

THE INEBRIATE'S WIFE.

'TIS NIGHT, a bitter winter's night,
And snow lies on the frozen ground ;
A few lone stars cast down their light,
The biting blast doth howl around.

Upon yon moor, a lonely cot,
Doth send no taper's light to cheer,
Nor blazing fire make glad the lot,
Of th' inebriate's home, so dark and drear.

A faded form is bending o'er,
The dying embers' flickering flame ;
Her eyes are dim, she weeps yet more,
And bitter are her grief and pain.

Her starving babes are hush'd to rest,
Her tattered mantle o'er them spread ;
Their hungry cries have pierc'd her breast,
And gone is all her scanty bread.

Those babes received it with her tears,
They little thought it was her all ;
She blesses them with frequent prayers,
And Heaven's aid adown doth call.

Unhappy wife, thou canst not sleep,
He whom thou lovest should return ;