

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