

Louisa

Alas! I can't believe she's really gone;  
Can summer roses ever suffer wilt?  
Can winter songs then ever lose their lilt?  
Or star wink out that once in heaven shone?  
Alas they can. The ancient curse is strong  
No mortal power can stop its ghastly power  
There comes for all that live and breathe the hour  
When we must leave, whether we're weak or strong.  
And she was strong. She lived the Word of God  
And walked the talk, and selflessly burned bare  
Her candle at both ends, in others' care,  
So beautiful her gospel feet were shod.  
  
So she is gone to get her earned reward:  
To gaze in *adoration* on her Lord.