

## The Mother perishing in a Snowstorm

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,  
And pathless was the dreary wild,  
And mid the cheerless hours of night  
A mother wander'd with her child:  
As through the drifting snow she press'd,  
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,  
And darker hours of night came on,  
And deeper grew the drifting snow:  
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone:  
"Oh, God!" she cried, in accents wild,  
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,  
And bared her bosom to the storm,  
And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,  
And smiled to think her babe was warm.  
With one cold kiss one tear she shed,  
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,  
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;  
The frost of death was in her eye,  
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;  
He moved the robe from off the child,  
The babe look'd up and sweetly smiled!

(Seba Smith)

Source: Wikipedia