

*A MOTHER'S JEWELS.*

THE daughter of a hundred earls,  
No jewels has with mine to mate,  
Though she may wear in flawless pearls  
The ransom of a mighty state.

Hers glitter for the world to see,  
But chill the breast where they recline :  
My jewels warmly compass me,  
And all their brilliancy is mine.

My diamonds are my baby's eyes,  
His lips, sole rubies that I crave :  
They came to me from Paradise,  
And not through labors of the slave.

My darling's arms my necklace make,  
'Tis Love that links his feeble hands,  
And Death, alone, that chain can break,  
And rob me of those priceless bands.