

THE MOTHER

So quietly lay the babe along her arm
Hard was it to believe what she had done,
But now her child should never come to harm,
And she cared little if to-morrow's sun
Should find her but a wastrel and forlorn.
How dark 'twas here, the leaves shut out the
sky

And scarcely could she see if it was morn,
But she was glad that no bright star on high
Had pierced those leafy branches 'bove her
head

And seen that which it were not well to see.
Now she would lay her babe in this soft bed