

ON THE DEATH OF MY CHILD.

My child, thou art gone, thou art taken away ;
Thou now art consign'd to the cold silent tomb :
And shall I regret that so short was thy stay,
When thou art remov'd from the evil to come ?

I did hope that my troubles, my sorrows, and cares,
Thou would'st soothe by thy fondness and gently assuage,
And have been to me all I could ask in my prayers,
To cheer and support in the weakness of age.

How fondly I've look'd on those features delighted,
When in childish simplicity sweetly she smiled ;
But this flower, alas ! by stern death was soon blighted,
And green grass waves over the grave of my child.

I have stood by the bedside of friends when afflicted ;
I have seen a fond mother sink silent in death ;
But could not, Oh ! could not, feel half so affected,
As when this belov'd one resign'd her last breath.

But she's gone from this world, where I'm still left to err,
From its pains and false pleasures for ever she's free :
And this is my hope, I shall go unto her,
For I know that she cannot return unto me.

"Thy will be done," Lord, I still wish to say,
Though a task very hard for frail flesh and blood :
'Tis Thou that hast given and taken away,
And blessed for ever be the name of the Lord.