

Unto her darkest day !

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As shuts the outer door,  
When those we love are gone,  
So suddenly we feel,  
That we are left alone :—

But call we them in life,  
And they will hear our voice,—  
And come—and go—and come,  
For then there is a choice !

But 'tis not so in death !  
Once pass'd that outer door,  
What call from love or wealth,  
Can bring them as before ?

They lay the dead in state,  
And drop the burial tear,  
And crape the palace halls,  
But ah the grief is here !

\* \* \* \* \*

No more his princely form,  
Good mother, Queen, and wife,