



## POETRY.

### THE FORSAKEN.

[This poem, written by "Stella" (Mrs. Estella Ann Lewis), at the age of 14, Poe said was "the most beautiful ballad of the kind ever written."]

It hath been said, for all who die  
    There is a tear;  
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh  
    O'er every bier.

But in that hour of pain and dread  
    Who will draw near  
Around my humble couch and shed  
    One farewell tear.

Who'll watch life's fast departing ray  
    In deep despair,  
And soothe my spirit on its way  
    With holy prayer?  
What mourner 'round my bier will come  
    In weeds of woe,  
And follow me to my long home  
    Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed  
    In icy sleep,  
Who, there, by pure affection led,  
    Will come and weep;  
By the pale moon implant the rose  
    Upon my breast.  
And bid it cheer my dark repose—  
    My lowly rest?

Could I but know, when I am sleeping  
    Low in the ground,  
One faithful heart would there be keeping  
    Watch all around,  
As if some gem lay shrined beneath  
    That cold sod's gloom,  
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death  
    And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel,  
    From halls of glee  
And beauty's presence, one would steal  
    In secrecy,  
And come and sit and weep by me  
    In night's deep noon,  
Oh! I would ask of memory  
    No other boon.

But, ah! a lonelier fate is mine,  
    A deeper woe;  
From all I love, in youth's sweet time,  
    I soon must go.  
Draw around me my pale robes of white,  
    In a dark spot,  
To sleep through death's long dreamless night,  
    Lone and forgot.