In Memoriam

Lines dedicated to the memory of George Sterling Wittet, who died at Schomberg Oct. 8th 1888 Aged 6 years.

Like the blossoms of early spring time
They blossom but to die
So soon he bade Goodbye.

His merry prattle ended,
His rosy lips now cold,
A lamb from the earth is taken
To live in the upper fold.

He always seemed so happy
And so much enjoyed his play
How he loved to hear a ‘tory’
As he often used to say.