

And o'er her came a drowsy spell,
 Resistless as the tide
 Of listless feelings, when she fell
 There, with her babe, and died.

Death on their forms portrayed no fright,
 'None heard an infant weep,
 Like marble statues, snowy white,
 When found, they looked asleep.

Two crystal drops proclaimed her wrongs,
 To humane eyes and ears,
 And drunkards' callous hearts, for tongues
 Spoke in those frozen tears.

Now let none from this tale dissent,
 Who hope to be forgiven,
 For we are told when men repent
 There's special joy in Heaven.

If so, Heav'n must much more rejoice,
 When souls, redeemed by blood,
 Enter their purchased paradise,
 To walk and talk with God.

Nor let the scorner curl his lip,
 With a disdainful sneer,
 Or coldly censure those, who dip
 Into hereafter here.

Eternal scenes around us blaze,
 Diffusing light and heat,
 And Reason's eye, may boldly gaze
 Into that coming state.