

— To my dear Willie —

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Thou slumber, sweet infant,  
Thy spirit is free,  
The portals of Heaven  
Are open to thee

The hopes of fond parents  
Lie buried in gloom,  
For the pride of their hearts  
Is cold in the tomb

Thou slumber, sweet babe,  
Nor wake from thy rest;  
Though thy fair form is dead,  
Thy spirit is blest,

While bright birds were singing  
Their hymns to the dawn,  
He looked up to heaven  
And hailed the sweet morn.

So youthful and gentle,  
His soul passed away  
In calmness and quiet  
Like sunset's soft ray.

His Mother - - -