

**"On a Dead Child"**

**By Robert Bridges**

Season 19, Episode 2

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Perfect little body, without fault or stain on  
thee,

With promise of strength and manhood full  
and fair!

Though cold and stark and bare,  
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile  
remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou;—alas! no  
longer

To visit her heart with wondrous joy; to be  
Thy father's pride;—ah, he

Must gather his faith together, and his  
strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,  
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon  
respond;  
Startling my fancy fond  
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of  
beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and  
holds it:

But the grasp is the clasp of Death,  
heartbreaking and stiff;

Yet feels to my hand as if  
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that  
enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids  
closing,—

Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little  
bed!—

Propping thy wise, sad head,  
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest  
disposing.

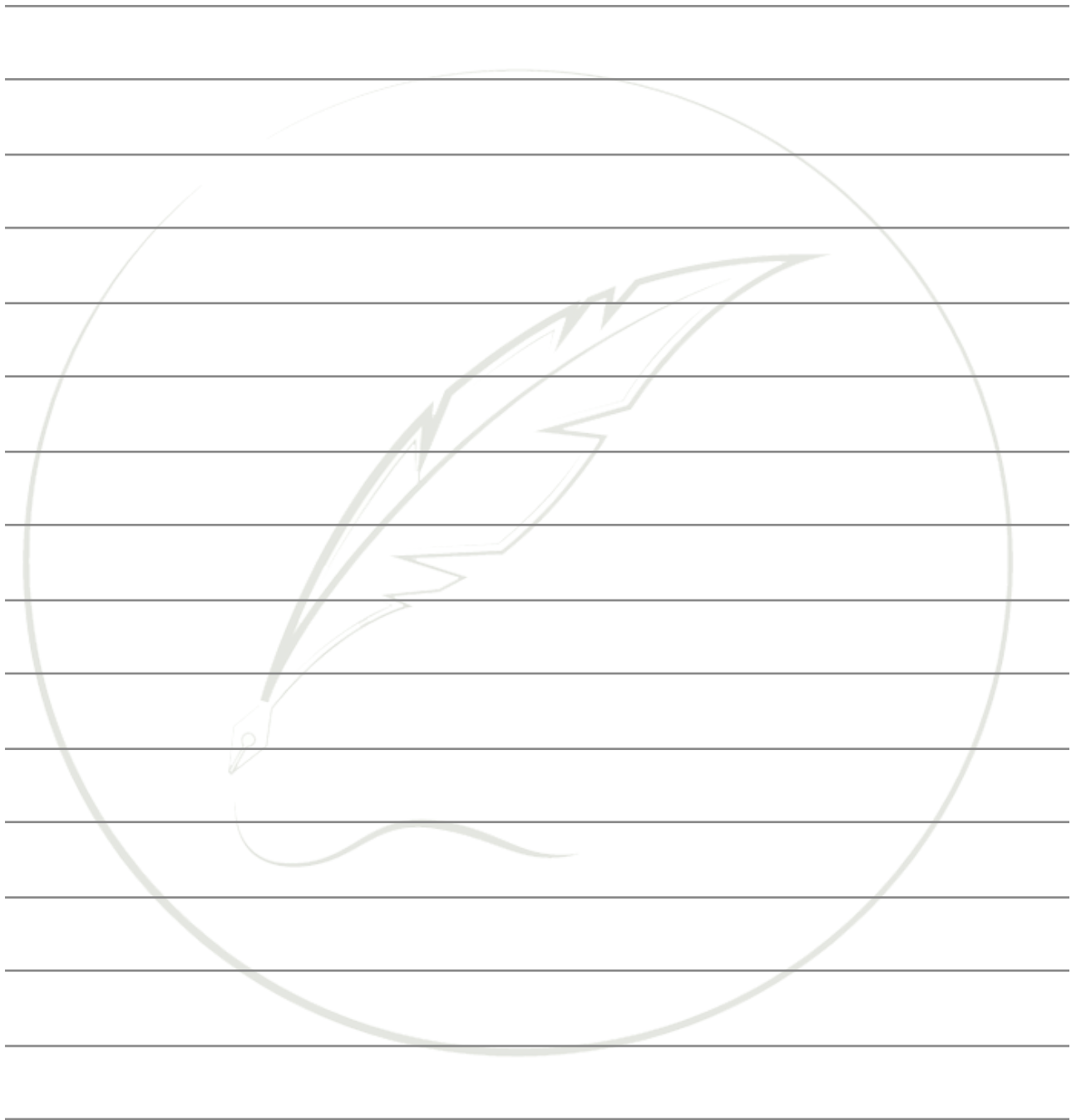
So quiet! doth the change content  
thee?—Death, whither hath he taken thee?  
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster  
of this?

The vision of which I miss,  
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm  
thee and awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us  
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the  
dark,

Unwilling, alone we embark,  
And the things we have seen and have known  
and have heard of, fail us.

NOTES/NARRATION:



Recited By:

Date Recited: