

### A SERBIAN MOTHER

Light of my eyes that lay in my breast,  
Oh, small, soft face turned towards the sky,  
Of all dear children, thou the best,  
Can we be parted, thou and I?  
Why, all along God meant in you  
A great, wise leader, kind and true!  
And though you came but humble-wise,  
No less I knew you, light of my eyes.  
Oh, little son, the ground is red  
Here where you played, the swine instead  
Have trampled it, and you are dead.

I hate their helmets in the sun,  
Marked you that striding fiend, whose steel—  
Oh God, before my senses reel,  
Take heed, of all men, curse that one!  
Let him not die as brave men may,  
But crumble slowly, day by day;  
Let him be loathed, let every face  
Turn from him fearfully. Be his place  
Filled by the man he hated most.  
Yea, by the Temple of the Ghost,  
Body and soul, let him be lost!

Oh, light of my eyes, son of my breast,  
Oh, small, soft body, warm by me,  
Think of thy mother, thou at rest;  
Pity her, who so pitied thee.  
How could'st thou, sweet, in thy bright heaven  
Forget her heart so anguish-riven,  
And how when thou wast weak and small  
Her arms to thee were all in all?  
Oh, for her sake, from God demand  
Vengeance on them, by sea, by land,  
And thou shalt save us, as I planned.