



THE MOTHER.

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Ah! never may that thoughtless, heartless thing,  
 The painted gossamer of Fashion's bow'r,  
 Presume to take the hymeneal ring,  
 Or dare usurp a Mother's tender pow'r;—  
 Enough for her to "roll the giddy eye,"  
 To dance, and sparkle, in the midnight hour—  
 Unheard her feeble infant's pleading cry,  
 Unmark'd the withering of that blighted flow'r.  
 Canst thou to menial vice and skillless care  
 Leave the sweet babe that nestling seeks thy  
 breast,  
 Its home, its being?—Fragile as 'tis fair,  
 And in its own endearing weakness blest—  
 Canst thou do *this*, and smile? nay, canst thou live  
 Beneath the sense of such deep guilt opprest?—  
 Guilt which one sinner only can forgive,  
 The pander parent, whom e'en friends detest.

Unhappy in thy error—know, to thee  
    (For thou art human) pain, and age, advance ;  
That blooming cheek shall fade—those bright eyes  
    see

    New beauties far outshine their waning glance,  
Disease on those light limbs her hand shall lay,  
    (That stern destroyer of Life's young romance)  
And Time compel thee, with the old and gray,  
    To take thy place in Death's terrific dance.

Ah! hope not then, that kindly pious friend  
    Shall soothe thy suff'ring hour with precept mild,  
That o'er thy couch in sympathy shall bend  
    The tender husband, or the sorrowing child—  
Far other guests on that dread scene encroach,  
    (No longer now neglected or revil'd)  
Regret, remorse, and ceaseless self-reproach,  
    There howl in fierce revenge their descant wild.

B. H.