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## Recollections

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Oh, I would give my very life  
And brightest hopes erase,  
Could I recall a single glimpse  
Of my dear Mother's face!  
Our home is bright, and yet 'tis dark,  
Thy soul but lingers here;  
But oh, the brightness of our home  
Wert thou among us, Dear!

How different now those infant joys  
That lit my raptured soul,  
The hopes and dreams forever flown  
Beyond my faint control!  
Now dismal trial, strife and gloom  
Confront me with a stare;  
And oh, the misery that life  
Has destined me to share!