

ALL ALONE

I

Ah! wherefore by the Church-yard side,
 Poor little LORN ONE, dost thou stray?
 Thy wavy locks but thinly hide
 The tears that dim thy blue-eye's ray;
 And wherefore dost thou sigh, and moan,
 And weep, that thou art left alone?

II

Thou art not left alone, poor boy,
 The Trav'ler stops to hear thy tale;
 No heart, so hard, would thee annoy!
 For tho' thy mother's cheek is pale
 And withers under yon grave stone,
 Thou art not, Urchin, left alone.

III

I know thee well! thy yellow hair
 In silky waves I oft have seen;
 Thy dimpled face, so fresh and fair,
 Thy roguish smile, thy playful mien
 Were all to me, poor Orphan, known,
 Ere Fate had left thee — all alone!

IV

Thy russet coat is scant, and torn,
 Thy cheek is now grown deathly pale!
 Thy eyes are dim, thy looks forlorn,
 And bare thy bosom meets the gale;
 And oft I hear thee deeply groan,
 That thou, poor boy, art left alone.

V

Thy naked feet are wounded sore
 With naked thorns, that cross thy daily road;
 The winter winds around thee roar,
 The church-yard is thy bleak abode;
 Thy pillow now, a cold grave stone —
 And there thou lov'st to grieve — alone!

VI

The rain has drench'd thee, all night long;
 The nipping frost thy bosom froze;
 And still, the yew-tree shades among,
 I heard thee sigh thy artless woes;
 I heard thee, till the day-star shone
 In darkness weep — and weep alone!

VII

Of! have I seen thee, little boy,
 Upon thy lovely mother's knee;
 For when she liv'd — thou wert her joy,
 Though now a mourner thou must be!
 For she lies low, where yon grave-stone
 Proclaims, that thou art left alone.

VIII

Weep, weep no more; on yonder hill
 The village bells are ringing, gay;
 The merry reed, and brawling rill!
 Call thee to rustic sports away.
 Then wherefore weep, and sigh, and moan,
 A truant from the throng — alone?

IX

"I cannot the green hill ascend,
 I cannot pace the upland mead;
 I cannot in the vale attend,
 To hear the merry-sounding reed:

I A small stream.

For all is still, beneath yon stone,
Where my poor mother's left alone!

X

55 I cannot gather gaudy flowers
To dress the scene of revels loud —
I cannot pass the ev'ning hours
Among the noisy village croud —
For, all in darkness, and alone
My mother sleeps, beneath yon stone.

XI

See how the stars begin to gleam
The sheep-dog barks, 'tis time to go; —
The night-fly hums, the moonlight beam
Peeps through the yew-trees' shadowy row —
It falls upon the white grave-stone,
Where my dear mother sleeps alone. —

XII

70 O stay me not, for I must go
The upland path in haste to tread;
For there the pale primroses grow
They grow to dress my mother's bed. —
They must, ere peep of day, be strown,
Where she lies mould'ring all alone.

XIII

75 My father o'er the stormy sea
To distant lands was borne away,
And still my mother stay'd with me
And wept by night and toil'd by day.
And shall I ever quit the stone
Where she is left, to sleep alone.

XIV

80 My father died, and still I found
My mother fond and kind to me;

I felt her breast with rapture bound
When first I prattled on her knee —
And then she blest my infant tone
And little thought of yon grave-stone.

XV

85 No more her gentle voice I hear,
No more her smile of fondness see;
Then wonder not I shed the tear
She would have DIED, to follow me!
And yet she sleeps beneath yon stone
And I STILL LIVE — to weep alone.

XVI

The playful kid, she lov'd so well
From yon high cliff was seen to fall;
I heard, afar, his tink'ling bell —
Which seem'd in vain for aid to call —
I heard the harmless suff'rer moan,
And griev'd that he was left alone.

XVII

95 Our faithful dog grew mad, and died,
The lightning smote our cottage low —
We had no resting-place beside
And knew not whither we should go —
For we were poor, — and hearts of stone
Will never throb at mis'ry's groan.

XVIII

100 My mother still surviv'd for me,
She led me to the mountain's brow,
She watch'd me, while at yonder tree
I sat, and wove the ozier bough;¹
And off she cried, "fear not, MINE OWN!
Thou shalt not, BOY, be left ALONE."

1 A species of willow with pliant branches that were used for basket work.

XXI

The blast blew strong, the torrent rose
 And bore our shatter'd cot away;
 And, where the clear brook swiftly flows —
 Upon the turf at dawn of day,
 When bright the sun's full lustre shone,
 I wander'd, FRIENDLESS — and ALONE!"

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XX

Thou art not, boy, for I have seen
 Thy tiny footsteps print the dew.
 And while the morning sky serene
 Spread o'er the hill a yellow hue,
 I heard thy sad and plaintive moan,
 Beside the cold sepulchral stone.

115

120

XXI

And when the summer noontide hours
 With scorching rays the landscape spread,
 I mark'd thee, weaving fragrant flow'rs
 To deck thy mother's silent bed!
 Nor, at the church-yard's simple stone,
 Wert, thou, poor Urchin, left alone.

125

XXII

I follow'd thee, along the dale
 And up the woodland's shad'wy way:
 I heard thee tell thy mournful tale
 As slowly sunk the star of day:
 Nor, when its twinkling light had flown,
 Wert thou a wand'rer, all alone.

130

XXIII

"O! yes, I was! and still shall be
 A wand'rer, mourning and forlorn;
 For what is all the world to me —
 What are the dews and buds of morn?
 Since she, who left me sad, alone
 In darkness sleeps, beneath yon stone!"

135

XXIV

No brother's tear shall fall for me,
 For I no brother ever knew;
 No friend shall weep my destiny
 For *friends* are scarce, and *tears* are few;
 None do I see, save on this stone
 Where I will stay, and weep alone!

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XXV

My Father never will return,
 He rests beneath the sea-green wave;
 I have no kindred left, to mourn
 When I am hid in yonder grave!
 Not *one!* to dress with flow'rs the stone; —
 Then — *surely, I AM LEFT ALONE!*"

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150

THE MISTLETOE,

A CHRISTMAS TALE

A FARMER'S WIFE, both young and gay,
 And fresh as op'ning buds of May;
 Had taken to herself, a Spouse,
 And plighted many solemn vows,
 That she a faithful mate would prove,
 In meekness, duty, and in love!
 That she, despising joy and wealth,
 Would be, in sickness and in health,
 His only comfort and his Friend —
 But, mark the sequel, — and attend!

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10

This Farmer, as the tale is told —
 Was somewhat cross, and somewhat old!
 His, was the wintry hour of life,
 While summer smiled before his wife;
 A contrast, rather form'd to cloy
 The zest of matrimonial joy!

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