

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

## Description

ANONYMOUS

### "Verses, Written by a Young Lady, On the Death of her Father"

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

No more with happiness I view the morn, 5  
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, 10  
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:  
He's couch'd beneath th' Almighty's heavenly wing, 15  
And bless'd with happiness nothing can destroy.

#### NOTES:

**7** *forlorn* "Pitifully sad and abandoned or lonely" (*OED*).

**13** *transitory* "Not permanent" (*OED*).

**15** *Almighty* God, the Creator.

**12** Printer's error, period added to this line.

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

*Edited by Sierra Bagstad*