

17 DEATH OF LITTLE ALICE

Shed not tear for little Alice,
She has drained life's bitter chalice;
Never more shall we behold her,
Never to our bosoms fold her;
For the voice of God hath spoken,
And the golden bowl is broken.

Yet we may not feel forsaken,
He that giveth life has taken;
In His keeping let us leave her,
Nothing now can harm or grieve her;
Far beyond the reach of malice
Is the fairy form of Alice.

In the summer, strewn with roses
Be the spot where she reposes;
Let the quiet ivy, creeping,
Mark the grave where she lies sleeping,
In the greenest of our valleys,
Where reposes gentle Alice.

She has only gone before us,
May she not still hover o'er us,
Keep our wayward feet from sliding,
In the path of right still guiding --
Till in heaven's all radiant palace
We behold our angel Alice.

Sources:

Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion, March 26, 1853.

Newsboy, February, 1963.

Alger Street, 1964.