Anonymous, â??Verses, Written by a Young Lady, On the Death of her Father.

Description

ANONYMOUS

â??Verses, Written by a Young Lady, On the Death of her Fatherâ?•

How short a span of miserable life!
And short the blessings that on earth we know!
Forcâ??d from a tender and a loving wife,
A husband, and a fatherâ??s lost below.

No more with happiness I view the morn,
No more with joy I tread the well-known walk;
Each place to me is dreary and forlorn,
But think in every thing I hear him talk.

When on each plant I turn my wandering eye,
And on each flower I think I see his shade,
I often stop, and think my father by;
But he is gone, and left this vain parade.

Of life, that transitory, fleeting thing,
To happier realms of everlasting joy:
Heâ??s couchâ??d beneath thâ?? Almightyâ??s heavenly wing,
And blessâ??d with happiness nothing can destroy.

NOTES:

7 *forlorn* â??Pitifully sad and abandoned or lonelyâ?• (*OED*).

13 *transitory* â??Not permanentâ?• (*OED*).

15 *Almighty* God, the Creator.

12 Printerâ??s error, period added to this line.

Source: *The Gentlemanâ??s Magazine*, vol. 59 (Supplement, 1789), p. 1206.

Edited by Sierra Bagstad