

Just a few brief days have past  
And yet death angel swiftly flew  
And bade this young flower say farewell  
To those who loved her true.

How strange a thing is death—  
It comes as silent as the shade,  
And not for love and not for tears  
Is its icy fingers stayed.

It steals the prized from every home  
And takes the choicest gem,  
And they shall ne'er come back to us,  
But we shall go to them.

A LOVING DAUGHTER, A HELPFUL SISTER,  
AND A FAITHFUL WIFE.

Gone, ripe in years and ripe  
In gentle Christian grace,  
Dear loving Aunt of mine  
I miss your kind, sweet face.

Your voice so soft  
And full of counsel wise.  
That never failed its duty  
To point us to the skies.