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THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNER.

A LITTLE CHILD beneath a tree.

SAT and chanted cheerily.

A little song, a pleasant song.

Which was—the song it lay long—

When the wind blows the blossoms fall.

But a good God reigns over all.

There passed a lady by the way.

Mourning to the face of day.

There were tears upon her cheek.

Grief in her heart too great to speak.

Her husband died in the world's way.

And left her in the world's way.

She stopped and listened to the child.

That looked to heaven, and singing smiled.

And saw not, for her own despair.

Another lady, young and fair.

Who like the first, stopped to hear.

The infant's soft and sweet refrain.

For she but few sad days before.

Had lost the little babe she bore.

And grief was heavy at her soul.

As that sweet memory o'er her stole.

As she showed how bright had been the Past.

That Present dream and sweet.

As they stood beneath the tree.

And listened, soothed and placidly.

A youth came by, whose sunken eyes.

Spoke of a load of misery.

And he, arrested like the twin.

Stopped to listen to the strain.

Of his bride he bowed the youthful head.

His marriage robes were fitted on.

Her fair young face with blushes shone.

When the destroyer snote her low.

And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song.

Which that child, the living day.

Chanted to itself in play.

When the wind blows the blossoms fall.

But a good God reigns over all.

The widow's lips impulsive moved.

And the mother's grief, though unexpressed.

Softened, as her trembling tongue.

Repeated what the infant sung.

And the sad lover, with a start.

Conceded it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were.

And not a scrupling sinner there.

Yet he seems no more, the sorrowing three.

Went on their way, the sorrowing three.

The song still ringing in their ears—

Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.

But in the midst of deepest woe.

The strain reverberated when sorrow grew.

To warm them, and to soothe their woe.

When the wind blows the blossoms fall.

But a good God reigns over all.

And the mother's lips impulsive moved.

And the mother's grief, though unexpressed.

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