

THE
WIDOW'S PLEA:
A
COLLECTION OF POETICAL PIECES,
CHIEFLY WRITTEN
DURING BY-GONE YEARS OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY;
AND NOW PUBLISHED
AS A MEDIUM OF APPEAL TO THE SYMPATHIES OF
THE BENEVOLENT,
IN BEHALF OF THE WRITER,
IN HER SEASON OF
DECLINING LIFE, POVERTY, AND WIDOWHOOD.

AS THE LORD THY GOD LIVETH, I HAVE BUT A HANDFUL OF MEAL
IN A BARREL, AND A LITTLE OIL IN A CRUISE.

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1837.



1st Poem:

“An Aspiration”

An Aspiration! hear my humble pray'r,
And condescend to dry a widow's tear!
In thee I trust—blest with thy mighty aid,
No dark despair my bosom shall invade.
O give me grace to know and do thy will—
A mother's duties teach me to fulfil:
Let my example to my children prove
How much I feel for them, how much I love.
Permit the fatherless *thy* love to share—
Shield them from Vice and Folly's baneful snare;
Inspire their minds with hope of future bliss,
And faith, to seek a better world than this.

Through deep adversity my portion be,
And sad reverse—I bow to thy decree.
Thou canst sustain me in each trying hour,
And still I live by thine All-gracious pow'r.
Sorrows which seem almost too great to bear,
Have long oppress'd, and may await me here;
But Faith and holy Hope, till life is gone
Will bid me say—Great God! Thy will be done!

[https://books.google.com/books?id=Yd0IAA
AAQAAJ&printsec=frontcover](https://books.google.com/books?id=Yd0IAA
AAQAAJ&printsec=frontcover)

3rd poem,

**“VERSES, Composed After
a Restless Night”**

I awoke, and my curtain withdrew,
 In a conflict of sorrows and fears:
Near my window a sycamore grew,
 And its branches were laden with tears:
For the storm in the night had been rude,
 And Autumn had mellow'd its leaves;
The red pavement with numbers was strew'd—
 For its foliage my sycamore grieves.
A birch standing by, droop'd its head,
 In low moaning it seem'd to complain;
For its beauty had faded and fled,
 Torn away by the wind and the rain.

But the tints of the morning were gay,
 and illumin'd a neighbouring spire;
So brilliant it glow'd, as I lay,
 For an instant I thought it on fire.
Little rest I enjoy'd in the night,
 For a fever had throb'd in my veins;
But I hail'd the new day with delight,
 As a friend that would soften my pains.
Then let be from murmurs refrain:
 When my God thinks it fit to chastise,
I will fear to offend him again,
 And in thankful humility rise.

from *A Widow's Plea* (1837)



For Fellowship Class 2026
Joshua, Judges, & Ruth

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