

The trees sigh softly low,
As she is borne along ;
Kind eyes look dimly on the long,
Sad, moving, funeral throng.

They're passing slowly by,
The children leave their play ;
And go away to weep, because
'Tis Gertie's burial day.

O birdie ! hush, hush, hush,
They're bearing her away ;
With our last kisses on her brow,
Thou must not sing to-day.

