THE WORKS OF

Anne Bradstreet

IN PROSE AND VERSE

EDITED BY

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GLOUCESTER, MASS.
PETER SMITH

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More fool then I to look on that was lent,
As if mine own, when thus impermanent.
Farewel dear child, thou ne're shall come to me,
But yet a while, and I shall go to thee;
Mean time my throbbing heart's chear'd up with this
Thou with thy Saviour art in endless blifs.

On my dear Grand-child Simon Bradstreet,* [250]
Who dyed on 16. Novemb. 1669. being but
a moneth, and one day old.

No sooner come, but gone, and fal'n asleep,
Acquaintance short, yet parting caus'd us weep,
Three flouris, two fiercely blown, the last i'th' bud,
Cropt by th' Almighty's hand; yet is he good,
With dreadful awe before him let's be mute,
Such was his will, but why, let's not dispute,
With humble hearts and mouths put in the dust,
Let's say he's mercifull as well as just.
He will return, and make up all our losses,
And smile again, after our bitter croffes.
Go pretty babe, go rest with Siflers twain
Among the blest in endless joyes remain.

* The fourth child of her eldest son, Samuel.