

## Little Eddie

Those midnight stars are sadly dimmed,  
That late so brilliantly shone,  
And the crimson tinge from cheek and lip,  
With the heart's warm life has flown—  
The angel death was hovering nigh,  
And the lovely boy was called to die.

The silken waves of his glossy hair  
Lie still over his marble brow,  
And the pallid lip and pearly cheek  
The presence of Death avow.  
Pure little bud in kindness given,  
In mercy taken to bloom in heaven.

Happier far is the angel child  
With the harp and the crown of gold,  
Who warbles now at the Saviour's feet  
The glories to us untold.  
Eddie, meet blossom of heavenly love,  
Dwells in the spirit-world above.

Angel boy—fare thee well, farewell  
Sweet Eddie, we bid thee adieu!  
Affection's wail cannot reach thee now,  
Deep though it be, and true.  
Bright is the home to him now given,  
For "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." [