

# STANZAS

FROM

## 'THE LAY OF THE BROKEN HEARTS,'

A POETICAL EFFUSION

BY CHARLES WILLIAM DUCKETT,

*Found on the table in the room where the rash act was  
perpetrated, and produced at the Inquest.*

My early hours, wherein I knew no fear  
Of anguish stealing o'er my wandering brain,  
Are fled,—and I alone forget the tear,  
Only to weep, to shed these tears again.

Yet I have loved—that love has been return'd!  
My Lizzy came, when fortune blest my youth;  
My bosom with affection fervent burn'd,  
And gave me joy to own the happy truth.

We've lov'd each other join'd in hand and heart,  
Firm bound together in one holy tie;  
Forsake we cannot—and we ne'er will part—  
Together live, and then together die.

Farewell to those who've grasp'd my trembling hand  
In friendship true, and shared my fleeting mirth;  
Farewell! I go, perchance, to happier land,  
To quit the sorrows that I've known on earth.

The one I've lov'd shall stand then by my side,—  
I'll lisp her name—my fond Elizabeth!  
She told me when my spirit hence might glide,  
She'd share my hasten'd, but my welcomed death!

We met, when joy and laughter reign'd around—  
We met when happy—for we met to love;  
But, oh! what anguish we so oft have found—  
Anguish not known amid the bliss above.

My home, my childhood's happy, cheerful home,  
Was blest with peace, not fraught with frowning care;  
For when at eve I smiled and ceased to roam,  
My hymn I sung and lisp'd my silent prayer.

But now I'm changed,—farewell to all my friends,  
For soon we shall be numbered with the dead;  
And as the sigh a tear to pity lends,  
To our sad memory let their tear be shed.

A last farewell we bid to all on earth,  
To parents, friends, companions cherish'd dear:  
May you here share long years, all blest in mirth,  
Yet to our memory drop—a single tear.

Farewell to sorrow—at least, farewell to *all!*  
No more of anguish shall we feel its smarts,  
But listening to the last, the final call,  
We'll yield the spirits of two broken hearts!

We feel the pang—we see the yawning grave,—  
Welcome, O Death! we feel thy awful stroke  
Piercing our vitals—then let no one save,  
But let us perish, for our hearts are broke!

Adieu to all, in this wide world of woe,  
In peace we'll slumber, for in peace we die;  
No bitter tears we then shall ever know,  
But seek the kingdom of true joy on high.

A brighter theme,—the blest, the happy lands  
We hope to share, amid the bliss above;  
Our spirits wandering to Almighty hands,  
Look for that hope to share the Saviour's love.