

Where fleecy white, congeal'd the shining sheet,
 And form'd a canopy—or winding sheet ;
 There a sweet infant on its mother's breast,
 Careless of fate, slumber'd in peaceful rest ;
 Supporting both, while agoniz'd with woe,
 The wretched husband press'd the drifted snow.

Some twelve moons gone, had seen the youthful pair,
 With blithsome joy, to hymen's fane repair :
 Their little babe—not long had seen the light,
 Its natal day led on this fatal night.
 As the sad father view'd the lovely pair,
 Hard drew his breath, as smother'd by despair,
 His wild eyes travers'd every spot around,
 But warmth, or comfort, no where could be found :
 Then from his soul, burst the deep groan of grief,
 His gentle bride essay'd her best relief,
 On her sweet face a patient smile appear'd,
 She was quite well she said—"for him she fear'd".
 Thus did her tenderness her cares impart,
 To soothe, if so she could, his bursting heart :
 And thus did late awhile his hopes deceive,
 And make his soul with tenfold sorrows grieve.
 She try'd to live—she sigh'd—the cold damp dew
 Benumb'd her frame—nearer his breast she drew ;
 His folding arms, still closer strain'd her form ;
 But death's chill frost, no mortal pow'r can warm :
 In vain his task—her closing hands grew cold,
 And could no more her luckless infant hold ;
 The wretched father caught his falling child,
 In phrenzy, curs'd the foe, with accents wild.