

Lines on the Gordon Sellar who was drowned
in his boyhood

O that day of desolation!
O that hour of dumb despair!
Why, instead, was I not taken—
The fading leaf the bud to spare?

Why thy joyous life thus ended?
Why wert born thus to die?
Whither hast thy spirit wended—
Here a moment then to fly?

Come, O Faith, in all thy gladness,
Lift me high above my woe;
Leave with God this hour of darkness,
Seeking not the cause to know.

Nevermore, my son, I'll clasp thee,
Nevermore thy voice I'll hear.
Till I can the towers of Salem
See thee and the Saviour dear.