joys are fled, Life can to me impart. By cruel hands the

sapling drops, In dust dishonour'd laid: So

fell the pride of all my hopes, My age's future shade.

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FATE GAVE THE WORD, THE ARROW SPED.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - FINLAYSTON HOUSE, BY J. RIDDEL, AYR.

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled,
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonor'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love at rest.