

The,

Mother's Joy.

[Original]

Thine is a happy lot sweet boy:
Oh! that mine, were the same,

Like thee, to be my Mother's joy,
Like thee, to lose her name.

My Mother's spirit, long has fled!
This world of woe, and pain;

But I do hope, although she's dead,
To meet with her again.

Ah! since you've lost your dearest friend;
Come live with me poor boy,

And happily your moments spend,
Sharing my Mother's joy.

Philad^a 1841.

C. F.