

Flowers transplanted.

The flowers that bloomed about my path,
In manhood's early day,
Have drooped and faded, one by one,
Till all, have passed away.

Two, died in early infancy,
And many tears we shed,
While gazing on their faces sweet,
Then, pale alas! and dead.

Lucretia, was a fragile flower,
And tenderly beloved;
You watched her, many an anxious hour,
But God, our child removed.

She faded in her native home,
Blessed with both parents care;
Her spirit surely dwells in Heaven, --
Oh! may we meet her there!