

And time brings down what is both strong and tall,  
 But plants new set to be eradicate,  
 And buds new blown to have so short a date,  
 Is by His hand alone that guides nature and fate.

1678

In Memory of My Dear Grandchild Anne Bradstreet,  
 Who Deceased June 20, 1669, Being Three Years and  
 Seven Months Old

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 flower,  
 That's here today, 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 shall 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 Savior art in endless bliss.

5

10

15

1678

On My Dear Grandchild Simon Bradstreet, Who Died on  
 16 November, 1669, Being But a Month, and One Day Old

No sooner came, but gone, and fall'n asleep.  
 Acquaintance short, yet parting caused us weep;  
 Three flowers, two scarcely blown, the last i' th' bud,  
 Cropped 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 merciful as well as just.  
 He will return and make up all our losses,  
 And smile again after our bitter crosses.  
 Go pretty babe, go rest with sisters twain;  
 Among the blest in endless joys remain.

5

10

1678