



IN MEMORIAM.

Ex-Alderman Stroud.

Why do you weep, my poor woman, to-day ?
 Has sudden affliction sprung up on your way ?
 Your fatherless children, too, it appears
 Give vent to wild grief in a torrent of tears.
 Ah, Sir, blame us not if we widely express
 The pangs of our heart in this day of distress,
 The friend of the orphan, who never felt proud,
 We wail his departure, we weep him aloud
 That form so noble is wrapt in a shroud,
 And stilled is the voice of dear Alderman Stroud,
 For they've laid him to rest on the mountain.

I turned away from the poor widow's tear
 To the city's gay throng for its solacing cheer,
 But, alas ! at each step was a pitiful sigh,
 And sad was the story of each passer-by ;
 Of asylums they spoke, of homes how they felt
 At the great crushing blow that so lately was dealt ;
 They spoke of his charity praised him aloud,
 He was an humble soul, never felt proud,
 Alas ! he is clad in a sorrowful shroud,
 And sad are our hearts for dear Alderman Stroud,
 Who has gone to his rest on the Mountain.