

John Smidley

(- 11 Apr 1859)

Smidley. Suddenly with chronic croup, on Monday, April 11th, 1859, John, only son of Margaret and Antotte Smidley, aged 2 years 11 months and 13 days.

Not long ago he fill'd his place,
And sat with us to learn;
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And wither'd all our joys.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime
And bloom to fade no more.

Death spreads his withering wintry arm
And beauty smiles no more
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleased our eyes before?