

for.

D. C.

THE FETCH.

FROM TALES BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

The mother died when the child was born,
 And left me her baby to keep;
 I rocked its cradle the night and morn,
 Or, silent, hung o'er it to weep.

'Twas a sickly child through its infancy,
 Its cheeks were so ashy pale;
 Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee,
 Out in the sharp fresh gale.

And then my little girl grew strong,
 And laughed the hours away;
 Or sung me the merry lark's mounting song,
 Which he taught her at break of day.

When she wreathed her hair in thicket bowers,
 With the hedge-rose and hare-bell, blue;
 I called her my May, in her crown of flowers,
 And her smile so soft and new.

And the rose, I thought, never shamed her cheek,
 But rosy and rosier made it;
 And her eye of blue did more brightly break
 Through the blue-bell that strove to shade it.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
 And walked through the mountains, lonely;
 I was far from my darling, ah! many long miles,
 And I thought of her, and her only.

She darkened my path like a troubled dream,
 In that solitude far and drear;
 I spoke to my child I but she did not seem
 To hearken with human ear.

She only looked with a dead, dead eye,
 And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow;—
 I knew her "fetch!" she was called to die,
 And she died upon the morrow.