

Franklin P. Burgess (- 19 Oct 1862)

Burgess. On Sunday, 19th, Franklin P. Burgess, aged 10 years.

Sitting lonely, ever lonely,
Waiting, waiting for one only,
Thus I count the years moments passing by;
And the heavy evening gloom
Gathers slowly in the room,
And the chill November darkness dims the sky,
Now the countless busy feet
Cross each other in the street
And I watch the faces fitting past by my door;
But the step that lingered nightly,
And the hand that tapped so lightly
And the face that beamed so brightly,
Come no more!

By the firelight's fitful gleaming,
I am dreaming, ever dreaming
And the rain is slowly falling all around;
The voices that are nearest,
Of friends the best and dearest,
Appear to have a strange and distant sound,
Now the weary wind is sighing
And the murky day is dying,
And the withered leaves lie scattered 'round my door;
But that voice whose gentle greeting
Set this heart so wildly beating,
At each fond and frequent meeting.
Come no more! (Baltimore papers copy).