

The Mother's Lament.

In vain, in vain, with wondrous dyes
I tint the petals of the rose,
The morning and the evening skies,
And every lovely flower that blows !

The whisper of the lapping waves,
The murmur of the darkling pine,
The willows muttering by their graves,
The child's sweet laughter—all are mine !

Each glowing planet, flaming star
That wheels in never-erring flight,
I lead through spaces dim and far
And turn to day the primal night :

The loveliness of earth and sky
Daily and nightly I unfold :
Yet turns to me no loving eye—
My children worship only GOLD !