



Yale University Library Digital Collections

Title	Unidentified author. Unidentified poem: autograph manuscript
Call Number	WA MSS S-1914
Published/Created Date	n.d.
Collection Title	Bement family papers
Rights	The use of this image may be subject to the copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) or to site license or other rights management terms and conditions. The person using the image is liable for any infringement.
Extent of Digitization	Complete folder digitized.
Container information	Box 1 Folder 28
Generated	2021-03-05 00:36:34 UTC
Terms of Use	https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access
View in DL	https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/16710158

Bement family papers
WA MSS 5-1914
Folder 28

unidentified author
untitled poem: autograph ms.,
n.d.

Oh! mother dear, why was it so,
That you and I must part,
I friendless through the world to go,
I hope a better world to find
With none to cheer my heart. In heaven among the blest.
M. Bement

Now dire disease has laid me low;
And sorrow fills my soul.
To those I love I cannot go,
While misery o'er me rols,
Often times my recollection
Cites me back to former years
When my cup of joy was sparkling
And was near to running o'er

Oh! mother dear if you but knew;
The grief which rends my heart,
As nath the slanderers tale I bow;
With few to take my part.
When in childhood oft I gazed
In the clear and limpid stream
And beheld with joy the fishes
Dancing in the suns light beams

Oh! mother, Brothers, Sisters, dear,
Pity soon to my relief.
Or the worlds frown so cold and drear,
Will crush me down with grief.
Oft I climbed the craggy mountains
Which hung o'er the streamlets side
Oft I watched the flowing fountain
As it dashed along its tide

My brow once radiant as the morn,
Is cover now with gloom.
My flesh and strength are almost gone,
My hopes beyond the tomb.
Oft I viewed with joy and rapture
Lovely nature decked with green
Oft I watch'd the suns departure
As it sunk behind its screen

But Oh my little children dear,
From you I must not go;
For few the orphans heart will skip,
When sorrow bends him low.
Then I gazed with thoughts ^{holy} more
On the soft and milbow sky
As its glory was departing
And gray twilight drawin nigh

With patience then I'll suffer on,
Till God shall send relief;
And say my work on earth is done,
And banish all my griefs.
Then my heart had not known ^{sorrow}
But my step was light and free
Lighter than an indians arrow
Were the cares of life to me