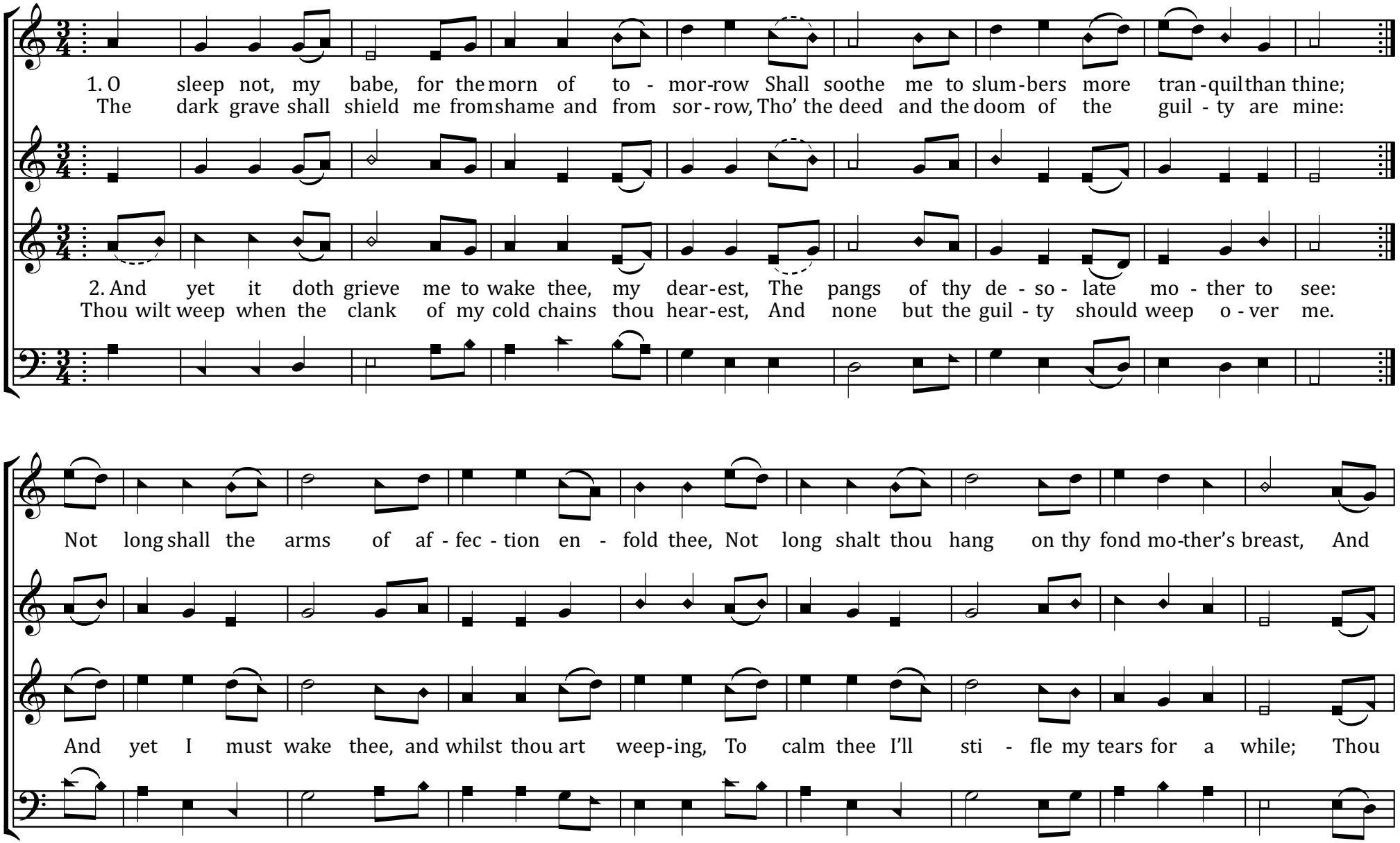
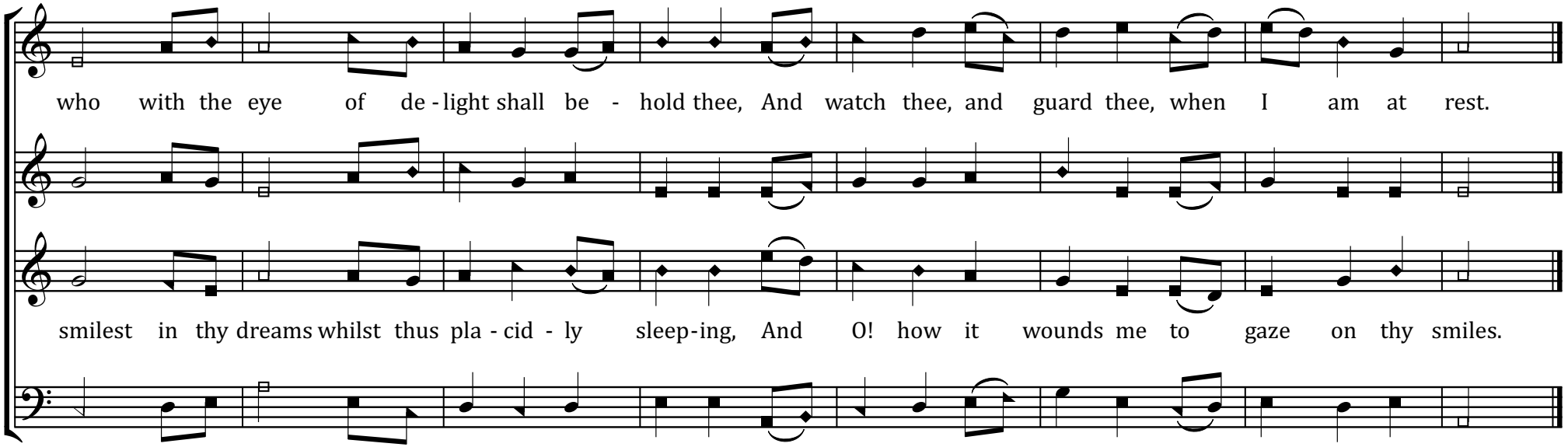
FEMALE CONVICT.

The Song-Crowned King, 1870



Female Convict



3. Alas, my sweet babe, with what pride I had prest thee,
To the | bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,
If the | pure tie of virtue's affection had blest thee,
And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name,

But now with remorse that avails not I mourn thee;
Forsaken, and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,
In a | world, if they cannot betray, that will scorn thee,
Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee.

4. And | when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken
The | deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;
When by | all but the God of the orphan forsaken,
A home, and a father in vain thou wilt seek.

I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguil'd;
Deserted, and helpless, with whom can I leave thee
O God! of the fatherless, pity my child!