

A Mother's Lament For the Death of Her Son.

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,  
And pierc'd my darling's heart;  
And with him all the joys are fled  
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,  
In dust dishonour'd laid;  
So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake  
Bewails her ravish'd young;  
So I, for my lost darling's sake,  
Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow.  
Now, fond, I bare my breast;  
O, do thou kindly lay me low  
With him I love, at rest!