

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 5 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 10 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 15 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
 What ardently I wished I long believed,
 And disappointed still was still deceived,
 20 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot,
 25 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
 Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
 And where the gardener, Robin, day by day
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 30 Delighted with my bauble coach and wrapped
 In scar'let mantle warm and velvet capped,