

For there was none in all the land
His kindred; thus a stranger's hand,
As she foretold, supplied for these
The last sad rites and offices.

And by the side of Ernestine,
His Flora and his Geraldine,

We laid him, where the sun would shine,
Where winds would rove and skies would weep
The dews of heaven at day's decline,
And stars their central watches keep.

