



THE
STOLEN CHILD.

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Alone on the heather a fair child was straying,
Whose innocent features were brightened with joy;
And, as 'midst the flowers he careless was playing,
My heart yearned with love and I spoke to the boy.

Young stranger, whence art thou?' his blue eyes up-
turning,
He answered 'my home is you tent on the plain;
And ere the eve closes, I must be returning
Or they will not let me roam thither again.'

'Do thy parent's await thee?' he paused, and the glad-
ness
That mantled his brow was o'ershaded with gloom,
I saw them but once;' and he added with sadness,
'They tell me that both are asleep in the tomb.'

The gipsy is kind, but my mother was fonder;
She sang me so sweetly to rest in her arms,
But now she is gone, her darling must wander,
Tho' the soft words she wispered my bosom still
warms,

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And soon will I seek them were both are reposing,
And take my best flowers to plant by their side,
That summer, when all their bright tints are unclosing
May bless the green turf with their beauty and pride!

He bounded away, as my tears were fast falling,
To think how the gipsy such love had beguiled,
I saw him no more, but the sad tale recalling,
I often remember the poor stolen child.



ANSWER
TO THE
STOLEN CHILD.

Oh! weep not, so lady, thy tears are fast streaming,
How my heart seems to flutter while gazing on you;
Oh! take this bright nosegay, with hues brightly
beaming,
They're fresh from the valleys and loaded with dew

Oh, lady, has death called thy sister or brother,
Or gipsies, more cruel, robb'd thee of thy boy?
I was stole from the arms of my own gentle mother,
My heart from that moment has never known joy

Oh; wring not thy hands, can my presence alarm
thee,
Does the sight of my wretchedness cause thee such
woe?

Oh! not for bright worlds, dear lady I'd harm thee,
Or cause for one moment those sad tears to flow

I think, I remember my dear mother's dwelling,
The sweet shaded stream that flow'd murmuring by
The thoughts of that home, my lone bosom is swell-
ing,
And I still see the glance of my lov'd mother's eye

In this locket I wear, the gipsies have told me,
Enclosed is a lock of my dear mother's hair;
But, alas! she is dead, and no more will behold me
While down his wan cheek rolled the sorrowing
tear.

Thy mother, she lives, my child! I have found him.
Oh, God! I have mourned thee in anguish and
pain,
Her arms in wild transports she fondly clasp'd round
him,
No more cruel gipsies shall part us again.

