen in the dark,
I'll be the clerk.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll bear the torch?
I, said the Linnet,
Will come in a minute,
I'll bear the torch.

Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shovel,
I'll dig his grave.

Who'll sing his dirge?
I, said the Thrush,
As I sit in a bush,
I'll sing his dirge.

Who'll carry his coffin?
I, said the Kite,
If it be very light,
I'll carry his coffin.