

Has no kind spirit come,
And softly whispered thee;
That Gertie's just been carried out
The silent nursery.

Dost thou not note how calm,
Is all around to-day;
The sympathetic sunbeams strive
To hide their smiles away.

It seemeth strange, birdie,
Thou hearest not yon bell;
Tolling her tender summers fled,
With sad and solemn knell.

And passing strange it seems,
Thou missest not those feet,
And little hands that daily brought
Something for birdie sweet.

The melancholy crape,
Still on the entrance door;
In silent language whispers,
Will never enter more.

From every drooping fold,
We hear a sad farewell;
And only can its band of white,
A word of solace tell.

Gently the snowy plumes,
Waves o'er her peaceful clay:
The flowers on her coffin lid,
Look sorrowful to-day.