

The Baby

BRIGHT-EYED Bessie, in the summer,
Tired with play sought mamma's knee,
While the mother's busy fingers
Plied her needle ceaselessly.
"Mamma," lisping accents pleaded,
"On 'oor knee I 'aunts to det;
'Ont 'oo take 'oor 'ittle Bessie?
'Ont 'oo love 'oor 'ittle pet?"
Mamma's work has quickly vanished,
And her arm's encircling sweep
Clasps her baby to her bosom,
As she rocks her child asleep.

When the autumn leaves were dying,
Bessie's mamma faded, too.
"Mamma, is 'oo do'n to Heaven?
'Ont 'oo take 'oor pet 'ive 'oo?"
Mamma heard the child's appealing,
As in Death's embrace she strove;
But the sounds of earth were hushèd
With her baby's cry for love.
"'Ont 'oo love 'oor 'ittle Bessie?"
O'er her grave is echoing still;
And the baby feels that somehow,
Sometime, somewhere, mamma will.