

Hope in her heart has died away, low ebb'd and
 Each thought is born of agony, from guilt and
 Perchance, her mind has wander'd on
 To her once loved—once happy home,
 There she may be reinstated—
 No! that home she desolated,
 Now there are tears upon her cheek,
 But though of penitence they speak,
 If she'd dare resume virtue's track,
 Society would hunt her back,
 Death is her only refuge now:
 I see him nesting on her brow,
 Poor thing! with life have quickly done,
 God may have mercy, man has none!

Yet a fond, anxious mother, smil'd
 Upon that being, when a child;
 Hope told her many a tender tale,
 How, as she near'd the gloomy vale,
 Of years, her darling child would be
 Her pride and her security.
 Poor wretch! and are thy dreams of bliss
 Summ'd up and ended all in this?
 Is this the triumph, God of Heaven!
 Of those who hope to be forgiven?
 O! then may virtue veil her face,
 And love weep for the human race.

O! wretchedness, where'er thou art—
 Whether gnawing the human heart,
 Or preying on the meanest thing
 Which crawls on earth, or soars on wing,
 Whatever form thou dost assume,
 Madness' stare, consumption's bloom—