Aproned nurses softly sped.

Augured ill, for Janet died.

Decorated Janet’s bier.

Febrile trouble came her way.

Janet was quite ill one day.

Juleps, too, though freely tried,

Junket would be beneficial.

Martyr-like, she lay in bed;

Maybe, said the leech judicial

Novices with many a tear

Octaves pealed and prayers were said.

Sepulchre was sadly made.