

TO THE MEMORY

OF

MY INFANT NIECE, E. B—— :

[OB. FEB. 6, 1826—ÆT. 2.]

FOR ever gone?—sweet bud of spring !

Yes;—from its parent stem 'tis riven !

Scarce had it drank the morning dew,

Or oped its petals to our view,

Ere destin'd 'twas, aside to fling

Its earthly form, and bloom in Heaven !

Yes—thou art gone!—nor pray'rs, nor sighs

Can aught avail !—'twas DEATH who sought thee !

Those cherub smiles, that lisp'ing tongue,

Those arms which round thy MOTHER clung,

Had mark'd thee for the Tyrant's prize,—

And in his cold embrace he's caught thee !

How oft, when lulling thee to sleep,
I've seen thy MOTHER fondly press thee!
How often, kiss away thy tears,
And hush thy cries, and calm thy fears,—
And when thou still wouldst sob and weep,
With what affection she'd caress thee!

For as she watch'd thy opening bloom,
Predicting future days of pleasure,
She little thought misfortune's blight
So soon would wither her delight;—
She dreamt not that an early tomb
Would close upon her infant treasure!

Great were her hopes!—yet, doubtless, fears
With all her cheering hopes were blended;
For, haply, none like Parents feel
The hopes and fears they'd fain conceal,—
Increasing with increasing years,
Till Life and all its cares are ended.

Yet, who could view thy dimpled cheek,
And look for aught but years of gladness;—
Or see thy laughing dark-blue eye,

And think that sorrow was so nigh;—

Or hear thee first essay to speak,

And then forebode this scene of sadness?

But, ah! our prospects—oh, how vain!

Our anxious cares—oh, how requited!

A Mother's love—a Father's pride—

How near to misery allied!

Their joy, how soon exchanged for pain!

Their every hope, how quickly blighted!

And is it *weakness*, then, to mourn,

When thus our dearest hopes are thwarted?—

When in the arms of icy DEATH

A spotless babe resigns its breath!

To see it from its kindred torn!

A MOTHER from her INFANT parted!

Oh, no!—it weakness ne'er can be,

When woe-begone, to show our feeling!—

To shed the sympathetic tear

In mournful silence o'er the bier

Of one so lov'd in infancy!—

Such grief, alas, there's no concealing!

But since the fatal die is cast,
 And unavailing, now, is sorrow,—
 O grant, kind Heav'n! that future joy
 And bliss serene, without alloy,
 Exchanged may be for troubles past,
 And skies unclouded gild the morrow!

S. M.