

IN MEMORY OF MY DEAR GRANDCHILD ANNE BRADSTREET,
WHO DECEASED JUNE 20, 1669, BEING THREE YEARS AND
SEVEN MONTHS OLD.

Anne Bradstreet

With troubled heart and trembling hand I write.
The heavens have changed to sorrow my delight.
How oft with disappointment have I met
When I on fading things my hopes have set.
Experience might 'fore this have made me wise
To value things according to their price.
Was ever stable joy yet found below?
Or perfect bliss without mixture of woe?
I knew she was but as a withering flour,
That's here to-day, perhaps gone in an hour;
Like as a bubble, or the brittle glass,
Or like a shadow turning, as it was.
More fool, then, I to look on that was lent
As if mine own, when thus impermanent.
Farewell, dear child; thou ne'er shalt come to me,
But yet a while and I shall go to thee.
Meantime my throbbing heart's cheered up with this--
Thou with thy Saviour art in endless bliss.