

"Dear mother, I have cross'd the seas,
And viewed a goodly land;
But better far has been to me
The clasp of thy lov'd hand."

"My son," she said, "your words are balm,
To soothe my troubled soul;—
O say are joys as sweet as these
Within the madd'ning bowl?"

Ah! stay with thy sweet sisters, stay!
For they have lov'd thee well;
Thy widow'd mother bears thee now
A love no tongue can tell;

"No more I'll leave my friends," he said,
"To roam in distant lands;
A widow'd mother, sad and lone
My heart's best love demands.

I'll sit me in my happy home,
I'll go no more astray,
But walk with you, my sisters fair,
In wisdom's pleasant way."

"Then promise me you'll touch no more
The hateful, deadly bowl;
But cast its bitter dregs from out
Your inmost heart and soul.

Is it a pleasure pure and high
To drain the fiery cup?"

"No! for its poison burns the heart,
And dries its fountains up!"