

The Watcher

The night was dark and fearful
The East came waiting by
A watcher pale and sad
Looked forth with anxious eye
Thence wishfully she gazed
No gleam of light was there
Her eyes to Heaven she raised,
In agony and prayer

Within that dwelling lonely
Where woe and darkness reigneth
Her precious child her only
Lays miserably in his pain
And death alone can fall him
She feels that this must be
But O for light to see him
Smile once again on me.

A hundred lights are glancing
Within that mansion fair
And merry feet are dancing
They have not mourning there
O ye young and joyous creatures
One lamp from out your store
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more

The Sun is brightly shining
The heavens not its ray
Beside her boy reclining
The pale dead mother lay
A smothered sigh was sighing
A smile of hope and love
As if her heart were breaking
There is light for us above

Paid C. J. Lee for milk up to May 1st 1878