

The Little White Hearse - Highland Recorder, 1893-04-21

Text PDF - selected reading excerpt

Complete poem and printed attribution, column 3. Unrelated newspaper contents are not transcribed.

AI-assisted transcription visually checked by Codex against the selected passage; no independent human proofread. Paragraph/verse wrapping, capitalization of headings, quotation marks and punctuation regularized for reading. This is a reading transcription, not a diplomatic facsimile. The scan remains authoritative. The scan appears to print Sombdy and suns; these are retained. The damaged word [door] is supplied editorially in brackets. Minor punctuation is regularized.

The Little White Hearse.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Sombdy's baby was buried to-day—
The empty white hearse from the grave rumbled back,
And the morning, somehow seemed less smiling and gay.
As I paused on the walk while it crossed on its way,
And a shadow seemed drawn o'er the suns golden track.

Somebody's baby was laid out to rest,
White as a snowdrop and fair to behold.
And the soft little hands were crossed over the breast,
And the hands and the lips and the eyelids were pressed
With kisses as hot as the eyelids were cold.

Somebody saw it go out of their sight
Under the coffin lid out of the [door].
Somebody finds only darkness and blight
All through the glory of summer sunlight,—
Some one whose baby will waken no more.

Somebody's sorrow is making me weep.
I know not her name, but I echo her cry
For the dearly bought baby she longs so to keep
The baby that rode to its long lasting sleep
In the little white hearse that went rumbling by.

I know not her name, but her sorrow I know
While I passed on the crossing I lived it once more—
And to my heart surged that river of woe
That but in the breast of a mother can flow—
For the little white hearse has been, too, at my door.
—Demorest's Magazine.