

### **A Bird's Funeral**

Drop down ye heavens and form in silent line,  
Stand with mute majestic mien demure;  
The folded wing upon the breast is still,  
Hark! for the silent foot-fall draweth near,  
He marks the end; how much more the soul,  
Bending to His behest responsive sings,  
And with sublimest reach of cleaving wings,  
Rise with lifting heavens to central throne.