

# MARY HIRST PEPPERELL

(1708–1789)

## *A Lamentation &c. On the Death of a Child*

A Pritty BIRD did lately please my sight,  
Ravish'd my Heart, and fill'd me with delight.  
And as it grew, at once my joy and pride,  
Belov'd by all that e're its Beauty spy'd,  
I fondly call'd it mine, nor could I bear  
A thought of loosing what I held so dear:  
For it had just began with warbling strain  
To raise my Pleasure, and to sooth my pain:  
Its artless Notes, and lisping Melody,  
Made in my Ears a tuneful Harmony.  
Thus while I heard, and lov'd its charming Tongue,  
For the sweet Singer's sake admir'd the Song:  
Alass, when I least dreamt of its decay,  
The pleasant Bird by Death was snatch'd away.  
Snatch'd, did I say, no, I recall the Word,  
'Twas sent for home by its most rightful LORD;  
To whose bless'd Will, I must and do resign,  
Since LORD, Thou tak'st but what was doubly thine.  
'Twas thine bless'd LORD, thy Goodness lent it me;  
'Twas doubly thine, because giv'n back to Thee.  
Then go sweet BIRD, mount up, and sing on high,  
Whilst winged Seraphs bear thee thro' the Sky.  
There clad with Glory and with Joy screen,  
On Boughs Immortal ever fresh and green  
Chant forth high Praises, with the lovely Train  
Of spotless Doves, for whom the Lamb was slain,  
Touch *David's* Harp with wonder and surprize,  
While our's neglected, on the Willows lies.  
Hosanna's sound on each exalted String,  
There join the Cherubim and Seraphim,  
In endless Songs of Triumph to this KING.