

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern surrounds the text.

LAMENT FOR THE POTATO.

1846.

Alas! for the food that we loved so long,
It now may be told of in mournful song.
Its bonny bright flowers we see no more,
And its roots are not here to bless our store.

The hand which bestowed it, as daily bread,
Has blighted the crop in its earthy bed;
Yes—there lies the crop like a dying friend;
In trouble and sorrow we watch its end.

Let us turn to the Parent Hand that gave,
For there alone lies the power to save.
Oh! “give us this day our daily bread;”
Tho’ often unthinking these words were said.

We labored the land, but with prayerless heart,
As tho’ it *must* yield to our skill and art;
We planted the seed, yet it yield’s us not—
Too like man’s hard heart by the Saviour sought.

There’s language and speech in the crop that’s gone,
Which sends us in tears to the Holy One.
In the name of JESUS he hears our prayer;
Come, then, on His mercy to cast our care.