

To My Mother

Mother: I left Thee all alone
Another love my heart possessed.
Cold year of sorrow, ever alone
Surely I might of purchased rest
But no: the bitter cup must fill
Dropped to the dregs yet filled again:
Maternal care shall never be still
Till death at last relieves all pain
But once my selfishness could find
Excuse for every wound it gave
I thought thee cruel, harsh, unkind:

When I thou did'st only wish to save
Thy thoughtless, erring, wayward, child.
From disappointment and her train
From faithless fancy that beguiled.
That promised bliss, yet gave but pain
Mother: how foolishly I deemed.

That none could feel pure love like Thine
Alas! entranced, I only dreamed

Oh! — how had the waking hour

'Tis past: but now maternal care
In the deep fountains of the breast
Must heave, and swell, and struggle there
Depriving her old eye of rest
Mathe on my devoted head
Wid' it I have invoked the wrath of Heaven
As was to thy unquiet shade.

The remnant of my future given
Alas! full well I now can know
A parents wrongs, her hopes and fears
Her anxious thoughts and bitter woes
And shed her oft repeated tears
I soon shall pass the stormy deep
And gain at length a peaceful shore
Where wrapped in long eternal sleep,
The mothers tears shall gush no more.

B.W. Hall.