

Lament to "Dovie"

THE MOST BELOVED OF MY PETS

*Oh, you my little friend so true,
My heart is sad with thoughts of you.
My lips would shake, my eyes would fill
When I see you lie there, cold and still.*

*Then o'er my weary mind will creep,
Thoughts that are troubled, sad and deep.
How could a friend I thought was true
Be so cruel to kill a dove like you?*

*You were the only pet I had
That was so good, and I am sad
To know that touch I loved before
Will make me happy nevermore.*

*How could I have such lasting trust?
I thought my friend was true and just.
How could a friend I thought so true
Be cruel to kill a dove like you?*

*Oh, never, never shall I see
You little pal, so dear to me!
You will not perch upon my bed,
Upon my shoulders or my head.*

*I'll never feel the joy you gave.
I'll plant my flowers on your grave
And ask, "How could a friend so true
Be as cruel as to kill a pal like you?"*



from "Leaves of Yesterday", Copyright Elvina Granlie McNamara, written at age 14.