

✍ By a young lady of color.

For the Liberator.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

There lies the sole remaining hope
Of all my coming years ;
The treasure of my widow'd heart,
The tie that bound me here.

He was the last,—the loveliest,
And can you blame my grief,
Or chide the falling tears which give
This bursting heart relief ?

There 's nothing left for me to love,
This earth holds nothing dear,
Since *he*, my sweet—my gentle one,
Is now no longer here.

My poor fond heart had counted on
Such bliss, in future hours !
And I had dreamed his coming days
Here strewed with fairy flowers !

Perchance 't was wrong to love him thus,
And I have been chastised—
For He who gave him to my trust,
Hath called him to the skies.

He was too dear—oh ! far too dear,
The idol of my soul—
Then blame me not—this burst of grief
I cannot now control.

Philadelphia.

ADA.

Liberator, July 7, 1832