

51 LITTLE CHARLIE

A violet grew by the river-side,
And gladdened all hearts with its bloom,
While over the fields, on the scented air,
It breathed a rich perfume.
But the clouds grew dark in the angry sky,
And its portals were opened wide;
And the heavy rain beat down the flower
That grew by the river-side.

Not far away in a pleasant home,
There lived a little boy,
Whose cheerful face and childish grace
Filled every heart with joy.
He wandered one day to the river's verge,
With no one near to save;
And the heart that we loved with boundless love
Was stilled in the restless wave.

The sky grew dark to our tearful eyes,
And we bade farewell to joy;
For our hearts were bound by a sorrowful tie
To the grave of the little boy.
The birds still sing in the leafy tree
That shadows the open door;
We heed them not, for we think of the voice
That we shall hear no more.

We think of him at eventide,
And gaze on his vacant chair
With a longing heart that will scarce believe
That Charlie is not there.
We seem to hear his ringing laugh,
And his bounding step at the door;
But, alas! there comes the sorrowful thought,
We shall never hear them more!

We shall walk sometimes to his little grave,
In the pleasant summer hours;
We will speak his name in a softened voice,
And cover his grave with flowers;
We will think of him in his heavenly home, --
In his heavenly home so fair;
And we will trust with a hopeful trust
That we shall meet him there.

True Flag, July 16, 1853.
American Union, September 10, 1853.
The Weekly (RI) Pendulum, September 1, 1855.
Bertha's Christmas Vision, 1856.
The Harp and the Cross, 1867.
Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, 1875.
Alger Street, 1964.
Newsboy, February-March, 1971.